July 15, 1974

THE NEW YORKER

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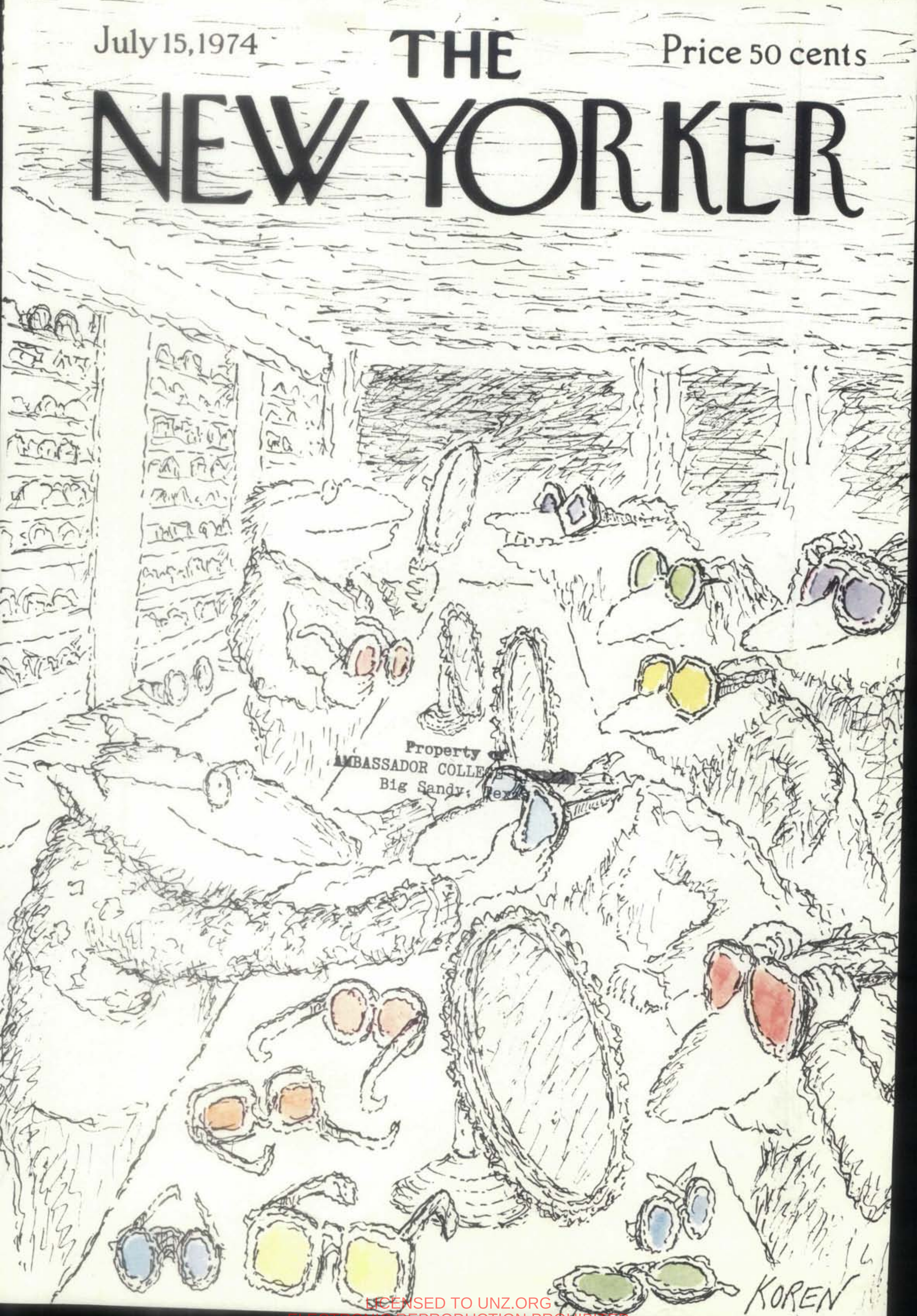

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Bad Habits—A pair of very funny one-acters by Terrence McNally, each of them set in a sanatorium. The performances, under the direction of Robert Drivas, couldn't be better. With Doris Belack and J. Frank Lucas, among others. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Candide—A triumphant version of the once-doomed Bernstein-Wilbur-Voltaire musical. Voltaire still comes out last, but it doesn't matter. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Good Evening—Peter Cook and Dudley Moore in a splendid two-man revue. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3.)

Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris—A revival of the musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Lorelei—The first ghost musical. The only thing in it that is not ectoplasm is the star, Carol Channing, who has true grit and would break her own leg for a laugh. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Magic Show—A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning are worth going to see. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Moonchildren—Michael Weller's comedy about a group of college students living a communal life back in the sixties had a very brief run on Broadway a couple of years ago. This small theatre—Off Broadway—is a far more appropriate setting for it. Mr. Weller is a quite funny writer, and the tone of his play always seems right, but his perpetually prankish and plaintive characters, in their undergraduate limbo, become very wearing after an act or two. The production, under John Pasquin's direction, is excellent. With Jim Jansen, Renée Tadlock, and Kenneth McMillan, among other good actors. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—O'Neill's sad and comic tale of a rude farm girl and her one encounter with love has been brilliantly revived, with Colleen Dewhurst, Jason Robards, and Tom Clancy. The director is José Quintero. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, July 13, for seven weeks.)

My Fat Friend—Being fat is a familiar metaphor for feeling unloved, and Lynn Redgrave touchingly plays a fat girl determined to get thin and be loved. George Rose plays a bitchy homosexual friend of hers, all for laughs, and laugh we do. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

My Sister, My Sister—Blending fantasy and realism (and considerable sympathy and humor), Ray Aranha tells the story of a black girl ensnared by circumstances, many of them beyond her control. The performances are excellent. Seret Scott plays the heroine, Barbara Montgomery plays her mother, and Frank Adu plays both her father and her lover. (Little Theatre, 236 W. 44th St. 221-1284. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Over Here!—A musical about the war-torn forties, little of which is to be believed, though nearly all of it can be enjoyed. With the Andrews Sisters and a large, capable cast. Reopens Tuesday, July 16. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Prodigal Sister—A musical with a book by J. E. Franklin, music by Micki Grant, and lyrics by them both. Directed by Shauneille Perry. Opens Thursday, July 11, and will run through Sunday, July 21. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Free.)

Raisin—A jaunty and heartwarming musical has been made out of Lorraine Hansberry's old-fashioned play about a black Chicago family on its way to white middle-class mediocrity. Directed and choreographed by Donald McKayle. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Scapino—Jim Dale and a dozen other able English actors in an adaptation of Molière's "Les Fourberies de Scapin." The jokes were crude, boisterous, and hilarious in the seventeenth century, and they remain so today. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Sea Horse—The pursuit of love in a waterfront saloon. The pursuer is a seaman, and the object of his quest is the very tough, very fat, and very resistant young woman behind the bar. Some of the play seems contrived and sentimental, but much of it is believable and entertaining. The performances of Edward J. Moore (who wrote the play) and Conchata Ferrell are faultless. Marshall W. Mason directed. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Short Eyes—Miguel Piñero's drama is set in a house of detention and is about a man who is brought there on the charge of molesting a child. The action, under the direction of Marvin Felix Camillo, is often brutal and always valid. Many members of the company ("The Family") have themselves been prisoners, and their small scenes—their sudden fights and their bursts of singing and comedy—are al-

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most as important as the plot. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Sirens—A tale of three women, all black, and of their men, past and present. The setting is Newark. The play, by Richard Wesley, is absorbing and ever credible, and it is well done, under William Lathan's direction. Veronica Redd gives a fine performance as a cynical whore whose husband returns after having deserted her ten years before, and Roscoe Orman is very good as the husband. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 288-2500. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

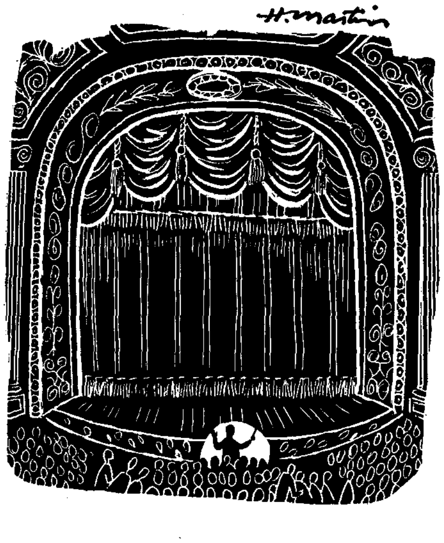
Thieves—A sort of "Grand Hotel" of high-rise apartment living, blessed by the presence of Marlo Thomas. The author is Herb Gardner. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder?—Mark Medoff's efficient, occasionally exciting, but essentially shallow melodrama about a brash young man running dope from Mexico to California, who stops off at a diner in New Mexico and taunts everyone in sight, to depressing effect. The playwright may have some messages in mind about such matters as the legend of the Old West or the hypocrisy of the middle classes, but these can easily be ignored. The actors do well, under Kenneth Frankel's direction. Elizabeth Sturges is especially good as a fat, gentle countergirl. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Words and Music—How to write terrific popular songs, and then how to put them over, partly through body English. Our delightful teacher is Sammy Cahn. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3.)

The World of Lenny Bruce—Frank Speiser in a one-man show. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE:** A sparkling all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,913 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6 and 9; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA:** A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays at 8 and 10; Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **IRENE:** A synthetic musical, borrowing from the past without having been there. Jane Powell and the rest of the cast redeem the falseness with hard work and high spirits. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.). . . **A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC:** Love in three-quarter time in 1973—it sounds improbable, but Stephen Sondheim, with his music and lyrics, and the director, Harold Prince, with his brio, bring it off. The cast includes Glynis Johns, William Daniels, and Hermione Gingold. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **PIPPIN:** A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and John Rubinstein play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)



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BALLET AND DANCE

American Ballet Theatre—Wednesday evening, July 10: "Some Times," "The Moor's Pavane," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Theme and Variations.". . . ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, July 11-12, and Saturday matinée, July 13: "Giselle.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, July 13: "Napoli Divertissements," "Undertow," "Three Virgins and a Devil," and "Fancy Free.". . . ¶ Monday evening, July 15: "La Bayadère," "Undertow," "Three Virgins and a Devil," and "Fancy Free.". . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, July 16-17: "Tales of Hoffmann.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, July 18: "The River," "The Moor's Pavane," and "Le Baiser de la Fée.". . . ¶ Friday evening, July 19: "The River," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Le Baiser de la Fée.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, July 20: "Coppélia." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, Aug. 10.)

Moiseyev Dance Company—Final performances of a five-week engagement by a hundred and twenty dancers from Moscow, plus a symphony orchestra. (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, July 20.)

Armenian State Dance Ensemble—A company of sixty, returning for two performances. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Sunday, July 14, at 3 and 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

Jaki Byard—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, with bassist Major Holley, from nine, on Sundays.

Ron Carter, Frank Wess, Roland Hanna, and Ben Riley—Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Bass, flute, piano, and drums, respectively. From nine to three, through Saturday, July 13.

Norman Connors—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Drums, leading a quintet, from ten to three. Thursday through Saturday, July 11-13.

Blossom Dearie—Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900). Singing at the piano, between five-thirty and seven, Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Roy Eldridge—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Trumpet, with Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke. Nine-thirty to three, except Sundays.

Sonny Fortune—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Saxophone, leading a quintet, from ten, through Sunday, July 14.

Sonny Greer / Russell Procope / Brooks Kerr—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Drums, reeds, and piano, respectively. Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three, and Sundays from five-thirty to seven-thirty and nine-thirty to twelve-thirty.

Tiny Grimes—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Guitar, leading a trio. Thursdays and Fridays, from nine to one.

Lee Konitz—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Alto saxophone, heading a trio, Wednesday and Thursday, July 10-11, from nine-thirty to three.

Charles Lloyd—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Reeds, leading a quartet, at ten, beginning Tuesday, July 16.

Junior Mance—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Piano, with a trio. Thursday through Saturday, July 18-20, from ten until three.

Buddy Rich—*Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave.*, at 64th St. (752-5855). Drums, leading a septet, nightly, except Sundays.

Jimmy Rowles—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, from nine-thirty to two-thirty, through Saturday, July 13.

Zoot Sims—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Leading a quartet. Mondays through Fridays from nine-thirty, and Saturdays from nine. Beginning Tuesday, July 16.

Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Guitar duo. Sundays, from nine until two.

Teddy Wilson—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272). Piano with bassist Milt Hinton and drummer Teddy Wilson, Jr., from nine to one, except Sundays and Mondays.

Phil Woods—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Reeds, leading a quartet, through Monday, July 15. Nightly, except Sunday, from nine-thirty, and on Saturday, from nine.

●

(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—On Mondays, between nine-fifteen and one, the Grove Street Stompers go to town on "Cake Walkin' Babies" and similar classics. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine to three, pianist Mabel Godwin conjures up other styles, other seasons. Closed Sundays.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A soul-food restaurant with *savoir-cuire* and hospitality. Despite the obstructing pillars and a glare that pours out from the kitchen whenever the doors swing open, the jazz that is featured here is well chosen and well miked. Four first-rate musicians—bassist Ron Carter, flutist Frank Wess, pianist Roland Hanna, and Ben Riley on drums—supply that jazz through Saturday, July 13. Nine to three are the music hours.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A Colosseum of a folk-and-rock club (by New York standards), this four-hundred-and-fifty-seat house somehow doesn't seem so amphitheatrical as it does intimate. Its topnotch sound system adequately projects even private, diffident performers, and its sensible seating plan provides tiered sections of aisled tables and chairs. On Wednesday and Thursday, July 10-11, rock singer

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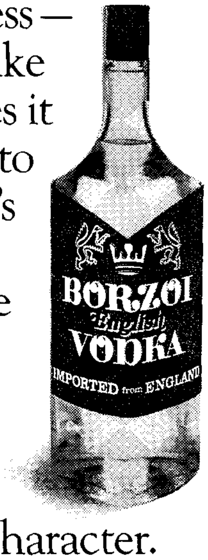

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Chris Jagger, Mick's little brother, trades sets with If, a British rock-and-jazz outfit. Cold Blood, a respectable jazz-rock-soul big band, comes in for a Tuesday-and-Wednesday (July 16-17) stint. On Thursday and Friday, July 18-19, the Colorado-based Nitty Gritty Dirt Band begins pumping out ebullient, eloquent, and just plain rocking blues, bluegrass, and country. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Snacks.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Exercising a good and reverent ear for music, this warm and friendly bar and restaurant enjoys a high reputation among musicians and listeners alike. The choice spot in the room is the end of the bar, nearest the music corner. California-based pianist Jimmy Rowles has returned to the Village with his singular harmonic sense and his near-Tatum-light touch. He remains here, playing with bassist Bill Takas, through Saturday, July 13. On Monday, July 15, pianist Bobby Dorough arrives to work with Takas. Sundays, Jaki Byard, an accomplished pianist who plays in many styles, receives enthusiastically good-natured support from bassist Major Holley. Nine-thirty to two-thirty every night but Sunday, when the music runs from nine to one.

Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855)—Several spotlights in this pleasant second-story jazz room illuminate drummer (and proprietor) Buddy Rich and his explosive septet—probably one of the best groups that Rich has worked with in years. Sonny Fortune (he will be leading his own group at the Village Vanguard through Sunday, July 14), who plays soprano and alto saxophone and flute, and Sal Nistico, on tenor, make up a splendid reed section. Anthony Jackson is the strikingly agile electric bassist. John Bunch does wonders on piano, Jimmy Maeulin more than holds his own on congas, and Jack Wilkins, a young guitarist, can be as lilting or as gutsy as the occasion may require. Rich himself holds the whole ensemble together wonderfully, and even soloes on occasion, but never at undue length. It's unusual to see a band as small as this one hunched over music stands reading charts, but the arrangements (by Ernie Wilkins, Mike Abene, and Manny Albam) are suitable territory for fire storms. Two shows weeknights, three shows Saturdays. Snacks. Closed Sundays.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—A casual and sometimes overly animated restaurant with a piano in the center of the room. Calvin Jackson, like Rowles, a West Coast musician and composer for films and television, easily overcomes any audio competition. A strong, two-fisted pianist with a flair for popularization and concert-performer flourishes, he collaborates with bassist Rusty Gilder from eight to one. Chuck Folds claims the keyboard on Sundays. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An up-to-date version of the neighborhood pub. Twenty-two-year-old stride stylist and Ellingtonia fancier Brooks Kerr works with and learns from drummer Sonny Greer, who began his relationship with Ellington in 1919, and saxophonist Russell Procope, who joined the Ellington reed section in 1945. Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three, and Sundays from five-thirty to seven-thirty and nine-thirty to twelve-thirty. Norma Shepherd is at the keyboard with bassist Johnny Williams on Mondays and Tuesdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Snacks.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—Having moved this enterprise uptown from its former well-worn and warmly regarded informal quarters on Spring Street, the management has proved shrewd. The Half Note, now, by virtue of its polish, decorum, and black-tied waiters, a night club, is enjoying success on the crest of reëmerging night life in the city. The very fine Phil Woods, on alto saxophone, works with his quartet opposite a trio led by pianist Lee Shaw. Nightly, except Sunday, through Monday, July 15. From Tuesday, July 16, Ms. Shaw and company alternate with tenorman Zoot Sims and his quartet. Mondays through Fridays fron nine-thirty to three-thirty, and Saturdays from nine to three. On Sundays, the No Gap Generation Jazz Band, a swing group, plays from nine to two.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Popcorn and darts. Pianist Lance Hayward is present every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts takes over. On Sundays, Jane Ballentine, jazz singer, performs with Hayward, and bassist Lyn Christie helps him out Fridays and Saturdays. Live sounds from nine-thirty to three.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It's a long way from Bourbon Street, but the message is still clear. Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke deliver it from nine-thirty to three. Nightly, except Sundays, when visiting musicians pay their respects. Fridays and Saturdays, from nine, pianist Steve Crist alternates with the band.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—With absolutely none of the characteristics of the famous Kansas City clubs of the past (e.g., the Sunset, the Subway, and the Reno), but with many of the aspects of a hip, music-laden sauna, this New York pinnacle on the overamplified folk, rock, and blues circuit might just as well have been christened Max's Secaucus. Elephant's Memory pounds out rock and roll through Monday, July 15. The other half of that bill belongs to Patti Smith, a young writer and actress, who presents unusual and very funny material. She reads poems (one is entitled "Seventh Heaven" and deals with original sin) and stories ("The Wallflower" is about adolescence), and she sings songs about Jesse James's woman and Bob Dylan's winged dog, who alone is allowed to look Bob Dylan in the eye. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays, two shows other nights. On Tuesdays, folk and rock groups play from nine to midnight. Dining downstairs. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the music is.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—While a portrait of Henry VIII looks on from Tudored walls, conversationalists at the tables compete with the performers on the stage. The conversationalists are, for the most part, sundry businesspersons. The performers are melodist Teddy Wilson on piano, bassist Milt Hinton, and drummer Teddy Wilson, Jr. They satisfyingly revive swing tunes from nine to one. Woody Allen, now a standup clarinettist, performs with the Monday-night Dixieland sextet from nine to midnight. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An upper West Side gathering place with a softly lighted main room and a glassed-in sidewalk gallery, both of which have tables for drinking and dining. Norman Connors, a young, forward-looking drummer with a reverence for African rhythms, leads a quintet Thursday through Saturday, July 11-13. Jean Carn contributes vocals and some voice-as-instrument solos. Thursday through Saturday, July 18-20, Junior Mance, a master of the bluesy piano, works with his trio. The hours are ten until three.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—A genuinely exotic night spot that boasts fresh-cut flowers on the piano, mammoth potted palms, an enthusiastic clientele, and a forties campiness. John C. Attle, a cutesy, overgestured singer, does medleys of sixties bubble-gum music and similar fare Tuesdays through Saturdays. Alternating with John C. Attle are Denise Rogers and her backup band, who perform fine gospel numbers and songs like Simon & Garfunkel's "The 59th Street Bridge Song" with an appealing gospel flavoring. Shows start at nine and midnight. Intermittent piano music is provided by pianist Jeremy Stone from eight-thirty to two. Blossom Dearie is singing at the piano in her tiny, simple, and direct voice Tuesdays through Saturdays from five-thirty to seven. Monday nights are showcases for burgeoning entertainers. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—These two tiny and tired-looking rooms, with erotic (soft-core) tablecloths, are dominated by guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli. Singer and pianist Diane Leslie participates through Saturday, July 13. Music from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays and Mondays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A friendly, well-maintained establishment that gives aid and comfort to those who happen to find themselves on the upper West Side. Lee Konitz, still one of the more enjoyable alto saxophonists around, heads up a trio Wednesday and Thursday, July 10-11. Pianist Steve Elmer's trio takes over Friday and Saturday, July 12-13. Friday and Saturday, July 19-20, pianist Jimmy Sidey and his trio claim these quarters. The satisfying guitar duo of Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma retain the Sunday-night slot. Music from nine-thirty until three Wednesdays through Saturdays and from nine until two Sundays. Snacks.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—In its earlier days, the Vanguard (now forty) was considered a bohemian curiosity. Today, some of the best musicians in the world do their best work here. Sonny Fortune, on gutsy alto saxophone or lyrical flute, heads up a quintet through Sunday, July 14. On Tuesday, July 16, tenor saxophonist, flutist, and, lately, vocalist Charles Lloyd descends the murky staircase with his quartet. On Monday, July 15, the Collective Black Artists Ensemble, with vocalist Joe Lee Wilson, overflows the bandstand. This eighteen-piece aggregation is the performing arm of the Collective Black Artists, Inc., a nonprofit volunteer organization that promotes black artists—specifically, at present, black jazz musicians and, consequently, jazz itself. Formed in 1969, the Collective boasts four to five hundred active participants, who include unknown, struggling musicians as well as such highly regarded composers and performers as Charles Tolliver, Stanley Cowell, and Reggie Workman (who is currently the bassist for the Ensemble). Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Right off a New York City truck route, this bar has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet) soul-food kitchen. Other assets: the piano-bass work of Hugh Lawson and Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays, and the varied keyboard musings of Kenny Brawner Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight until two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A wood-and-brick-walled retreat primarily patronized by Columbia students. The music that is keeping the students here from their studies these days is neither folk nor rock nor glitter. It is jazz—and somewhat old-fashioned jazz at that. Mondays and Tuesdays belong to reedman Russell Procope, drummer Sam Woodyard, trumpeter Franc Williams, and Ram Ramirez on piano. Wednesdays, the No Gap Generation Jazz Band, led by clarinettist Art Miller, takes the stand. Thursdays and Fridays, Tiny Grimes, who plays four-string tenor guitar (an instrument often chosen by banjo players in the thirties, when the jazz guitar was just coming into its own), leads a trio. Saturdays and Sundays, tenor saxophonist Paul Quinichette and trumpeter Ed Lewis co-pilot a quartet. Music from nine to one. Dinner.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The **PLAZA RESTAURANT**, newly redecorated and renamed (in recent years, it has been known variously as the Edwardian Room and the Green Tulip), is back in business with dinner music by violinist George Cardini and pianist Jules Feuerstein. Their hours are six to ten Mondays through Fridays. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT**, pianists Joan St. James and Ruth Andrews are on hand Mondays through Fridays from four-thirty to midnight, while violinist Sandu Marcu supplies the music Saturdays from five to midnight and Sundays from four to midnight.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Within a beautiful balloon on permanent station above midtown. Pianist Ahmad Jamal and his trio perform during dinner and supper. The dance tunes, which begin at eight, are on tape. Closed Sundays.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—On this sixty-fifth-floor height, Elea-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

nor Fell plays harp from seven to eleven, Tuesdays through Sundays.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Jimmy Dorsey Orchestra, headed by Lee Castle and featuring vocalist Bob Eberly, provides listening music for dinner and supper, and dance music the rest of the evening, spelled by Anthony Terini's trio. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Georges Lacombe (1868-1916)—Mostly black-and-colored-crayon drawings of figures and landscapes, by a member of the Nabi group. Through July 31. (Shepherd, 21 E. 84th St. Closed Monday mornings; open Saturdays.)

T. Addison Richards (1820-1900)—Small, idyllic landscape drawings from the eighteen-fifties, based on the artist's peregrinations in the East and Southeast of this country. A number became illustrations for *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, for which he also wrote. Through July 26. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Pennerton West (1913-65)—Paintings spanning the artist's career. Through Aug. 30. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **alonzo**, 26 E. 63rd St.: Works in various mediums by gallery and guest artists. Through Aug. 1. (Tuesdays through Thursdays, 10:30 to 5.)... **center for inter-american relations**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: More than two hundred pre-Columbian gold objects from the Museo del Oro, in Bogotá, Colombia, including pieces from seven archeological regions. Through July 28. (Daily, noon to 6.)... **cordier & ekstrom**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Paintings and sculptures by gallery artists. Through Friday, July 12.... **elliott**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Recent acquisitions—Ernst, Magritte, Masson, Miró, and Tanguy. Through July 26.... **esman**, 24 E. 80th St.: Drawings, collages, and paintings by thirteen artists emphasizing various approaches to paper (folding, cutting, spraying, punching, or whatever). Through July 31. (Closed Mondays.) ... **feldman**, 33 E. 74th St.: Arakawa, Beuys, Wilke, and other contemporaries. Through July 25.... **graham**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Small paintings, drawings, and watercolors by Thomas Hart Benton, Thomas Cole, Max Weber, and others. Through Aug. 30.... ¶ Drawings by Wyndham Lewis, Jules Pascin, and other European and American artists. Through July 31.... **hirschl & adler**, 21 E. 67th St.: American folk art, American contemporary artists, and European and American paintings from the gallery's collection. Through Aug. 30.... **larcada**, 23 E. 67th St.: More than a hundred and fifty paintings by Rockwell Kent, Walter Stuempfig, Kaffe Fassett, and others. Through Aug. 31. (Open Saturdays.)... **nicholls**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: "Sports and Games," an exhibition of cartoons, watercolors, and drawings by Charles Addams, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, George Price, Charles Saxon, James Stevenson, and Barney Tobey. Through July 26. (Closed mornings.)... **weyhe**, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Twentieth-century graphics, drawings, and watercolors by Gaston Lachaise, Sally Spofford, Robert Mueller, and others. Through Aug. 2.

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Lyman Kipp / Tadaaki Kuwayama—Two large sculptures of bolted aluminum sheets, one painted fire-engine red and the other royal blue. / Three large, geometrically shaped canvases of gray and beige metallic paint, divided by metal strips into rigid geometric areas. Through Friday, July 19. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

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Group Shows—At the **crispo**, 41 E. 57th St.: A large benefit loan exhibition called "Ten Americans: Masters of Watercolor." It includes work by Avery, Burchfield, Demuth, Dove, Homer, Hopper, Marin, Prendergast, Sargent, and Wyeth. Through July 15. (Open Saturdays.)... **frumkin**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings by gallery artists, plus ceramic sculptures by Californians. Through July 31. (Closed mornings.)... **kennedy**, 20 E. 56th St.: "Western American Art," a show of paintings, bronzes, and drawings by Remington, Bierstadt, Moran, and others. Through July 31.... **lewison**, 30 E. 60th St.: Nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century American painters, including Bierstadt, Sully, and Hart. Through Sept. 1. (Closed Mondays.) ... **midtown**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, *Nathan Hale, and other gallery artists.* Through Aug. 30.

Sculpture—Contemporary examples in a wide range of mediums. Through Saturday, July 20. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

William Finneran / Brian Kazlov / Avital Oz—Conceptual sculptures. / Paintings. / Sculptures. Through July 26. (O.K. Harris, 465 West Broadway. Closed mornings.)

Alan Peters / Rob Wynn / Arthur Krim—A three-man show of collages made from postcards. Through Friday, July 19. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed mornings.)

Group Shows—At the **hoffman**, 429 West Broadway: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by gallery artists. Through July 26. ... **soho 20**, 99 Spring St.: Graphics, paintings, and sculptures by a feminist coöperative called "12 Women Artists of Westchester." Through Saturday, July 13. (Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Edward Gorey—Twenty-five drawings used as illustrations for Howard Moss's "Instant Lives." Through July 31. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St. Open Saturdays.)

José Guadalupe Posada (1852-1913)—Original prints by this mordant Mexican pamphleteer-artist. Through Aug. 31. (Washington Irving Gallery, 126 E. 16th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

Stewart Waltzer—Sprayed and poured acrylic on canvas. Through Aug. 28. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

Group Shows—At the **african-american institute**, 833 United Nations Plaza, at 47th St.: Four contemporary African artists, from Mozambique, Nigeria, Ethiopia, and Sudan. Through Aug. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6.)... **feiden**, 51 E. 10th St.: Gallery artists, including Hirschfeld, Gikow, and Will Barnet. Through Aug. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6.)... **loeb student center**, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.: Works on and of paper by four New York City artists. Through July 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 7.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Ansel Adams—A retrospective of the seventy-two-year-old master photographer known for his landscapes of the Western wilderness. Through July 31. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

Edward S. Curtis (1868-1952) / **A. J. Russell** (1831-96)—Gravures of Sioux Indians. / Photographs from 1868 and 1869. Through July 28. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

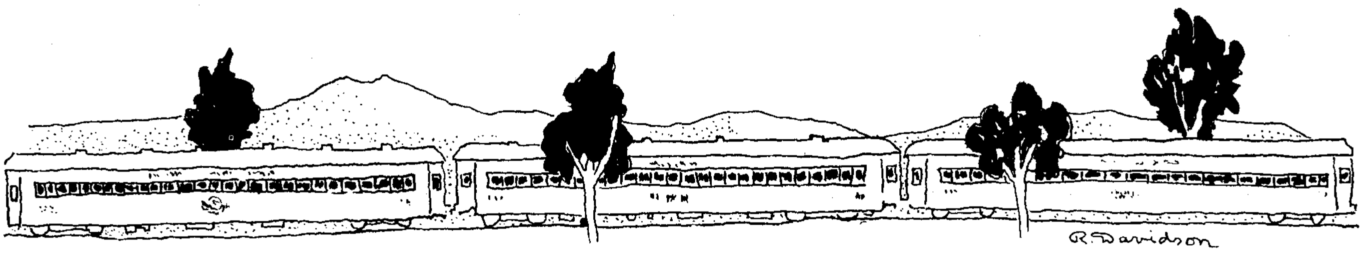
Lotte Jacobi—Photographic abstractions by a seventy-eight-year-old German-born photographer known for her portraits. Through July 31. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Edward Steichen (1879-1973)—Fifty photographs, featuring early Photo-Secession works and aerial views of First World War battlefields. Through July 26. (Elliott, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Group Shows—At the **jewish museum**, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.: A large show of photographs of Jerusalem by twenty-one photographers from various countries. Through Sept. 3. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)... **light**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: A show of excellent and innovative work by four young photographers—John McWilliam, Chris Enos, Robbert Flick, and Steve Salmieri. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays.)... **museum of modern art**, 11 W. 53rd St.: Fifty photographs of public institutions (hospitals, fire and police departments, schools, and the like) taken between 1890 and 1906, and drawn from the Harvard Social Ethics Collection, where they are used as documents for sociology students. Through Sept. 2. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)... **new-york historical society**, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.: A large show of photographs of lower Manhattan by fourteen photographers. Through Aug. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)... **schoelkopf**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: "The Art of the Portrait Photograph": nearly two hundred examples in an exhibition that spans the entire history of photography. Through Friday, July 19. (Closed Mondays.)... **soho photo**, 30 W. 13th St.: A Mexican portfolio by Paul Strand, plus works by Albert Boyance, John Hershey, Vincent Pucciarelli, and Michael Rhodes. Through Aug. 4. (Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M. to 9 P.M.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—More than a hundred paintings by Venetian artists of the fourteenth century to the eighteenth, including Titian, Tintoretto, and Veronese. Through Sept. 3.... ¶ The complete set of ten tapestries—the "David and Bathsheba" series—from the Cluny Museum, in Paris, four of which were included in the recent tapestry exhibition here. The showing is supplemented by armor, weapons, and furniture of the period from the museum's collection. Through Sept. 3.... ¶ Twelve examples of the American art of quiltmaking of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Through Sept. 8.... ¶ "The Tens, the Twenties, the Thirties: Inventive Clothes/1909-1939" is an exhibition of a hundred and fifty dresses from *the great days of Chanel*, Poiret, Vionnet, and others. Through Sept. 3.... ¶ A hundred and forty paintings, drawings, sculptures, prints, and other objects



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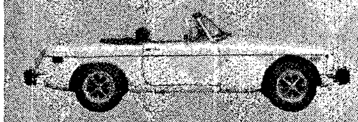

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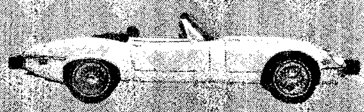

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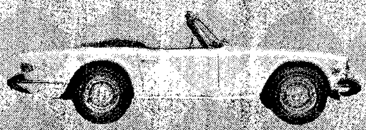

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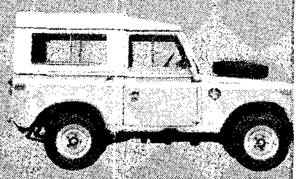

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

illustrating the legends of fifty saints. Through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ A hundred and fifty Currier & Ives lithographs from the museum's collection. Starts Thursday, July 11. . . . ¶ Sketches, models, and enlarged photographs of twenty-two public sculptures (by Saint-Gaudens, Daniel Chester French, and others), erected in New York City during the nineteenth century. Through Sept. 29. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A show of almost two hundred works surveying seven decades of drawing in France, beginning in the eighteen-eighties with Seurat and Redon and concluding with the death of Matisse in 1954. Through Sept. 8. . . . ¶ "Printed, Cut, Folded, and Torn," a show of works on and of paper by Lucio Fontana, Richard Tuttle, and others. Through Aug. 11. . . . ¶ Recently acquired drawings by contemporary European and American artists. Through Sept. 8. . . . ¶ Large color photographs, transferred by a heat process to cloth, by Sonia Landy Sheridan and Keith Smith. Through Sunday, July 14. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.). . . **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 11. Casual entertainment Fridays and Saturdays at 8: folk stuff, ballet, and such.

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Approximately two hundred and fifty paintings, sculptures, and works on paper by Kandinsky, Klee, Picasso, Mondrian, Brancusi, Léger, Delaunay, Chagall, and Marc, from the museum's collection. Through Sept. 3. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Paintings and sculptures by American artists, from the museum's collection. Through Sept. 29. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Paintings, watercolors, drawings, and sculptures by Cézanne, van Gogh, Degas, Toulouse-Lautrec, Soutine, and others, from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pearlman and the Henry and Rose Pearlman Foundation. Through Sept. 29. . . . ¶ Puerto Rican stone and terra-cotta artifacts from the Taino culture (1000 to 1500 A.D.). Through Sept. 29. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Photographs of African children and of children of African descent in the Caribbean, South America, and the United States. Through Dec. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Fifty medieval manuscripts acquired by Pierpont Morgan from 1899 until 1913 (the year of his death), as well as medieval art objects with which he adorned the west room of the library. Foremost of the latter is the Stavelot Triptych, a reliquary containing six Mosan enamels of the twelfth century. Through July 31. . . . ¶ Forty Rembrandt etchings. The exhibit is noteworthy in that it includes not only a number of celebrated prints but, in several instances, different states and differently inked impressions of the same subject. Through July 31. . . . ¶ Musical manuscripts from the collection of Robert O. Lehman. Through July 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 20 W. 53rd St.—Two hundred or so American craft objects, on loan from collectors all over the country. Through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Three small exhibitions (of stone carvings, wooden sculptures, bronzes, ceramic vessels, and other objects) illustrating the use of art to invoke the supernatural in New Guinea, Nigeria, and the pre-Columbian Andes. Through Sept. 8. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A tribute to Eugene O'Neill, including original manuscripts, photographs, portraits and paintings, costume and set designs, and memorabilia (his personal three-dollar check for a subscription to the *Times* in 1920, for instance). Through Sept. 29. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—An exhibition of memorabilia commemorating the hundred-and-first anniversary of the birth of the German director Max Reinhardt (1873-1943). Through Aug. 4. . . . ¶ Thirty-six nineteenth-century European and American paintings from the Ponce Museum, in Puerto Rico. Through Aug. 18. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Fair and Foul" is the name of an agreeable exhibition of prints on the third floor, all pertaining to (mostly foul) weather. Through Sept. 6. . . . ¶ An extensive exhibition devoted to Washington Irving. Among several hundred items on display are the only known portion of the manuscript of "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow;" unpublished sketches for Irving's works by F. O. C. Darley, the mid-nineteenth-century book illustrator; and rare editions of *Salmagundi* and "The Sketch Book." Through Oct. 12. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY AT LINCOLN CENTER—An exhibition of scenic and costume designs by Alexandra Exter (1882-1949). Through Aug. 10. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

MUSIC

RECITALS

ROLLIN SMITH—Organ, in a program of music by Louis Vierne. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. Wednesday, July 17, at 5:15. No tickets necessary.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

FOUR TOPS—With Stephanie Mills. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Friday, July 12, at 8.)

ERIC CLAPTON—With Yvonne Elliman and others. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, July 13, at 8.)

INCREDIBLE STRING BAND—Avery Fisher Hall. Thursday, July 18, at 8.

GIL SCOTT-HERON, CHARLES EARLAND, AND NORMAN CONNORS—With Dee Dee Bridgewater and Pat Martino. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, July 19, at 8.)

DAVID BOWIE—Madison Square Garden. Friday and Saturday, July 19-20, at 9.

BILL WITHERS—With Novella Nelson. (Avery Fisher Hall. Saturday, July 20, at 8:30.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Friday, July 12, at 7: An all-Bach organ recital by Andrew Clarke. . . . ¶ Friday, July 12, at 9: Karl Richter conducting the Boston Symphony and acting as harpsichord soloist in an all-Bach program. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 13, at 8:30: Eugen Jochum conducting an all-Mozart program, with Veronica Jochum, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 14, at 2:30: Karl Richter conducting another all-Bach program, this one with Doriot Anthony Dwyer, flute, and others. . . . ¶ Friday, July 19, at 7: A piano recital by Raymond Lewenthal. . . . ¶ Friday, July 19, at 9: Eugen Jochum conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Brahms program, with Hans Richter-Haaser, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 20, at 8:30: Eugen Jochum conducting a Schubert-Bruckner program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 21, at 2:30: Leonard Bernstein conducting and acting as piano soloist in a varied program. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 25. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

CARAMOOR FESTIVAL—A season devoted to music from Vienna. Friday, July 12, and Saturday, July 20, at 8:30: Julius Rudel directing the Caramoor Festival Orchestra and Chorus in performances of Kalman's "Countess Maritza," in concert form and in English, with Mary Costa, soprano; Evelyn Petros, mezzo-soprano; Andrea Velis, tenor; and John Reardon, baritone. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 13, and Friday, July 19, at 8:30: Julius Rudel directing performances of a double bill of comic operas—Mozart's "Der Schauspieldirektor" ("The Impresario") and Salieri's "Prima la Musica e Poi le Parole" ("Which First? Music or Words?")—both in English. With Karan Armstrong and Ruth Welt-

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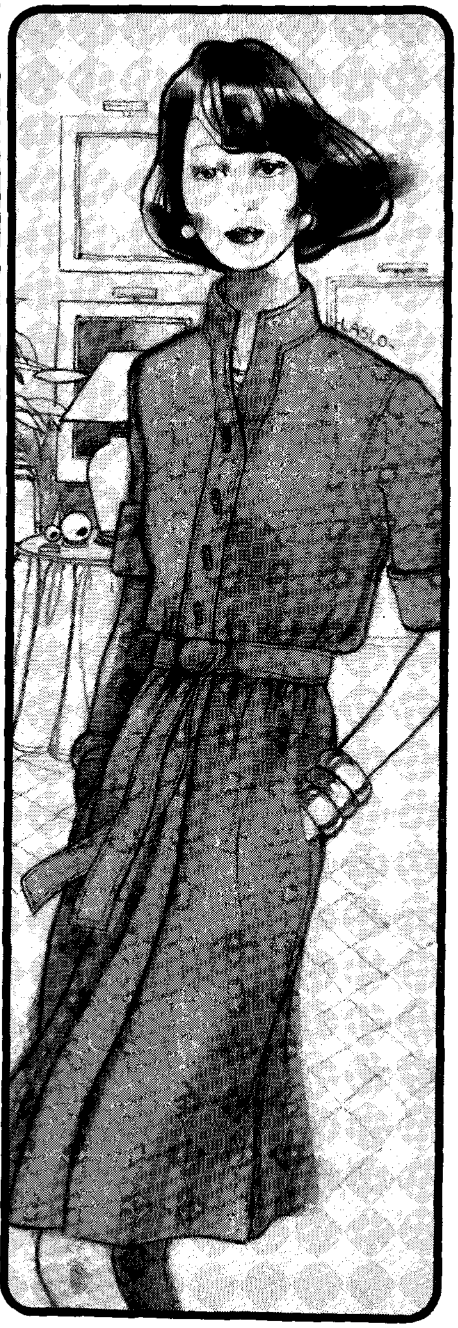

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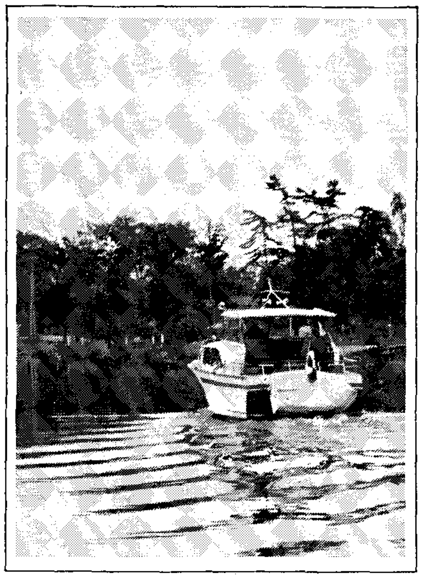

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ing, sopranos; Nico Castel, tenor; Spiro Malas and Monte Jaffe, basses; and Francis Robinson, in a speaking role as the Impresario. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 14, at 5:30: Julius Rudel conducting the Caramoor Woodwind Ensemble. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 21, at 5:30: A recital by Donald Gramm, bass-baritone. (Katonah, N.Y.; festival ends Sunday, Aug. 25. Buses leave from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, two hours before the scheduled times of the performances; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets, and buses, call 914 232-4206.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—The New York City Ballet in a four-week season (tentative schedule) that ends Saturday, July 27—Wednesday, July 10, at 8: "Prodigal Son," "Episodes," and "Firebird." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 11, at 8: "La Valse," "Variations pour une Porte et un Soupir," and "Prodigal Son." . . . ¶ Friday, July 12, at 8: "Irish Fantasy," "Dybbuk Variations," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 13, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Firebird." . . . [**Note:** Special concerts will be given by James Taylor and Linda Ronstadt on Sunday, July 14, at 8, and by the Beach Boys on Tuesday, July 16, at 7.] . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 17 (company première), and Thursday and Friday, July 18-19, all at 8, and Saturday, July 20, at 2 and 8: "Coppélia." (Saratoga Springs. Through Sunday, Sept. 15. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 13: Dennis Wayne's American Ballet Company and members of Dan Wagoner's Dance Company. . . . ¶ Monday and Tuesday, July 15-16 (benefit performances): Edward Villella and Anna Aragno, Carmen de Lavallade, and the Manuel Alum Dance Company. . . . ¶ Wednesday through Saturday, July 17-20: The Nikolais Dance Theatre. (Lee, Mass. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays and Saturdays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 3. For information about tickets, call 541-7290, in New York.)

Connecticut College American Dance Festival—Wednesday, July 10, at 8: Nora Guthrie and Ted Rotante, in Palmer Auditorium. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 11, at 8: The Multigravitational Experiment Group, in the Sculpture Court. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 11, at 9:15: Sara and Jerry Pearson, in Palmer Auditorium. . . . ¶ Friday, July 12, at 4 A.M.: The Multigravitational Experiment Group, in the Sculpture Court. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 14, at 9: Meredith Monk/The House. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 16, at 8: A solo-dance concert by Daniel Nagrin, in Palmer Auditorium. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, July 17-18, at 8 (benefit performances): Edward Villella, Ritha Devi, and the Chuck Davis Dance Company, in Palmer Auditorium. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 19-20, at 8: The Louis Falco Dance Company, in Palmer Auditorium. (New London, Conn.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At Shea Stadium—**mets:** Vs. San Diego, Wednesday, July 10, at 2:15. . . . **yankees:** Vs. *Oakland, Friday, July 12, at 8;* Saturday, July 13, at 2; and Sunday, July 14, at 1 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Texas, Tuesday, July 16, at 8, and Wednesday, July 17, at 2. . . . ¶ Kansas City, Thursday and Friday, July 18-19, at 8, and Saturday, July 20, at 2.

Professional Football—The opening game here of the World Football League—New York Stars vs. Birmingham Americans. (Downing Stadium, Randall's Island. Wednesday, July 17, at 8. For tickets, call 355-1213.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3.

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, July 27. The Astoria, Wednesday, July 10; the Dwyer Handicap, Saturday, July 13; the Hempstead Handicap, Wednesday, July 17; and the Suburban Handicap, Saturday, July 20. . . . **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 24. The Amory L. Haskell Handicap, Saturday, July 13. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)

Tennis—**professional matches:** World Team Tennis. Thursday, July 11: New York Sets vs. Toronto-Buffalo Royals. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 16: New York Sets vs. Boston Lobsters. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 18: New York Sets vs. Florida Flamingos. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. Matches begin at 8. For tickets, call 800 243-6363.) . . . **amateur matches:** U.S.L.T.A. Men's Amateur Grass Court Championships. (Newport Casino, Newport, R.I. Monday through Sunday, July 15-21.)

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway,** Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, July 20. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 16.

Yachting—America's Cup observation trials. (Newport. Saturday, July 13, through Wednesday, July 24.) . . . ¶ Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Saturday, July 13, through Saturday, July 20.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 472-1003, for news. The same number may be called for information about other free summer events.)

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **pericles.** This meandering romance of Shakespeare's makes a very lively show, under Edward Berkeley's imaginative direction. Randall Duk Kim is splendid in the title role, and he is well supported by Barnard Hughes, Lenny Baker, Sasha von Scherler, and Marybeth Hurt, among others. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, July 21. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center—Richard Franko Goldman and Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 11. Robert Russell Bennett will conduct several of his own works on Friday, July 12.)

Wollman Rink—The Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval. Wednesday, July 10, at 7: Bobby Womack & Peace and Bloodstone. . . . ¶ Friday, July 12, at 7: Robert Klein, Melissa Manchester, and Jim Dawson. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 13, at 7: José Feliciano, Refugee, and Druick & Lorange. . . . ¶ Monday, July 15, at 6:30: Richie Furay, John David Souther & Chris Hillman, plus Leo Kottke. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 17, at 7: America and Ian Matthews. . . . ¶ Friday, July 19, at 7: Linda Ronstadt and Martin Mull. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 20, at 7: Tom Rush and Janis Ian. (Through Saturday, Sept. 7. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

Riverside Park—Frédérique Petrides conducting the Festival String Orchestra in the second of two concerts, this one with Eleanor Lawrence, flute. (103rd St. Monday, July 15, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will be given at the McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St.)

Carl Schurz Park—Julius Grossman conducting the Municipal Concerts Orchestra in the first two in a series of four concerts. (Thursday, July 11, at 8:30, with Price Browne, tenor; and Thursday, July 18, at 8:30, with Frederick Zlotkin, cello. In the event of rain, the concerts will be given in the Robert F. Wagner Junior High School, 222 E. 76th St.)

Jazz on the River—The river is the Hudson, the vehicle is an off-course Staten Island ferry, and the jazz (three hours' worth) is as follows: Wednesday, July 10, at 7:30, Howard McGhee's orchestra and the Roy Haynes Hip Ensemble. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 17, at 7:30, Joe Cuba, Junior Mance, and the New York Jazz Quartet. (Slip 3, South Ferry Terminal. For information about tickets, call 541-5390.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of **fiddler on the roof,** with Norman Atkins and Geraldine *Brooks. (Nightly at 8:30.* For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

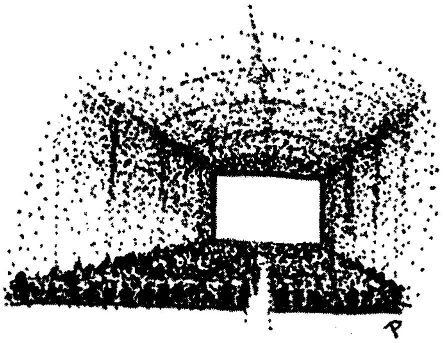
Walking Tour—"The New York of Clement Clarke Moore," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will take place on Sunday, July 14. It will meet at the Chelsea Hotel, 222 W. 23rd St., at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

Movies in the Park—A program of regular and experimental films is being shown in various city parks at 9 P.M., Sundays through Thursdays, through July 25. For program news, and to identify the parks, call 472-1003.

Deep Breathing—The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 10 to 4 Mondays through Fridays, and from 7 to 10:30 Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays and Sundays.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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14	15	16	17	18		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"The Exorcist."

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through July 13: "Stormy Weather" and "Glory Alley."
July 14-16: "Leave Her to Heaven" and "Laura."
From July 17: "Cleopatra" and "Madame Satan."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through July 16: "The Three Musketeers" and "Bedazzled."
From July 17: "Cinderella Liberty" and another feature, to be announced.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"A Very Natural Thing."

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"The Exorcist."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through July 16: "The Sting."
From July 17: "My Name Is Nobody."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through July 16: "The Conversation."
From July 17: "Andy Warhol's Frankenstein."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through July 16: "The Groove Tube."
From July 17: "Mr. Majestyk."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Animal Crackers."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through July 16: "Andy Warhol's Frankenstein."
From July 17: "The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob."

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Claudine."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
July 10: "Kismet."
July 11: "The Jazz Singer."
July 12: "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes."
July 13: "Bye Bye Birdie."
July 14: "Silk Stockings."
July 15: "Flower Drum Song."
July 16: "Go Into Your Dance."
July 17: "Night and Day."
July 18: "Mississippi."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Daisy Miller."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Chinatown."

EAST 59TH STREET I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"The Nine Lives of Fritz the Cat."

EAST 59TH STREET II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through July 16: "The Nine Lives of Fritz the Cat."
From July 17: "Golden Needles."

CINÉ MALIBU, 235 E. 50th. (759-4630)
"A Very Natural Thing."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Parallax View."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Going Places."

FIRST AVENUE SCREENING ROOM, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
July 10: "Charulata" and "Anaïs Nin Observed."
From July 11: "Promised Lands."

COLUMBIA I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through July 16: "S*P*Y*S."
From July 17: "99 and 44/100% Dead."

COLUMBIA II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"For Pete's Sake."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through July 16: "Summertime."
From July 17: "Carnal Knowledge."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Seduction of Mimi."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through July 16: "The Terminal Man."
From July 17: "For Pete's Sake."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through July 16: "The Three Musketeers."
From July 17: To be announced.

JULIET I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Dirty Mary Crazy Larry."

JULIET 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Day of the Dolphin."

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through July 16: "The Exorcist."
From July 17: "Andy Warhol's Frankenstein."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through July 16: "The Sting."
From July 17: "Mr. Majestyk."

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through July 16: "For Pete's Sake."
From July 17: "My Name Is Nobody."

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Three the Hard Way."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Uptown Saturday Night."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"The Nine Lives of Fritz the Cat."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through July 16: "Truck Turner."
From July 17: "Golden Needles."

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"The Conversation."

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through July 16: "The Three Musketeers" and "The Producers."
From July 17: To be announced.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Little Theatre of Jean Renoir."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through July 16: "Love and Anarchy."
From July 17: To be announced.

QUAD CINEMAS I, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through July 16 at one or another of the theatres: "The Great Gatsby"/"Cinderella Liberty" and "The Laughing Policeman"/"A Streetcar Named Desire" and "Last Tango in Paris."...¶ Through July 13: "The Maltese Falcon" and "The Petrified Forest."...¶ July 14-16: "The Treasure of Sierra Madre" and "High Sierra."
From July 17: To be announced.

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
July 10: "Battling Butler."
July 11-13: "Cries and Whispers" and "Persona."
July 14-15: "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" and "Belle de Jour."
July 16: "King of Hearts" and "Contempt."
July 17: "Seven Chances."
From July 18: "The Long Goodbye" and "Brewster McCloud."

23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through July 16: "Dirty Mary Crazy Larry."
From July 17: "Mame."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through July 17: "Dirty Mary Crazy Larry."
From July 18: "Walking Tall."

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
July 10: "Herbie Rides Again."
From July 11: "The Tamarind Seed."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"That's Entertainment!"

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through July 16: "Lady and the Tramp" and "The World's Greatest Athlete."
From July 17: "Fantasia."

PLAYBOY, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Exorcist."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Malizia."

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
July 10: "The Plough and the Stars" and "Young Cassidy."
July 11: "The Clowns" and "Fellini's Roma."
July 12: "Shock Corridor" and "The Naked Kiss."
July 13: "Cat Ballou" and "Take the Money and Run."
July 14: "Ten from Your Show of Shows" and "What's Up, Tiger Lily?"
July 15: "Sansho the Bailiff" and "The Burmese Harp."
July 16: "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Romeo and Juliet."
July 17: "Days and Nights in the Forest" and "The Music Room."
July 18: "Moulin Rouge" and "Lust for Life."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"A Free Woman."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through July 16: "Blazing Saddles" and "The Twelve Chairs."
From July 17: "Cinderella Liberty" and "Sleuth."

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
July 10: "Rashomon" and "Gate of Hell."
July 11-15: "Citizen Kane" and "The 39 Steps."
July 16-17: "The 400 Blows" and "Two English Girls."
From July 18: "Grand Illusion" and "Jules and Jim."

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"The Exorcist."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through July 16: "The Great Gatsby."
From July 17: "Travels with My Aunt" and "Kazablan."

BEACON, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
Through July 15: "Claudine."
July 16: Theatre closed.
From July 17: "The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob."

LOEWS 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through July 16: "The Conversation."
From July 17: To be announced.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through July 16: "Love and Anarchy."
From July 17: To be announced.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"The Exorcist."

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
"Harold and Maude."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through July 16: "The Three Musketeers" and "The Heartbreak Kid."
From July 17: "Cinderella Liberty" and "The Laughing Policeman."

FILM LIBRARIES

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—July 10 at 2: "A Distant Trumpet" (1964), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Troy Donahue and Suzanne Pleshette....¶ July 10 at 5:30: "The Role of My Family in the World Revolution" (1971), a Yugoslavian film, in Serbo-Croatian dialogue, directed by Bata Cengić....¶ July 11 at 5:30: "A Private's Affair" (1959), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Sal Mineo and Christine Carère....¶ July 11 at 8: "Nest of Virgins" (1972), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Alberto Isaac....¶ July 12 at 2: "Change" (1971), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Alfredo Joskowicz....¶ July 12 at 5:30 and July 13 at noon: "The Coward" (1915), directed by Reginald Barker....¶ July 13 at 3: "Nest of Virgins."...¶ July 13 at 5:30: "Reed: Insurgent Mexico" (1971), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Paul Leduc....¶ July 14 at 12:30 and 3: "Destry Rides Again" (1939), directed by George Marshall, with Marlene Dietrich and James Stewart....¶ July 14 at 5:30: "Living on Credit" (1969), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Gustavo Alatriste....¶ July 15 at 2: "Castle of Purity"

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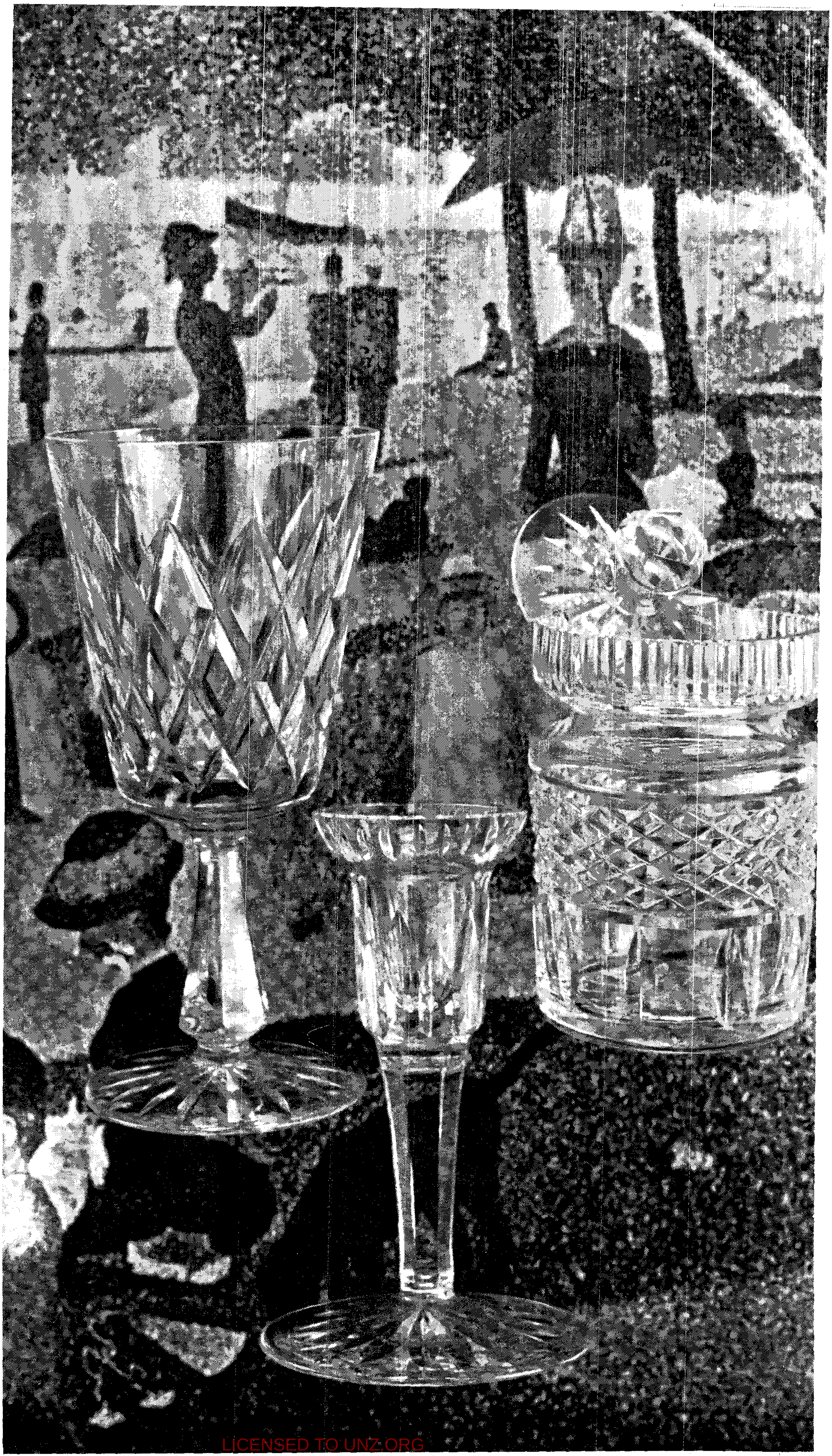


Photo : Pesin

(1972), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Arturo Ripstein. . . . ¶ July 15 at 5:30: "The Children's Hour" (1969), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Arturo Ripstein. . . . ¶ July 16 at 2: "Under the Red Robe" (1937), directed by Victor Sjöström, with Annabella and Conrad Veidt. . . . ¶ July 16 at 5:30: "The Barefoot Eagle" (1967), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Alfonso Arau. . . . ¶ July 17 at 2: "The Shout" (1968), a Mexican film, in Spanish, directed by Leobardo López Aretche. . . . ¶ July 17 at 5:30: "Under the Red Robe." . . . ¶ July 18 at 5:30: "Change." . . . ¶ July 18 at 5:30: "Living on Credit." (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—July 10: "History Is Made at Night" (1937), directed by Frank Borzage, with Jean Arthur and Charles Boyer. . . . ¶ July 11: "The Primrose Path" (1940), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Ginger Rogers and Joel McCrea. . . . ¶ July 12: "Susan Slept Here" (1954), directed by Frank Tashlin, with Dick Powell and Debbie Reynolds. . . . ¶ July 13: "The Painted Veil" (1934), directed by Richard Boleslawsky, with Greta Garbo and Herbert Marshall. . . . ¶ July 14: "A Woman of Affairs" (1929), a silent film, directed by Clarence Brown, with Greta Garbo and John Gilbert. . . . ¶ July 17: "Imitation of Life" (1934), directed by John Stahl, with Claudette Colbert. . . . ¶ July 18: "Hold Back the Dawn" (1941), directed by Mitchell Leisen, with Olivia de Havilland and Charles Boyer. (Showings Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 4 and 6, and Fridays at 5 and 7:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

Anaïs Nin Observed—A documentary on the writer Anaïs Nin, directed by Robert Snyder. (First Avenue Screening Room; July 10.)

Andy Warhol's Frankenstein—With Joe Dallesandro, directed by Paul Morrissey. In 3-D. (Trans-Lux East; through July 16. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, and Trans-Lux 85th St.: starting July 17.)

Animal Crackers (1930)—The Marx Brothers in their pre-Hollywood period; like "The Cocoanuts" of the year before, it was filmed in Astoria and it looks stagey. But the film is too joyous for cavilling. Groucho is the fearless African explorer Captain Spaulding, who deigns to attend a party at Rittenhouse Manor on Long Island; Margaret Dumont is Mrs. Rittenhouse, and Lillian Roth is her daughter Arabella. Once again, the script was by George S. Kaufman and Morrie Ryskind; this time the songs ("Hooray for Captain Spaulding" and "Why Am I So Romantic") are by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. (Sutton.)

Battling Butler (1926)—Rarely seen Buster Keaton film that he sometimes said was his favorite but that is probably no one else's favorite; the story is slight enough to hang gags on (including a famous duck shoot), but there's some discomfort—almost masochism—built into it. Keaton plays puny, defenseless Alfy Butler, a rich, soft simpleton sent into the woods by his father to make a man of him; through love (for broad-faced Sally O'Neil) and mistaken identity, he becomes embroiled in prizefighting and is pitted against the sadistic world champion. He wins, of course, but not until after he's taken a cruel beating. Keaton directed, and there are cleverly worked out compositional techniques, including the sort of deep focus that was later to be associated with Orson Welles and Gregg Toland. With Snitz Edwards as the valet. (Elgin; July 10.)

Bedazzled (1967)—A funny demonstration of the folly of striking bargains with the Devil. Directed by Stanley Donen, and starring Dudley Moore, Peter Cook, and Eleanor Bron. (St. Marks Cinema; through July 16.)

Belle de Jour (1967)—Buñuel's beautiful and gently comic color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (Elgin; July 14-15.)

Blazing Saddles—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem some of the film, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. (Reviewed in these pages 2/18/74.) (Paramount; through July 16.)

Brewster McCloud (1971)—Robert Altman's film was shot in Houston. Gentle Brewster (Bud Cort), who is building wings for himself, is a boy Phantom of the Astrodome who is also an imperilled virgin—a sort of mad, murderous Peter Pan, or Rima the Bird Boy. Sally Kellerman is his bird-mother, who deserts him when he loses his virginity. The idea seems to be left over from a Victorian fable, but the style of the picture is parodistic and manic—like a Road Runner cartoon. The whole thing is amorphous and rather silly. (Elgin; starting July 18.)

The Burmese Harp (1956)—A Japanese likeness of "Antigone," directed by Kon Ichikawa, about a Japanese private in Burma near the end of the Second World War who has a driving need to bury the dead in expiation for the crimes of war. A strange, gentle film; the poetry is uneven but unmistakably authentic. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 15.)

Bye Bye Birdie (1963)—The Michael Stewart satirical musical about a rock-and-roll idol who gets drafted, with its parodistic Charles Strouse and Lee Adams score, sounds like a good movie idea, but the central character (played by Jesse Pearson) has been softened, the sitcom plotting is tedious, and the film aims for cornball zest rather than wit. Ann-Margret, playing a brassy sixteen-year-old with a hyperactive rear end, takes over the picture; slick, enamelled, and appalling as she is, she's an undeniable presence. The cast, which performs erratically, includes Dick Van Dyke, Janet Leigh, Maureen Stapleton, Paul Lynde, and Bobby Rydell. Directed by George Sidney. (Plaza; July 13.)

Carnal Knowledge (1971)—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects. In Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (Beekman; starting July 17.)

Cat Ballou (1965)—A self-consciously cute parody Western about a girl train robber (Jane Fonda), a lovable old drunken wreck of a gunfighter (Lee Marvin), two gun-shy young cattle rustlers (Michael Callan, Dwayne Hickman), a bronco-busting Indian (Tom Nardini), and assorted robberies, killings, and wisecracks. There are occasional good lines and some nice things: Nat King Cole singing "They'll Never Make Her Cry;" Lee Marvin's ritual preparations for a gunfight; Marvin mistaking funeral candles for a birthday celebration. But mainly it is full of sort-of-funny and trying-to-be-funny ideas. The director Elliot Silverstein's spoofy tone is ineptitude, coyly disguised. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 13.)

Charulata (1964)—Directed by Satyajit Ray. His most flawless film apart from his great Apu trilogy. A flowing, opulent tale of love and restrained longing, set in the eighteen-seventies. A triumph of period comprehension, with an understanding of the Indian character that seems to light it from the inside. In Bengali. (7/8/74) (First Avenue Screening Room; July 10.)

Chinatown—A thriller for grownups—more about greed than about blood-spilling—directed by Roman Polanski. The film is obviously steeped in knowledge of older Hollywood-thriller masters, but it is full of young verve, and bows to no one. John Huston plays a Biblical figure called Noah Cross, Faye Dunaway a mysteriously widowed beauty called Mrs. Mulwray, who hires a private eye (Jack Nicholson) to track down the puzzle of her husband's death. The main topic is really the misuse of the Los Angeles water system. Who would have thought that that could provide the matter for such a good thriller? Jack Nicholson's performances get better and more lissome every time. The film, set in the thirties, from a script by Robert Towne, is wickedly skillful, funny, and socially alert. (7/1/74) (Coronet.)

Cinderella Liberty—A sordid, messy affair between a Baptist sailor (James Caan) and a beat-out whore (Marsha Mason), combined with a high-minded interracial big-brother story. (Caan can't save Mason, but her little part-black son—Kirk Calloway—stirs his paternal impulses.) The Mark Rydell picture, taken from Darryl Ponicsan's novel, wants to jerk tears, but just doesn't have the knack. Some of the acting is fine, but the film is a soggy experience; you feel as if you're wading through it. (1/21/74) (Quad Cinema; through July 16. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, Paramount, and Olympia; starting July 17.)

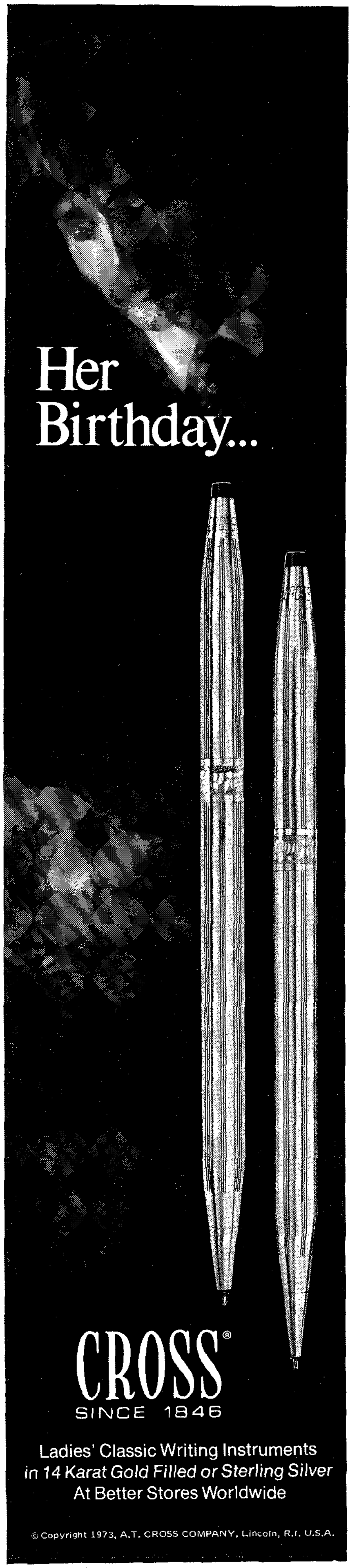
Citizen Kane (1941)—The Orson Welles film is generally considered the greatest American film of the sound period, and it's more fun than any other great movie. Based on the life of William Randolph Hearst, it is an exuberant, muckraking attack on an archetypal economic baron. With Welles, of course, and Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane. (Cinema Studio; July 11-15.)

Claudine—A Harlem love story that would reflect a sophisticated, knowing exhaustion if it concerned whites, but maintains its stamina, good humor, and cheek because it is played, and mostly made, by blacks. A mother on welfare (Diahann Carroll) with six children is loved by a garbage man called Roop, himself supporting three children. James Earl Jones plays the character with an endearing mixture of romance, cowardice, and natural sexiness about his beautiful but obstinate catch of a girl. Produced by Hannah Weinstein, directed by John Berry, written by Tina and Lester Pine. (4/29/74) (Fine Arts. . . . ¶ Beacon; through July 15.)

Cleopatra (1934)—The dialogue sounds like gossip over back-yard clotheslines, with occasional Shakespearean overtones—flattened, of course. ("Her infinite variety" becomes "She's always new.") In this De Mille version, the actors' diction provides such dividends as Caesar (Warren William) saying "Nope" to the senators, and Antony (stalwart Henry Wilcoxon) mumbling "I'm dying, Egypt, dying" in the inflection of "I gotta pain." The extravaganza is moderate, with too much Rome and too little Egypt, and the usual Roman holidays, processions, and atrium orgies, with Cleopatra (Claudette Colbert) in the capital wiggling her slim hips and wondering if her dress is becoming. It is, and the big bash aboard her barge has its own dreamy chic. A netful of beautiful adagio dancers are hauled out of the sea, which certainly beats popping out of a giant cake. Like the later, longer Elizabeth Taylor version, it's terrible and yet compulsively watchable. With Gertrude Michael, Joseph Schildkraut, Ian Keith, Irving Pichel, little Ferdinand Gottschalk, and John Carradine. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting July 17.)

The Clowns (1971)—Fellini, and a glory. His view of the world has always been that it is like the circus—a land of buffoons, of wounds that deliver no hurt, of boon friendships lasting forever between eccentric solitaries in a world of dangerous tigers and slumberously loyal elephants. This is the film that exactly and unsentimentally states it. There is a peculiar tenebrous undertow in the quality of the color, as there is in circuses. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 11.)

Contempt (1964)—Jean-Luc Godard's strange, beautifully filmed, sometimes maddening movie about a director (played by Fritz Lang) shooting "The Odyssey," and a woman (Brigitte Bardot) who is contemptuous of



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her husband (Michel Piccoli). With Jack Palance. In French. (Elgin; July 16.)

THE CONVERSATION—Written and directed by Francis Ford Coppola. The freezing case history of a wiretapping-and-bugging expert, wonderfully played by Gene Hackman as a man with a dropped jaw and an uptight soul, riddled with Catholic guilt and depleted by continual secrecy and self-deception. The expert is a hermetic character who protects his threadbare sanity by allowing himself no sense of consequence. A terrifying depiction of a ransacked spirit. (4/15/74) (Waverly. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, and Loews 83rd St.; through July 16.)

CRIES AND WHISPERS (1972)—Ingmar Bergman's dream play is set in a manor house at the turn of the century where a spinster in her late thirties (Harriet Andersson) is dying. Her two sisters (Ingrid Thulin and Liv Ullmann) have come to attend her, and they watch and wait, along with a peasant servant (Kari Sylwan). The movie is built out of a series of emotionally charged images that express inner stress, and Bergman handles them with the fluidity of a master. Superbly photographed by Sven Nykvist in a style suggesting Edvard Munch, the film is smooth and hypnotic; it has oracular power and the pull of a dream. Yet there's a nineteenth-century dullness at the heart of it. Each sister represents a different aspect of woman—woman viewed as the Other—and the film mingles didacticism with erotic mystery. In Swedish. (1/6/73) (Elgin; July 11-13.)

DAISY MILLER—Henry James's short story, filmed at a pace as hectic as the chatter of Daisy herself. Directed by Peter Bogdanovich, script by Frederic Raphael. In the James story, Daisy's instinct, exactly reported here, is always to beat others by her fervor and her implied insistence that distress and melancholy are easily remediable European diseases of the under-energized. Cybill Shepherd is fine as the Daisy who sees Europe as a continent of hotels: she looks very pretty, with perfect American features and a chin that bodes years of overmasterful housekeeping after her escapades as a flirt. (5/27/74) (Baronet.)

THE DAY OF THE DOLPHIN—The most expensive Rin Tin Tin picture ever made, with a gimmick the Rin Tin Tin pictures never stooped to: the dolphins here are dubbed with plaintive, childish voices and speak in English. Mike Nichols directed this elaborate anthropomorphic exercise. George C. Scott is the godlike dolphin trainer. (12/31/73) (Juliet 2.)

DAYS AND NIGHTS IN THE FOREST (1969)—On the surface, this Satyajit Ray film is a lyrical romantic comedy about four educated young men from Calcutta, driving together for a few days in the country, and the women they meet. The subtext is perhaps the subtlest, most plangent study of the cultural tragedy of imperialism; the young men are self-parodies—clowns who ape the worst snobberies of the British. A major film by one of the great film artists, starring Soumitra Chatterjee and the incomparably graceful Sharmila Tagore. In Bengali. (3/17/73) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 17.)

DIRTY MARY CRAZY LARRY—With Peter Fonda and Susan George, directed by John Hough. (Juliet 1. . . . ¶ 23rd St. Cinema; through July 16. . . . ¶ Guild; through July 17.)

THE DISCREET CHARM OF THE BOURGEOISIE (1972)—Luis Buñuel's most frivolously witty movie, directed with exhilarating ease. He is no longer savage about the hypocrisy and inanity of the privileged classes; he has grown almost fond of their follies—the way one can grow fond of the snarls and the silliness of vicious pets. The discreetly charming amoral beasts gathered here include Stéphane Audran, Julien Bertheau (as the bishop), Fernando Rey, Delphine Seyrig, and Jean-Pierre Cassel. In French. (11/11/72) (Elgin; July 14-15.)

THE EXORCIST—The demonic possession of a child, treated with shallow seriousness. The picture is designed to scare people, and it does so by mechanical means: levitations, swivelling heads, vomit being spewed in priests' faces. A viewer can become glumly anesthetized by the brackish color and the senseless ugliness of the conception; neither the producer-writer, William Peter Blatty, nor the director, William Friedkin, shows any feeling for the little girl's helplessness and suffering, or for her mother's. It is religious people who should be most offended by this movie. It would be sheer insanity to take children. (1/7/74) (Art, Gramercy, Playboy, Regency, and Symphony. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St.; through July 16.)

FANTASIA (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (Stokowski and Stravinsky, among others), and the film—a grab bag of animated shorts—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. It failed commercially, and has been revived as a head film for Mickey Mouse heads. (Festival; starting July 17.)

FELLINI'S ROMA (1972)—This funeral ode to a poisoned city is often beautiful, but it's also fatuous and empty. Fellini appears to see himself as official greeter for the apocalypse. In English and Italian. (10/21/72) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 11.)

FLOWER DRUM SONG (1961)—Pseudo-Oriental Rodgers-and-Hammerstein musical about a Chinese girl who smuggles herself into San Francisco as a "picture bride" under contract to marry a young man she has never seen; back of the dragonish false front are such plain ancestors as "Abie's Irish Rose" and "The Jazz Singer." If you think Joseph Fields, who wrote the screenplay, has been able to resist such wisecracks as "You got egg foo yong all over your face," you're wrong. Practically all the actors are of Far Eastern ancestry, which somehow heightens one's sense of disbelief instead of lessening it; Nancy Kwan, James Shigeta, Miyoshi Umeki, Juanita Hall, Benson Fong, and Jack Soo are the hardest workers. Songs can sometimes redeem a musical, but here the songs themselves are beyond redemption. Henry Koster directed, in his cloying kindergarten manner. (Plaza; July 15.)

FOR PETE'S SAKE—A good-looking young taxi-driver played by Michael Sarrazin is married to a Brooklyn girl played by Barbra Streisand. The film, directed by Peter Yates and written by Stanley Shapiro and Maurice Richlin, was obviously produced to suit her runaway talents. In an effort to repay money the heroine borrowed for an investment in pork-bellies, on which the couple has a hot tip, she secretly takes to prostitution, then to drug dealing, then to cattle rustling. The picture sometimes seems to be a series of decreasingly funny revue sketches strung together, though Miss Streisand's unstoppable energy exercises its usual garrulous, star-quality appeal. Molly Picon is genuinely comic, not farcical (unlike a lot of the film), as an apparently nice old lady in little hats who efficiently runs a stable of novice criminals. (7/8/74) (Columbia II. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum; through July 16. . . . ¶ Loews Tower East; starting July 17.)

THE 400 BLOWS (1959)—François Truffaut's amazing, eloquent, indispensable first feature is a semi-autobiographical account of a twelve-year-old boy who—to the eyes of adults—becomes a delinquent. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. In French. (Cinema Studio; July 16-17.)

A FREE WOMAN—Directed by Volker Schlöndorff, who made "Young Törless." This new film was written in collaboration with his wife and leading actress, Margarethe von Trotta. The character has just gone through the special torture of inquisition by divorce lawyers, and eventually—mistakenly—says yes to an old friend who wants to marry her, mostly because she wants not to jeopardize the custody of her young son, whom the courts feel to be in better hands with her ex-husband while she is a career woman leading a life on her own. Some of the script is like a play by a funny, tenderhearted Ibsen, and it is filled with irony, for this woman is hardly "free." In German. (7/1/74) (Paris.)

GATE OF HELL (1954)—Exquisitely designed and photographed, and directed by Teinosuke Kinugasa with a delicate feeling for flowing movement. The setting is twelfth-century Kyoto; the story, which resembles "The Rape of Lucrece," is about a warrior's passion for a married noblewoman (Machiko Kyo). In Japanese. (Cinema Studio; July 10.)

GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES (1953)—Two little girls make good in Paris; one of them is Marilyn Monroe, and thank heaven for her. Howard Hawks manages to turn Anita Loos's famous tale into a bit of a drag. (Plaza; July 12.)

GLORY ALLEY (1952)—Forgettable melodrama with music about a returning soldier (Ralph Meeker) and his old girl friend (Leslie Ca-ron), set in M-G-M's New Orleans. The unlikely pair are backed by an unlikely cast that includes Louis Armstrong, Gilbert Roland, Jack Teagarden, Kurt Kasznar, Dan Seymour, and John McIntire. The songs are mostly bummers, except for "St. Louis Blues." Raoul Walsh directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through July 13.)

Going Places—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere as two Rabelaisian young layabouts who serve as tokens of the pursuit of void pleasures. They spend their time like boys on a spree of truancy and shoplifting—teasing middle-aged women, stealing cars, making idle love to a girl whom they cruelly call frigid when they have always treated her abominably. They say to themselves that they are having fun, but this is bluster. So is a lot of the film, in its desolately aimless way. Jeanne Moreau, as an ex-convict, provides the one gleam of fire and poise. Directed by Bertrand Blier from his own novel. In French. (5/20/74) (Cinema II.)

Go Into Your Dance (1935)—Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler have a number together ("About a Quarter to Nine"), and Jolson sings "She's a Latin from Manhattan." The movie isn't topnotch, but it does have Helen Morgan and Glenda Farrell and Patsy Kelly; the songwriters Al Dubin and Harry Warren also appear. Miss Keeler had been in many musicals before this one, but she retains her peculiarly appealing amateurishness. Archie Mayo directed. (Plaza; July 16.)

Golden Needles—With Joe Don Baker and Elizabeth Ashley, directed by Robert Clouse. (East 59th Street II, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; starting July 17.)

Grand Illusion (1937)—The subtle barriers of class among a group of prisoners and their captors during the First World War. With Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio. Jean Renoir directed this great elegy for the death of the old European aristocracy, and it is one of the true masterpieces of the screen. In French. (Cinema Studio; starting July 18.)

The Great Gatsby—F. Scott Fitzgerald's short masterpiece turned into a slow, stately, two-and-a-half-hour movie, directed by Jack Clayton and photographed by Douglas Slocombe. Overuse of tracking shots, redundant dialogue, and too many Charlestons did the mysterious lengthening trick. Daisy is finely played as a creature of beautiful, aerial selfishness and apparent simplicity by Mia Farrow. Her best performance so far. The first-person narrative is transformed into voice-over comment by the character of the observant Nick (Sam Waterston, a good actor, wonderfully picked by Clayton); but the first-person technique works better in novels than in the movies. The small-part casting is first-rate. So is the sensibility. One mostly misses Scott Fitzgerald's terseness. Bruce Dern as Tom Buchanan is very good. Robert Redford as the pining, mysteriously rich Gatsby is a bit Ivy League. Script by Francis Ford Coppola. (4/1/74) (Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.; through July 16.)

The Groove Tube—A collection of twenty sketches satirizing American television and culture. Directed by Ken Shapiro. (Eastside Cinema; through July 16.)

Harold and Maude (1971)—The love story of Harold (Bud Cort), almost twenty, and Maude (Ruth Gordon), almost eighty. Directed by Hal Ashby. (Thalia.)

The Heartbreak Kid (1972)—One of the rare new comedies with a director's style and personality. Elaine May finds her comic tone (befuddled skepticism) and scores a first besides—no other American woman director has ever directed her daughter in a leading role. Jeannie Berlin plays the voluptuously giddy bride, whose groom (Charles Grodin) falls in love with a cool American dreamgirl (Cybill Shepherd) three days after the wedding. From Neil Simon's script, based on a Bruce Jay Friedman story. (12/16/72) (Olympia; through July 16.)

Herbie Rides Again—From the Disney studios; a sequel to "The Love Bug." With Helen Hayes and Ken Barry, directed by Robert Stevenson. (Music Hall; July 10.)

High Sierra (1941)—This Humphrey Bogart picture, directed by Raoul Walsh, was imitated widely both abroad and here, and it set a new style in gangster movies—the gangster as anachronism in a changing world. Bogart's performance as the weary Dillinger-like gangster is a classic, and about half the movie is definitive in setting the new pattern. With Ida Lupino, Joan Leslie (as a lame girl, in an expendable subplot), Arthur Kennedy, Alan Curtis, and Cornel Wilde. John Huston and W. R. Burnett adapted the Burnett novel. (Quad Cinema; July 14-16.)

The Jazz Singer (1927)—A mediocre, mostly silent picture, but Al Jolson's songs (plus a bit of spoken dialogue) amid the heart-tugging conflict-of-generations plot stirred audiences. It certainly doesn't look like a revolutionary film, but it heralded the new era of talkies. Alan Crosland directed, from Samson Raphaelson's play. With May McAvoy. (Plaza; July 11.)

Jules and Jim (1962)—One of the few French masterpieces of the sixties. François Truffaut's lyrical celebration of the lives of three bohemians (Henri Serre, Jeanne Moreau, and Oskar Werner) from the First World War to the Second. In French. (Cinema Studio; starting July 18.)

Kazablan—An Israeli musical, in English, directed by Menahem Golan. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting July 17.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Elgin; July 16.)

Kismet (1955)—This time, it was Vincente Minnelli who tried his hand with the familiar material, in a Hollywood-doctored version of the Broadway show that featured music derived from Borodin (including "A Stranger in Paradise" and the ubiquitous "Baubles, Bangles, and Beads"). Despite Howard Keel's relaxed, strong voice and Dolores Gray's lowdown wiles, it didn't work the way it had on the stage. Defeat seems to hover over the players' heads; maybe over the years the material had simply been flogged to death. Jack Cole stages the dances; with Ann Blyth, Vic Damone, Monty Woolley, and Sebastian Cabot. (Plaza; July 10.)

Lady and the Tramp (1955)—A Walt Disney full-length cartoon. (Festival; through July 16.)

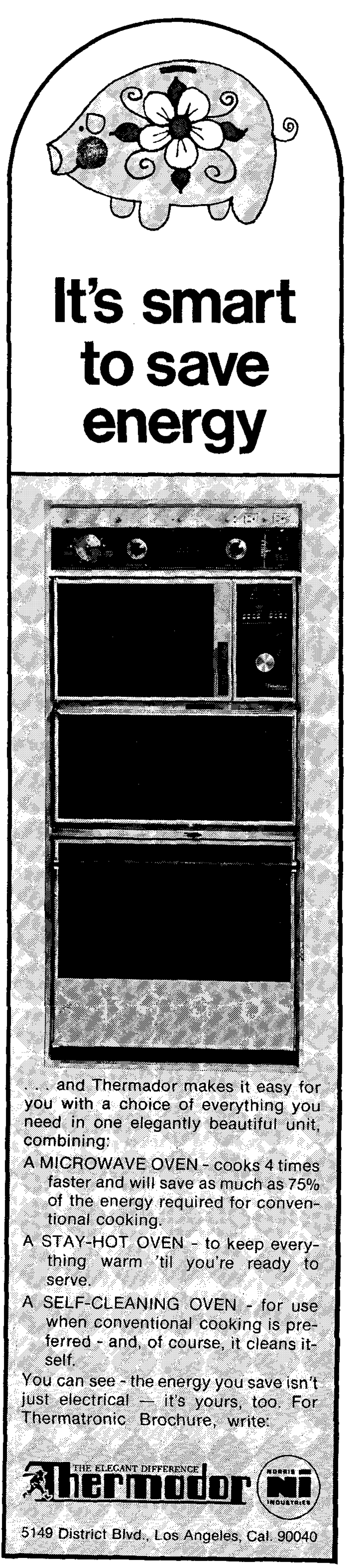
Last Tango in Paris (1972)—A movie that people will be arguing about for as long as there are movies. Bernardo Bertolucci and Marlon Brando have altered the face of an art form. In French and English. (10/28/72) (Quad Cinema; through July 16.)

The Laughing Policeman—Standard, gory imitation of "Dirty Harry," "The French Connection," and "Bullitt." There isn't much acting honor to be had from it, but Walter Matthau, playing a black-haired police detective, loses what little there is to Bruce Dern, who plays his partner. Matthau does the ancient obvious, but Dern's contentious, muffled manner is the latest in fey one-upmanship. The choppy film makes practically no sense; Stuart Rosenberg's direction features massacres, cadavers, and close inspection of wounds. (1/21/74) (Quad Cinema; through July 16. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting July 17.)

Laura (1944)—Everybody's favorite chic murder mystery. Gene Tierney is the dead girl who ends up as the heroine; Clifton Webb and Vincent Price are her suitors. Dana Andrews is the charmingly necrophiliac detective, and Judith Anderson is modishly contemptible. Directed by Otto Preminger. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 14-16.)

Leave Her to Heaven (1945)—Gothic psychologizing melodrama, so preposterously full-blown and straight-faced that it's entertaining. Evil, beautiful Ellen (Gene Tierney) hoards her father's ashes and has a penchant for eliminating people who clutter up her life. There are howling scenes: Ellen impassively watching her brother-in-law drown; Ellen flinging herself down a flight of stairs to terminate an annoying pregnancy; Ellen going lickety-split on a charger, tossing father's remains around the Technicolored New Mexico landscape; Ellen's long-suffering writer-husband (Cornel Wilde) remarking, "When I looked at you, exotic words drifted across the mirror of my mind like clouds across the summer sky." John M. Stahl directed this adaptation of the Ben Ames Williams best-seller; with Jeanne Crain, Vincent Price, and Ray Collins. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 14-16.)

The Little Theatre of Jean Renoir (1969)—A series of three sketches, each beginning on a magic-looking, red-swagged toy stage. The film was written and made by Renoir himself, with the director looming quizzically over the stage at the beginning of each episode as a sort of compere. The congenial, saddened, majestically revived temperament of the last story, which is about an old husband coping with a young wife and her young lover (a



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

vet-*cum*-handyman), has the nature of Renoir's "Rules of the Game." Jeanne Moreau appears in a brief outburst of Belle Epoque soprano singing—an unexpected comedian. In French. (5/6/74) (5th Ave. Cinema.)

The Long Goodbye—Robert Altman kisses off the private-eye form as gracefully as "Beat the Devil" finished off the cycle of the international-intrigue thriller. Less accidental than "Beat the Devil," it's just about as funny, though quicker-witted and dreamier, in soft, mellow color and volatile images. Based on Raymond Chandler's book, the picture stars Elliott Gould as Marlowe; thinner and lither, he gives his best performance yet, as a wryly forlorn man, still driving a 1948 Lincoln Continental and trying to behave like Bogart. With Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Rydell. (10/22/73) (Elgin; starting July 18.)

Love and Anarchy—Lina Wertmuller's large, epic film is set mostly in a thirties brothel; there, a young country bumpkin (Giancarlo Giannini, looking like a freckled young chicken), who intends to assassinate Mussolini, falls in love and botches his plans. The movie is uneven; it often seems like a silent film, and sometimes it is extravagant and operatic. But when Wertmuller concentrates on the whores' faces and attitudes it can be very beautiful. In Italian. (Greenwich, and New Yorker; through July 16.)

Lust for Life (1956)—A review of the career of Vincent van Gogh. With Kirk Douglas and Anthony Quinn. Pretty lousy, with a lot of emphasis on the ear. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 18.)

The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob—Directed by Gérard Oury. In English and French. (Trans-Lux East, and Beacon; starting July 17.)

Madame Satan (1930)—A hodgepodge by Cecil B. De Mille, featuring an extravagant costume party aboard an enormous dirigible. When the dirigible is struck by lightning, the guests parachute down, except the parachuteless hero, Reginald Denny, who jumps to safety in the Central Park Reservoir—a stunt that the movies have never repeated. There are lots of songs and dances, and even a ballet in the dirigible. Lillian Roth, buxom and dimpled before she boozed and repented and told all ("I'll Cry Tomorrow"), is energetic as the wild showgirl Trixie. Kay Johnson plays the noble heroine. With Roland Young and Martha Sleeper. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting July 17.)

Malizia—Directed by Salvatore Samperi: A Sicilian comedy steeped in elegance, inappropriate sexual longings clownishly dealt with, small boys' voyeurism, financial stinginess mixed with sexual largesse, and an intense sense of the class system. Danger, sweetness, and lust enter with a village girl called Angela (Laura Antonelli) into a house of mourning, where she is destined to plague and delight the whole family. A funny but oddly dated picture, marred by an outworn frivolity and naughtiness that is never very erotic. In Italian. (6/17/74) (Little Carnegie.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—The star is Humphrey Bogart, in his most exciting role, as Sam Spade, the private detective who is an ambiguous mixture of avarice and honor, sexuality and fear. This brilliant first film directed by John Huston is hard, precise, and economical—an almost perfect visual equivalent of the Dashiell Hammett thriller. Bogart is backed by an impeccably "right" cast: Sydney Greenstreet, Mary Astor, Peter Lorre, and Elisha Cook, Jr., as Wilmer. (Quad Cinema; through July 13.)

Mame—A slapstick musical so terrible it isn't boring; you can get fixated staring at it and wondering what exactly Lucille Ball thought she was doing. At the end, there's a reprise of the various scenes the viewer has just witnessed of the star hugging people; this may be the first hug collage in movie history and—if God is good—the last. Gene Saks directed; Onna White choreographed. (3/11/74) (23rd St. Cinema; starting July 17.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream (1935)—Mickey Rooney as Puck gets to be a bit much, but Cagney as Bottom has a mysterious beauty. Max Reinhardt (with William Dieterle) imprints things on the memory with the talent of a director who was as potent in his day as Peter Brook is in ours. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 16.)

Mississippi (1935)—W. C. Fields is Commodore Jackson, an unemployable-looking boss of a riverboat, tie and collar wrenched by sex-crazed girls but the lettering "CAPTAIN" firmly on his cap. Bing Crosby, Joan Bennett, Gail Patrick. The grumpy commodore cheerfully exploits Bing Crosby, whom he calls "the singing killer." Score by Rodgers and Hart. Don't miss. (Plaza; July 18.)

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Mr. Majestyk—With Charles Bronson and Al Lettieri, directed by Richard Fleischer. (Eastside Cinema, and U. A. East; starting July 17.)

Moulin Rouge (1953)—John Huston's fictionalized re-creation of the life of Toulouse-Lautrec (José Ferrer, standing on his knees in tricky boots). With Colette Marchand, Suzanne Flon, and incredibly pretty Zsa Zsa Gabor as Jane Avril, singing the famous Georges Auric theme song in a dubbed voice. Eliot Elisofon was the color consultant; the movie could have used a script consultant. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 18.)

The Music Room (1958)—Satyajit Ray's extraordinary study of pride carried to extremity. A great, flawed, maddening film—hard to take but probably impossible to forget. In Bengali. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 17.)

My Name Is Nobody—With Henry Fonda and Terence Hill, directed by Tonino Valerii. (Murray Hill, and Loews Orpheum; starting July 17.)

The Naked Kiss (1965)—A New England town that is pleasant on the outside and filthy rotten on the inside. Samuel Fuller's movie is like soap opera run hysterically amok. With Constance Towers, Patsy Kelly, Virginia Grey, Betty Bronson, and a bunch of forgettable men. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 12.)

Night and Day (1946)—William Bowers, one of the three scenarists, has recently said that he was so ashamed of this picture that about a year after it came out he called Cole Porter, whose biography it purported to be, and told him how sorry he was, and Porter said, "Loved it. Just loved it. Oh, I thought it was marvellous." Bowers says that he told Oscar Hammerstein how puzzled he was by this, and Hammerstein said, "How many of his songs did you have in it?" Bowers answered "Twenty-seven," and Hammerstein said, "Well of course, he loved it. They only turned out to be twenty-seven of the greatest songs of all time. You don't think he heard that stuff that went on between his songs, do you?" This utterly wretched movie is possibly endurable to others who can blank out on that stuff in between, which involves Cary Grant, as the composer, starting as an excruciatingly unconvincing bouncy Yale undergraduate. Later on, Grant embraces Alexis Smith from time to time, but nervously, unwillingly—as if she were a carrier of Rocky Mountain fever. No doubt the movie was trying to tell us something. Michael Curtiz directed; with Monty Woolley and many other unfortunates. (Plaza; July 17.)

The Nine Lives of Fritz the Cat—An animated film, directed by Robert Taylor. A sequel to "Fritz the Cat," this time R-rated, and not nearly as good, because of the absence here of the brilliant creative talent of Ralph Bakshi. (East 59th Street I, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1. . . . ¶ East 59th Street II; through July 16.)

99 and 44/100% Dead—With Richard Harris, directed by John Frankenheimer. (Columbia 1; starting July 17.)

The Parallax View—Alan J. Pakula directs a rather trite and cautious movie about an imaginary political assassination of a Presidential aspirant which skirts carefully around the question of whether the traumatic killings of the Kennedy brothers were a question of organized political murders or of lone men's madness. The way out here—very carefully nourishing no particular political enmity—is to attribute the assassination to a chest-beating secret brotherhood bent on a kids' manhood game of seeing who can hold out the longest: the one who cracks up is out. With Warren Beatty as a rumpled newspaper reporter, Paula Prentiss trying vainly to look as hard as nails, Hume Cronyn. (6/24/74) (Cinema I.)

Persona (1967)—A puzzling, obsessive film that Ingmar Bergman seems not to have worked out but, rather, to have torn from himself. It has moments of intensity and a superb erotic monologue. Liv Ullmann is an actress who has stopped speaking, and Bibi Andersson is her nurse, who becomes resentful and hysterical. In Swedish. (Elgin; July 11-13.)

The Petrified Forest (1936)—Archie Mayo turned Robert Sherwood's famous play into this pretty good movie about the ironic ascendancy of a strongly physical man in a society of sophisticates. An escaped gangster, played by Humphrey Bogart, holds Leslie Howard and Bette Davis hostage at a roadside restaurant in Arizona. Bogart is at his best, the irresistible type of the sardonic bandit. (Quad Cinema; through July 13.)

The Plough and the Stars (1937)—John Ford's commercially unsuccessful, rarely seen version of the Sean O'Casey play set during the Easter Week Irish Rebellion of 1916. It features an extraordinary cast; Barbara Stanwyck and Preston Foster, along with Barry Fitzgerald, Denis O'Dea, Arthur Shields, Erin O'Brien Moore, Una O'Connor, F. J. McCormick, and many other celebrated Irish players. Dudley Nichols did the adaptation, and the legendary Joseph H. August did the cinematography. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 10.)

The Producers (1968)—Satire of the theatre, with Zero Mostel as a producer who sells twenty-five thousand per cent of a play, intending to produce a flop so that he won't have to pay the backers anything. Some of it is very funny, but Mel Brooks, who wrote and directed, doesn't develop the ideas. With Dick Shawn and Gene Wilder, whose whining, strangled-voice bit is almost a shtick of genius. (8th St. Playhouse; through July 16.)

Promised Lands—A documentary, directed by Susan Sontag. (Reviewed in this issue.) (First Avenue Screening Room; starting July 11.)

Rashomon (1951)—In ninth-century Kyoto, a nobleman's bride is raped by a bandit; the nobleman lies dead. This double crime is acted out in the versions of the three participants and a witness. Akira Kurosawa's great enigmatic film created a new interest in Japanese cinema. With Machiko Kyo, Toshiro Mifune as the bandit, Masayuki Mori as the husband, and Takashi Shimura as the witness. From stories by Ryunosuke Akutagawa. In Japanese. (Cinema Studio; July 10.)

Romeo and Juliet (1954)—The dramatic rhythm of the play is lost, but this Anglo-Italian production, directed by Renato Castellani, is extraordinarily rich and voluptuous, photographed in the golden remnants of the High Renaissance in Verona, Venice, and Siena, and with costumes by Leonor Fini that are derived from Piero della Francesca, Pisanello, Carpaccio, and Fiorenzo di Lorenzo. Laurence Harvey (at twenty-six) gives Romeo a lively reading; Susan Shentall, a nonprofessional, is lovely as Juliet but lacks voice and presence. The Capulets' ball has such sensuality that it conveys a better idea of what the play is *about* than conventional stage productions do. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 16.)

Sansho the Bailiff (1954)—Mizoguchi's astonishing epic of the generations of a family that rises from slaves to masters and is then shattered. The work of a master film artist. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 15.)

The Seduction of Mimi—Written and directed by Lina Wertmuller. A very funny bedroom and church-step farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. Why can't they all get on? "They're all cousins!" he shouts, throwing himself face down in the sand, crying out for another scheme of things. In Italian. (6/24/74) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Seven Chances (1925)—The plot gimmick—the

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hero must be married in a few hours in order to collect an inheritance—is an antique, and the play flopped on Broadway, but what Buster Keaton and his gag writers managed to do with the material will be everlastingly fresh. When the news of the shy hero's need to wed is published in the papers, prospective brides arrive, singly at first and then in droves, and the distraught man, fleeing them, dislodges a boulder, which dislodges others, and soon he is pursued by hundreds of huge boulders. It's a lovely comedy, imaginatively—possibly faultlessly—directed by Keaton. With Snitz Edwards and Ruth Dwyer. (Elgin; July 17.)

Shock Corridor (1962)—An action-packed film, written and directed by Samuel Fuller, that has acquired a considerable reputation. The hero is a reporter who has himself committed to a mental institution so he can investigate a murder there; his experiences include being attacked by a gang of nymphomaniacs, being put in a straitjacket, losing the power of speech, being subjected to shock therapy, etc. He gets a Pulitzer Prize, and he goes mad. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 12.)

Silk Stockings (1957)—Paralyzed version of the Cole Porter Broadway musical (starring Hildegarde Neff) based on the Greta Garbo film "Ninotchka." The director, Rouben Mamoulian, manages to do practically nothing with a cast that includes Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse (as Ninotchka), Barrie Chase, Janis Paige, Peter Lorre, Jules Munshin, Joseph Buloff, George Tobias, and Ivan Triesault. (Plaza; July 14.)

Sleuth (1972)—At first, the elation of seeing Laurence Olivier in a big role is sufficient to give this Joseph L. Mankiewicz transcription of the Anthony Shaffer play (about an eccentric author of detective novels and his prey—Michael Caine) a high spirit, and Olivier seems to be having a ripsnorting old time. But the cleverness of Shaffer's excessive literacy wears down, and the stupid tricks the two characters play on each other keep grinding on. It's Olivier in the kind of material he outgrew more than thirty years ago. (12/23/72) (Paramount; starting July 17.)

S*P*Y*S—With Elliott Gould and Donald Sutherland, directed by Irvin Kershner. (Columbia I; through July 16.)

The Sting—Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and director George Roy Hill trying to recapture the box-office glow of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." This time, the happy twosome are cardsharps and swindlers of the thirties; the mood isn't as coyly lyrical as before—the first blush of their romance has faded. It's a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people probably consider it just that. With Robert Shaw as the stiff-necked menace. (12/31/73) (Murray Hill, and U. A. East; through July 16.)

Stormy Weather (1943)—Terrible story but great performers. Ethel Waters, Lena Horne, Bill Robinson, Fats Waller (doing "Ain't Misbehavin' "), and Eddie Anderson. Andrew Stone directed, like a stone. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through July 13.)

A Streetcar Named Desire (1951)—Some of the best dialogue ever written by an American, and two of the greatest performances ever put on film. Marlon Brando plays the brutal Stanley Kowalski, who shatters the system of illusions that Blanche DuBois (Vivien Leigh) lives by. Elia Kazan directed the Tennessee Williams play. (Quad Cinema; through July 16.)

Summertime (1955)—Katharine Hepburn, prim and gaunt as an aging American virgin vacationing in corrupt, sensual Venice, and Rossano Brazzi as a soft, thickening Venetian art dealer who makes love to her. There is an element of embarrassment in this pining spinster role, but Hepburn is so proficient at it that she almost—though not quite—kills the embarrassment. It's hard to believe that the coming together of a withered Puritan and a middle-aged roué would light up the sky with the glittering display of fireworks that the director, David Lean, provides, but this is one of those overwrought, understated, romantic movies (like Lean's "Brief Encounter") that many people remember with considerable emotion. From Arthur Laurents's play "The Time of the Cuckoo;" with Isa Miranda and Darren McGavin; the cinematography is by Jack Hildyard. (Beekman; through July 16.)

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Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 13.)

The Tamarind Seed—With Julie Andrews and Omar Sharif, directed by Blake Edwards. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Music Hall; starting July 11.)

Ten from Your Show of Shows (1973)—A sampling of the hundred and sixty ninety-minute weekly shows produced and directed by Max Liebman from 1950 to 1954, starring Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca, with Carl Reiner and Howard Morris. A few of the skits are classic, and if you saw Caesar when you were young enough, maybe he'll always be the greatest clown for you. (3/3/73) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 14.)

The Terminal Man—From the Michael Crichton novel, with George Segal and Joan Hackett. Directed by Mike Hodges. (Loews Tower East; through July 16.)

That's Entertainment!—An invigorating movie made up of clips from old M-G-M musicals, starting with a montage of Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney in snatches from the days of "Say, let's put on our own show! That'd be different!"—all comically the same. The linking commentary sounds a bit like an Oscar evening promoting M-G-M (the comperes include the present-day Mickey Rooney, James Stewart, Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby, and Liza Minnelli), but the things that are linked together are terrific, especially the clips of Gene Kelly, in the incomparable Comden and Green's movie "Singin' in the Rain;" the melting, featherweight Fred Astaire; Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, that inimitable dollop of soup, ham, and classy yearning, their love-filled eyes slipping around to the camera to check what they look like; and Esther Williams, swimming in larger and larger pools, and rising from the chlorinated M-G-M waters regally wet. (6/10/74) (Ziegfeld.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—Hitchcock's suave, amusing spy melodrama, directed with so sure a touch that the suspense is charged with wit. Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll are the pair handcuffed together until hate turns to love. Peggy Ashcroft and John Laurie are the couple joined together by marriage chains, and the villain is Godfrey Tearle, looking astonishingly like F.D.R. From the John Buchan novel. (Cinema Studio; July 11-15.)

The Three Musketeers—As in Roger Planchon's anarchic stage production at his famous Lyons theatre, in France, Dumas's novel is kicked around in Richard Lester's film. Charlton Heston plays Richelieu in a becoming false nose, Jean-Pierre Cassel is a clothes-cluttered Louis XIII, Spike Milligan, in a nightshirt and a stocking cap, trails around muttering Goon Show-type jokes of unseating common sense. David Watkins did the overarranged but striking photography. The dozens of stars, deliberately cast against type, also include Oliver Reed, Raquel Welch, Faye Dunaway, Frank Finlay, Geraldine Chaplin, Richard Chamberlain, and Michael York. (4/8/74) (St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, 8th St. Playhouse, and Olympia; through July 16.)

Three the Hard Way—With Jim Brown, Jim Kelly, and Fred Williamson, directed by Gordon Parks, Jr. (Loews Ciné.)

Travels with My Aunt (1972)—Maggie Smith gives a desperate, flustered performance as the disreputable Augusta, a woman in her seventies who induces her stuffy nephew (Alec McCowen) to accompany her on her travels. Whatever private joke Graham Greene was working out in the novel, the message here is "Live, live, live!" But the movie itself has no real zing; it seems to run down before it gets started, and just about everyone in it looks miscast. George Cukor directed. (1/13/73) (Embassy 72nd St.; starting July 17.)

The Treasure of Sierra Madre (1948)—One of the strongest of all American movies. Three Americans stranded in Mexico strike it rich, and the director, John Huston, lets them stew in their own juice. Humphrey Bogart is the paranoid tough guy, Fred C. Dobbs; Walter Huston is the toothless, shrewd old prospector; and Tim Holt is a blunt, honest young man. With Alfonso Bedoya, as a primitive bandit who makes one appreciate civilization, and the director himself appearing as the victim of Bogart's cadging. From the B. Traven novel. If one is prepared for the terrible Max Steiner score, it may be easier to shut it out. (Quad Cinema; July 14-16.)

Truck Turner—With Isaac Hayes and Yaphet Kotto, directed by Jonathan Kaplan. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through July 16.)

The Twelve Chairs (1970)—Mel Brooks shows his affection for the innocent nuttiness of earlier periods of comedy in this story about three men (Frank Langella, Dom DeLuise, Ron Moody) searching for a fortune hidden in a chair, but the whole enterprise is rather forlorn. Not bad, really—just so-so. (Paramount; through July 16.)

Two English Girls (1972)—François Truffaut tries for gaiety and gentleness and charm in this adaptation of the only other novel by Henri-Pierre Roché, the author of "Jules and Jim," but everything is muffled, almost repressed. The story is about the messed-up lives of two English sisters who love the same man—a Frenchman (Jean-Pierre Léaud, badly miscast). The picture is uncomfortable and, when it's over, unresolved yet emotionally affecting. A bewilderingly sad movie. In French. (10/14/72) (Cinema Studio; July 16-17.)

Uptown Saturday Night—Directed by Sidney Poitier. Black is fun, says this film revolutionarily, communicating the idea with an attractive infectiousness. The men in the film, including a Sidney Poitier looking amiably smaller than usual, have the air of youngsters on a spree playing hooky, and the wives seem wiser and older, which is a classic black film-and-stage situation. A lottery ticket gets lost in a stickup and found again. In a white film, it would have disappeared for good. That's the difference. Life is hauled up by the bootstraps, and a broad grin appears on dandily dressed rival gangsters' faces. Solid fun. (6/17/74) (86th St. East.)

Walking Tall—A rabble-rousing movie that appeals to a deep-seated belief in simple, swift, Biblical justice; the visceral impact of the film makes one know how crowds must feel when they're being swayed by demagogues. Joe Don Baker gives a powerful performance as the crusading Tennessee sheriff Buford Pusser—there *is* a Buford Pusser, and he's out promoting the movie—but it's a tall tale: a fiction derived from early Westerns. The director, Phil Karlson, is brutally effective; he makes the battle of virtuous force against organized evil seem primordial. With Elizabeth Hartman as Mrs. Pusser. (2/25/74) (Guild; starting July 18.)

What's Up, Tiger Lily? (1966)—Woody Allen provides dubbed dialogue for a chopped-up Japanese sexy-spy thriller; the jokes get rather desperate, but there are enough wildly sophomoric ones to make this pop stunt fairly amusing. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 14.)

The World's Greatest Athlete (1973)—From the Disney Studios, with John Amos, Tim Conway, and Jan-Michael Vincent. Directed by Robert Scheerer. (Festival; through July 16.)

Young Cassidy (1965)—John Ford was to direct this film, which is based on portions of Sean O'Casey's autobiography and was shot in and around Dublin, but he fell ill, and Jack Cardiff (who directed "Sons and Lovers") took over. The film is far from fully realized, and it's much too genteel and discreet, but it has stirring scenes of strikes and political uprisings and some of the same sort of intelligent reticence as parts of "Sons and Lovers." Rod Taylor gives a surprisingly good performance as the brawling dreamer-hero—a husky revolutionary who digs ditches to support his stoic mother (Flora Robson) and desperately exhausted sister (the remarkable Sean Phillips). The hero has an affair with a chorus-girl trollop (Julie Christie) and becomes involved with a timid librarian (well played by Maggie Smith); in the Dublin literary world he meets Lady Gregory (Edith Evans) and Yeats (Michael Redgrave). One may want to snicker at the hero's quick rise to literary eminence, but compared to other movies about a famous writer's youth, this one is way above average. The script is by John Whiting. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 10.)

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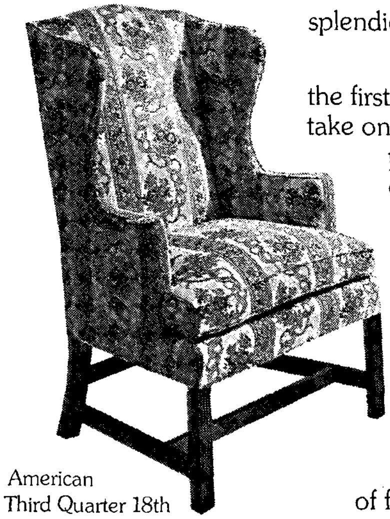

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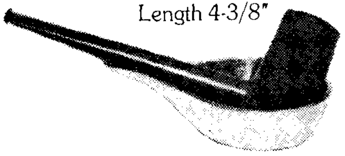

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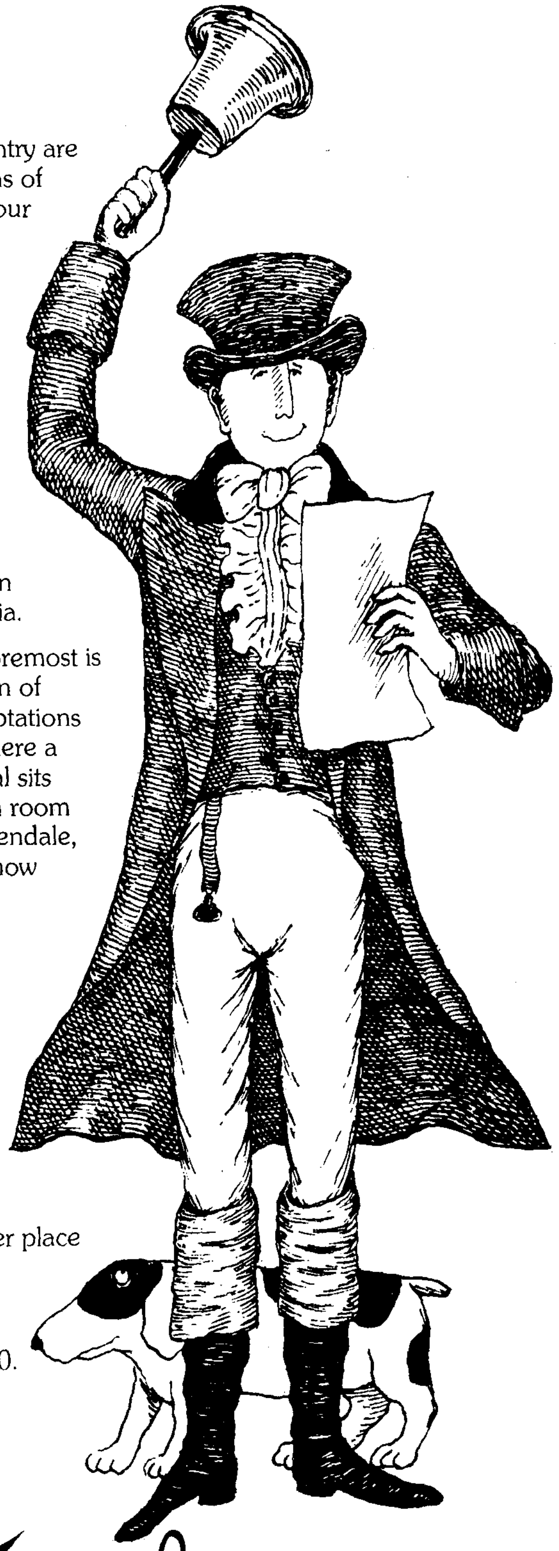

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AN old, old gentleman we had known years ago turned up recently, tapping his way along the street. The minute we sighted him, we knew there would be a confrontation. We remembered him as an extremely opinionated fellow, rather testy, and unreliable as to his facts, and we felt sure he would be worrying some bone or other. But *what* bone? Watergate? Pollution? Corruption? The Gulag Archipelago—which he would probably call the Gulag Peninsula? Not at all. After a brief greeting, he began spinning us a long, wandering tale of two cedar waxwings that, he said, had let him down. An extraordinary narrative. The old man, we knew, had always been dead set against chemists and the whole expanding world of synthetic materials that were taking the place of natural things like wool, cotton, silk, and leather. He hated chemists with an abiding hatred. He couldn't stand the sound of the words neoprene, polyethylene foam, polyester, viscose rayon. The names infuriated him. He brooded endlessly on oil spills, DDT, eagles that laid thin-shelled eggs, spruce-budworm spray programs, vinyl chloride, asbestos, and the slow deterioration of the natural world under the steady pressure of the chemists. And then (he told us), just the other day, there arrived this pair of cedar waxwings to nest in the McIntosh tree by his garage. A lovely occasion! As he described the nest-building to us, an angry look came over his face. The birds, it seemed, had begun with their usual materials—weed stems, plant fibres, rootlets. But then, watching through field glasses, he discovered them yanking feverishly at a strand of nylon cord—an old piece of synthetic string somebody had used to brace a newly planted young tree in the yard. The birds, who may have been drinking, seemed obsessed with the virtues of this particular object; they appeared to value the nylon above everything else in the whole countryside, above all the natural things that were available. The spectacle at first angered the old man, then saddened him. If birds and wild creatures were to go over to the synthetics and the chemists, then indeed he would be a lost soul, alone in a wilderness from which there was no apparent escape. That's what he told us, quite solemnly, before we parted.

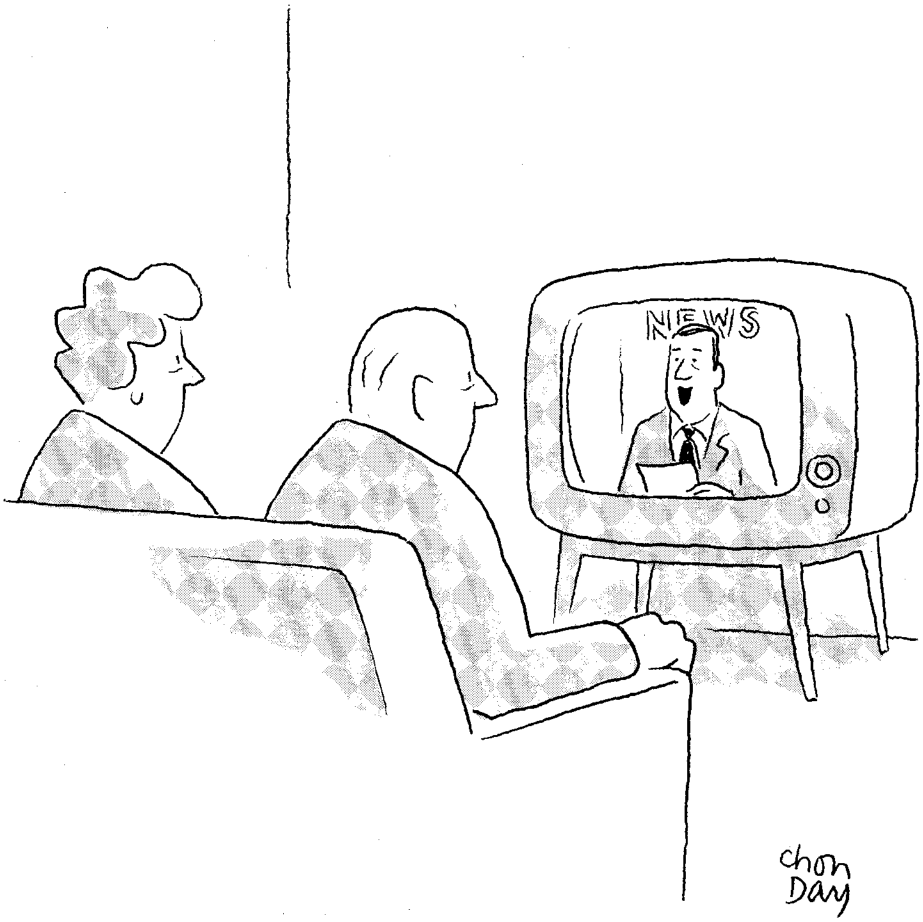
A Question of Where You Come From

SINCE December of 1972, a number of stories have appeared in the papers about groups of Haitians barely making the coast of Florida in leaky little sailboats, in the hope of being granted political asylum. The American authorities seldom fulfill this hope. For instance, last January, the *Times* reported, thirty-eight Haitians were "rescued from their foundering wooden boat in the Atlantic," and the thirty men who had made the trip "were processed by immigration authorities and jailed for illegal entry" when they arrived in Miami. This sort of treatment has aroused a number of American groups to take action in behalf of the refugees, and one of the earliest to do so was the National Council of Churches. Last February 28th, the Council adopted a resolution expressing "profound disquiet" and calling for a study of the Haitian-refugee situation in the United States. A preamble to the resolution offered this information:

> In the past fourteen months, more than 400 Haitian refugees . . . have come to the United States. Ill and hungry after weeks at sea in flimsy boats, fifty at least having drowned when their overloaded boats sank somewhere along the 800-mile odyssey from Haiti to Florida, they were making their escape from tyranny to what they supposed would be freedom. But since December 13, 1972, when the first contingent of sixty-five arrived, they have been denied political asylum and have become subject to deportation.

A few weeks ago, the Council took its campaign a step farther when—with a number of other groups, representing churches and trade unions—it sponsored a Conference on the Plight of Haitian Refugees. The conference was held at the United Nations Church Center, at First Avenue and Forty-fourth Street, and we spent an hour there along with about thirty other people who showed up. The room was dark when we arrived—there was a slide show in progress—and we found a seat in the last row, next to a man wearing clerical clothes. The slide show, depicting some of the harsh political and economic conditions in Haiti, was being presented by another clergyman—Father Antoine Adrien, who,

Richard Edes Harrison



"Good evening, folks! What's good about it? Ha-ha-ha!"

we later learned, was one of the many Catholic priests expelled from Haiti in 1969, during the Presidency of the late François Duvalier. When the lights came up, our neighboring cleric introduced himself, and it turned out that we were sitting next to the Right Reverend Paul Moore, Jr., the Episcopal Bishop of New York, who was one of the sponsors of the conference. The Bishop is a tall and commanding-looking figure, but has an easy and friendly manner.

After the slide show, two men were led up to the front of the room. Each was wearing a hood. One hood was blue, with little holes for the eyes and mouth, and the other was yellow, with no holes. The latter not only afforded privacy to the wearer but also made him look gagged and mummified. The men were introduced as two of the thirty Haitians who were jailed in Florida last January. Ira Gollobin, general counsel for the American Committee for the Protection of the Foreign-Born, which has interested itself in the case of the refugees, came up and stood beside the two men, and remarked that they were now "technically" out on bail. Something in the way he said it gave us the impression that the word "technically" would not stand too much poking into. And no one poked.

Father Jean-Yves Urfié—a French priest serving at Our Lady of Good Counsel, in Brooklyn—joined Mr. Gollobin and the refugees at the front of the room, and began to question the two Haitians in French. The man in the yellow hood did most of the answering, and Father Urfié translated the questions and answers for the rest of us:

Q—Have you been involved in politics?

A—No.

Q—Were you arrested for political reasons in Haiti?

A—No.

Q—Why did you leave Haiti?

A—Because we had problems with the government. We were involved in something that did not please the government. We had to leave, because the Tonton Macoutes (the Haitian paramilitary police) were looking for us to put us in jail.

Q—Did you come to the United States for political reasons?

A—Yes.

The hooded men were then led out of the room, and Mr. Gollobin took over. A short man of slight build, he was wearing a crumpled suit cut in a style seldom seen today. He looked like one of those lawyers who devote their careers to defending unpopular—sometimes even lost—causes, and do not make much money. Reading from a sheet of paper, Mr. Gollobin supported in legal language what the two refugees had just said, and pointed out where the authorities had denied them due process of law. He then yielded to Bishop Moore.

"The government's refusal to grant political asylum to these men is one more instance of the repression in our country," the Bishop said. "We say one thing and do another. Freedom and justice are of one piece. And if we allow this to happen to a small group of Haitians, then it can happen to any group. I think we can move our government if we make enough noise about it."

Mr. Gollobin then offered to answer questions, and these exchanges followed:

Q—Why does the government refuse to grant political asylum to these men?

A—The government holds that these men are simply unhappy with conditions in Haiti, that they simply want to go somewhere else to find a new life, and therefore that they are economic refugees, not political refugees.

Q—What is the requirement for being classified as a political refugee?

A—The chief requirement is that a refugee have a well-grounded fear of political punishment and persecution if he goes back to his country.

Q—You are saying, then, that the government does not believe these Haitians qualify under that requirement?

A—Yes. The Immigration Service and the State Department are saying that the Haitian government is not a repressive government; therefore, anyone who leaves Haiti cannot be treated as a political refugee.

Q—How about all the Cubans who are pouring into the United States now? How are they better qualified as political refugees? (This questioner may have had in mind another set of stories that have been appearing in the *Times* for some time. One of them reported that "over twenty thousand exiled Cubans now living in Spain have been granted permission by the United States Government to emigrate here," and went on, "The action . . . serves to cut through much of the red tape ordinarily necessary for immigration, speeding up entry for the exiles by up to two years.")

A—That's a good question, and I invite you to judge for yourself. But I will say this: The State Department policy suggests quite clearly that if you are fleeing a left-wing government or if you belong to a group that is largely white, then it is all right for you to be let into the United States as a political refugee. You can see how these distinctions penalize Haitians, who, as you know, happen neither to be white nor to be fleeing a left-wing dictatorship. It is clear to me that the question of political asylum for Haitians is not being settled on its true merits. It's all a question of where you come from.

As we were leaving the conference, someone shoved a clipping from the *Times* into our hand. It was a story we hadn't seen before. It said that Turenne Déville, a twenty-seven-year-old Haitian refugee, had been found dead in his Miami jail cell, with a sheet tied around his neck. The story quoted refugee leaders as saying that Mr. Déville, who was awaiting deportation, "took his life rather than face possible reprisals in Haiti."

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OVERHEARD outside the Scribner Book Store, matron to matron: "I hear he's the richest book reviewer in the world."

Viv

THE Talk of the Town Birthday Treat Fund (which does a lot of important work, in a small way) arranged the other day for Paul Riedel, managing editor of *Moneysworth*, to meet his idol of many years, the noted comedienne Vivian Vance, for lunch at the Algonquin Hotel on his birthday.

"Hi, honey. I'm over here," said Miss Vance, who arrived first. She was sitting in a chair near the Algonquin newsstand, wearing a brown dress and a necklace of beads, carrying a copy of *Time*, and managing an elaborate raincoat. "This is so thrilling for me, because I never eat lunch out," Miss Vance said when we joined her. "I'm just not someone who goes out for lunch. You recognized my voice right away, didn't you? Everyone recognizes my voice. Did you do the crossword this morning? What was the Academy Award picture of 1934? I just drew a blank."

Paul Riedel, a young man with red hair, who admits to having seen every episode of "I Love Lucy," Miss Vance's famous vehicle, at least four times, arrived, and we went in to lunch.

"I just want a chicken salad not stuffed into a tomato," Miss Vance said. Then she talked about her autobiography. "It's called 'Viv,' " she said. "You know who thought that up? It was Bart Howard, who wrote the song 'Fly Me to the Moon.' He said that all my other titles sounded like soap operas. Isn't that something?"

We asked Miss Vance what her other titles had been.

"Well, there was one I liked—'Both Ends of the Rainbow,' which I thought told a story. And there was another one—'There's a Hill Beyond a Hill Beyond a Hill'—which I thought was good. But Bart Howard said they both sounded like soap operas, so now it's called 'Viv.' It's going to be out next year. I put everything in my book. Everything you ever saw in a Warner Brothers movie, I did. Honey, when I arrived in New York City from Albuquerque, New Mexico, *I carried my own bags.*"

Miss Vance then told a story that involved Jane Sebastian, one of her friends.

"It's nice to know that Jane Sebastian is a real person," Mr. Riedel said, gaining courage.

"How do you know about Jane Sebastian?" Miss Vance asked.

"Oh, you used her name on several shows," Mr. Riedel said.

"Oh, you *do* know everything," Miss Vance said. "It's true. Whenever we needed names on the show, instead of learning new names we used the names of friends."

"How about the Van Vlacks?" Mr. Riedel asked.

"Oh! The Van Vlacks! They were Lucy's friends. I think there was a Van Vlack who was Lucy's first boyfriend."

"The Orsattis?" asked Mr. Riedel.

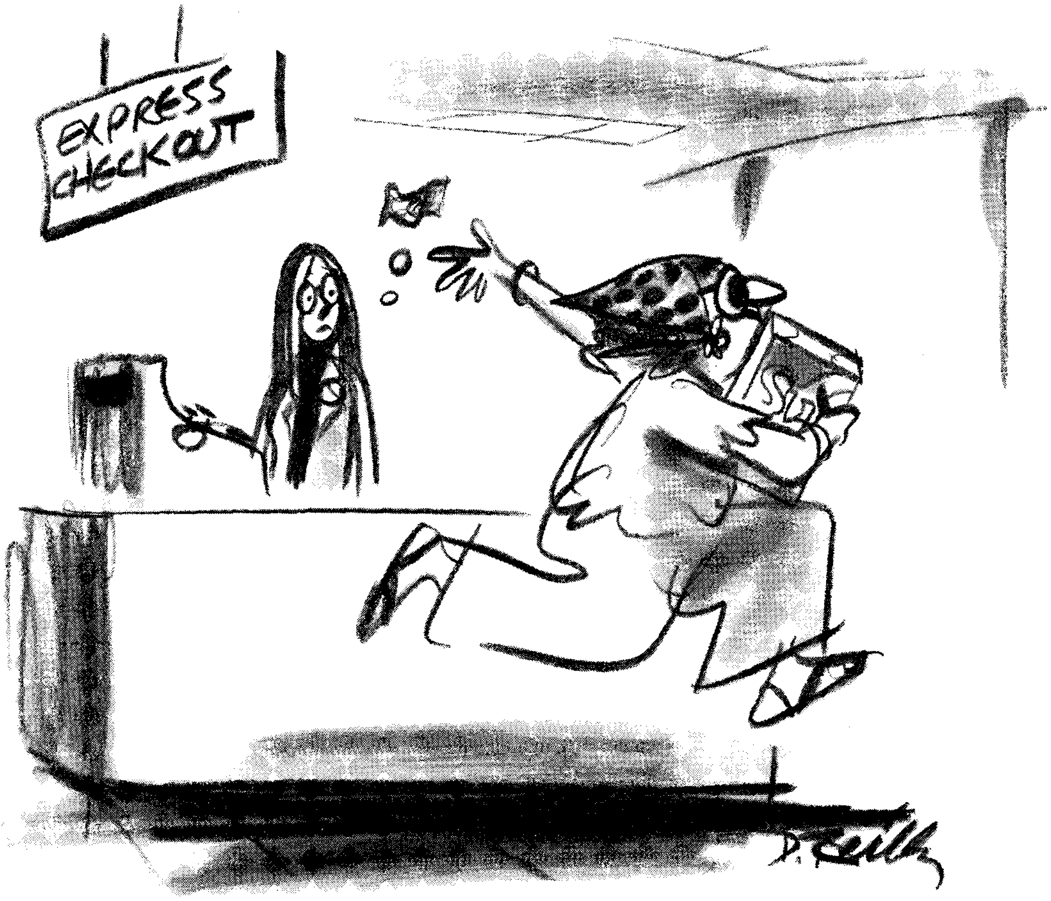
"They're friends of Lucy's in Hollywood. Honey, you do know *everything!*"

"My favorite episode was the gypsy operetta," Mr. Riedel said. "You sang 'Lily of the Valley.' "

We asked Mr. Riedel when he had begun to watch "I Love Lucy."

"It was on first or second rerun when I was a kid, but my mother didn't let me watch it. I really began to watch it seriously when I was about nineteen, in about 1967."

"Isn't that *interesting!*" said Miss



Vance. "All these people watching that show. Do you know that I'm a bigger draw now—you know, at colleges and universities—than I was seven years ago? It is not to be believed. Now, I thought that that was because the people who grew up with Lucy were coming to see me. But the ones in college now—did they grow up with Lucy?"

"Well, yes," said Mr. Riedel. "On third rerun or fourth rerun."

"Isn't that interesting! I never thought to check the ages. I just thought they all grew up in the fifties."

"Oh, no," said Mr. Riedel. "The ones who grew up with the original show are all in their thirties now."

"So these younger ones . . ."

"Saw the reruns, like me," said Mr. Riedel.

On the way out of the dining room, the maître d'hôtel and the hat-check girl asked for Miss Vance's autograph. "Please sign one for my little girl, Michele," said the hat-check girl. "She never misses a show."

Vivian Vance signed a card for Michele and patted Paul Riedel on the hand. "*This* is the man who never misses a show," she said.

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NOTICE posted conspicuously in the elevator of a Dobbs Ferry apartment house:

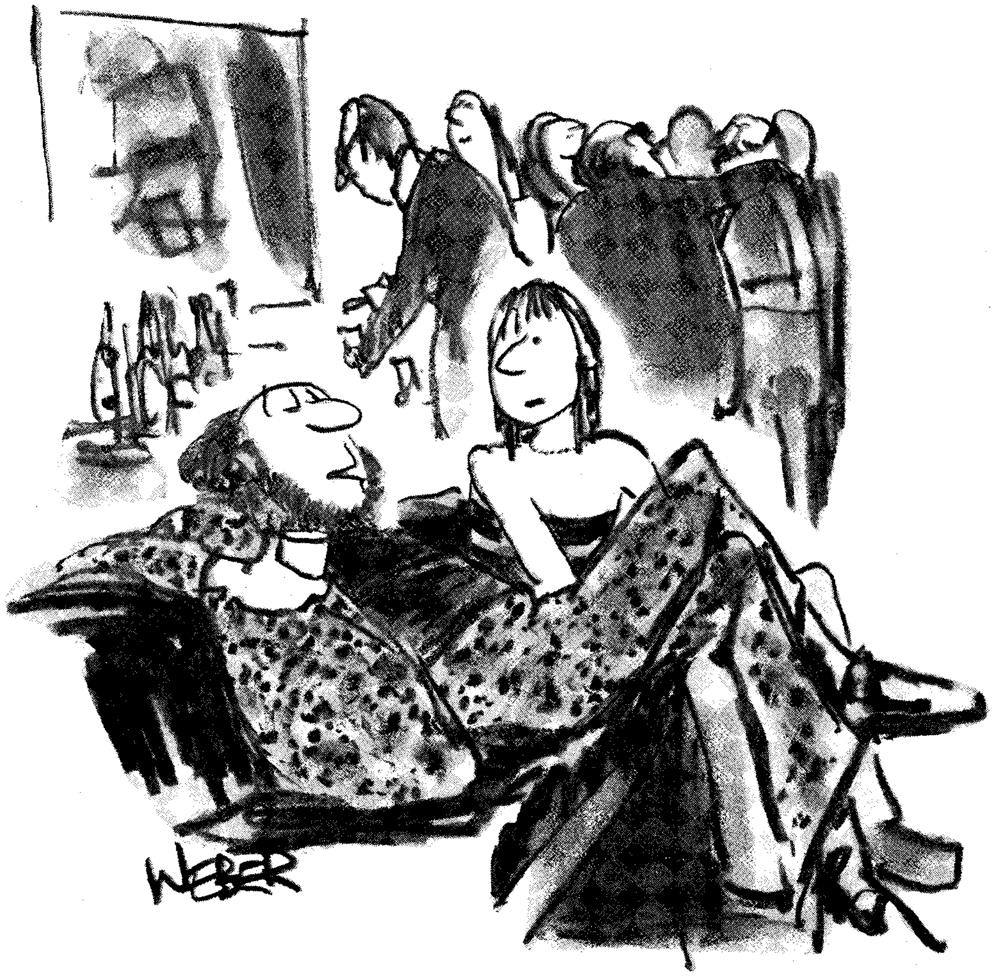
> The elevator will stop only at the 6th floor and basement. Some times if you go to the 6th floor then press the button for your floor it will stop at your floor, if not it will come to basement. The car will jump up and down at each floor. Please do not ring bell as elevator will go to 6th floor or basement and stop. There is nothing I can do.
>
> SUPERINTENDENT

An Early Fourth

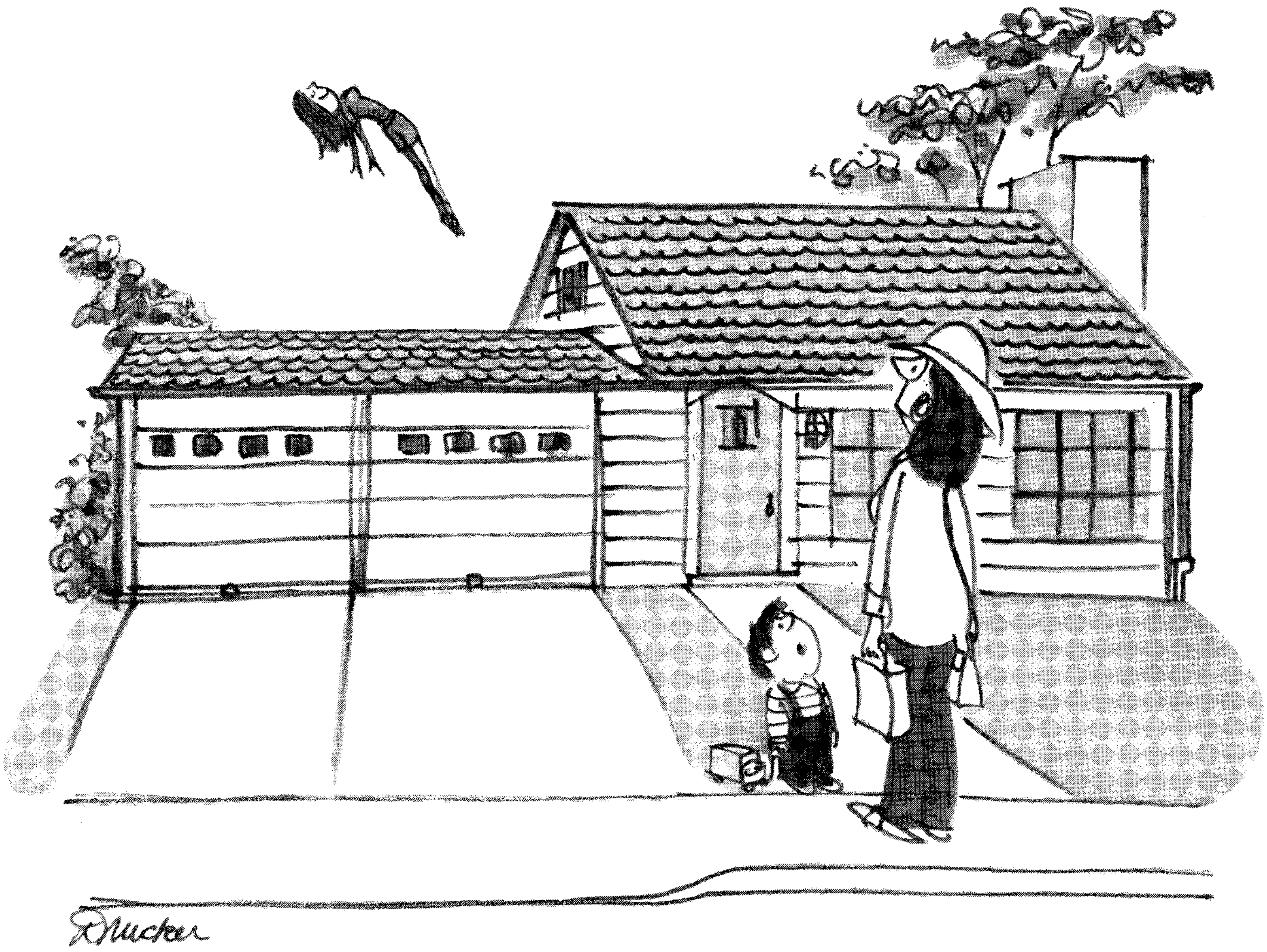
THE travertine plaza of the W. R. Grace & Company Building, at Forty-third Street and Sixth Avenue, is the kind of space that architecture critics describe by referring to painters like de Chirico and Dali. It is a severe, uncompromising rectangle, bounded on two sides by sheer marble walls and unevenly connected to the fifty-story pinched A of the Grace Building. A mysterious blocklike shed (containing tools, vents, and an emergency exit from an underground garage) stands in the middle, only partly screened by two rows of honey locusts. A low marble bench runs along one edge of the plaza, in front of a blank marble wall, and the people sitting on it invariably acquire the lost and homeless look of stranded tourists waiting in an alien train station. W. R. Grace has been sensitive to criticism of the plaza, and is sponsoring a ten-thousand-dollar design contest for a complete face-lift. Until that is accomplished, the company will be trying to enliven the space with events of various kinds, the most recent of which was a "pre-Fourth of July holiday fete" (on July 2nd), featuring musicians and singers from Radio City Music Hall, and attracting an ample lunch-hour crowd. When we stopped by, we found a low stage set up in a shady corner of the plaza and about a dozen musicians playing the perky Scott Joplin rag that "The Sting" has brought upon us all. Young women handed out small American flags, which people stuck in their pockets or their bags, or held in their hands as if at a parade. Everyone was very quiet, and was staring, rather eerily, at the band. When it finished playing, the crowd gave it a big hand. A beaming white-haired man took the mike and welcomed us all "on this beautiful day." The band did a George M. Cohan medley, and the people applauded again. Three singers appeared—Delores Davis, Jimmy Rivers, and Tom McKinney—and they sang some Gershwin numbers: "Of Thee I Sing," "Embraceable You," "Oh, Lady Be Good," and the like. They sang with terrific feeling. The crowd applauded everything. During "Oh, Lady Be Good," Jimmy Rivers held Delores Davis's hand, but she leaned away from him toward Tom McKinney. With the travertine corner behind the stage, the singers and musicians looked as if they might be performing in a garden. But the music was amplified and intimidatingly public. We decided to move back, and we walked into the light and toward the plaza's opposite corner. The music was quieter now. We heard "Strike Up the Band." Under the honey locusts, it was possible to think of a village green, of gazebos, of long white dresses, and of the Fourth of July.

Melting Pot

A FRIEND of ours went down to Lüchow's last week for a late lunch, and noticed, seated at the next



"I'll be honest. If you like Faulkner and Hemingway, you probably wouldn't like me."



"That's my mother. She's out back on the trampoline."

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table, an elderly, imperious, Teutonic-looking man—a captain of waiters, in fact—carefully tucking his napkin under his collar. The man then picked up his knife and fork, and held them, crossed, in midair before him. The field marshal was awaiting his lunch. A small, lithe waiter slid up and deferentially placed a large covered platter in front of him. The field marshal lifted the cover and inhaled deeply. "*Wunderbar*, Chico!" he said.

Police Story

WE parked our Ford in lower Manhattan a short while ago, locked it with our thumbs, went about some business, and returned to find that we had left the key inside. Damn. Every window was shut tight. The nearest duplicate key, as it happened, was a fifty-dollar cab ride away. The parking space was under an elevated segment of the Franklin D. Roosevelt Drive, in a moted half-light that swiftly lost what little magic it had had, and turned to condensed gloom. Trash barrels were spaced among the steel supports of the highway. Refuse was all over the ground. We searched the area and rummaged through one barrel after another, looking for wire. Finally, in a mass of broken Gallo bottles, we found the classic tool of the car thief—a metal coat hanger. Unfortunately, we lacked the skill to use it. We knew, in a general way, the technique. Make the coat hanger into a straight piece of wire, then bend it so that it's like a big hairpin, then twist one end to form a hook. Work the wire in past the rubber that rims a window. Now maneuver the hook down the inside and—most adroit move of all—get a grip on the lock button. Firmly, slowly, lift the wire. Sesame.

We poked around our nondescript car looking for a spot soft enough to penetrate, and did not meet with early success. We jabbed for a while at the windows on one side, then moved around the car. Finally, we got the wire in about two inches, but beyond that it was reluctant to move. While we were shoving at it, a car pulled up beside us, and we noticed from the corner of our eye the familiar green and black of a sedan of the police of the City of New York. Two policemen were inside. We pulled out the wire, waved it at them, and said, "Hello. Hi. The key is locked inside, you see, and . . ."

The policemen got out of the patrol car, and one of them asked for the wire. We handed it to him. He stuck it into the Ford like a baker testing a cake. In three seconds, or perhaps less, he had the car door standing open. He returned the wire, and we thanked him.

The other policeman said to him, "Now give the lecture, Sam."

Sam gave a recitation on the foolhardiness of locking a key in a car.

Then the two policemen got back into their own vehicle and prepared to drive away.

"Wait," we said.

They had asked for no papers, no identification of any kind. They had found us trying to insert a wire into a Ford. Were they just going to assume that the car was ours?

Sam, hearing all this, looked at his partner, then back at us. He said, "Listen, Mister, if you're stealing that car and you had the chutzpah to get us to help you, take it. It's yours. You can have it."

THE NEW MEMBER

THE presiding officer noted that there was a man standing outside the window looking in.

The members of the committee looked in the direction of the window and found that the presiding officer's observation was correct: there was a man standing outside the window looking in.

Mr. Macksey moved that the record take note of the fact.

Mr. O'Donoghue seconded. The motion passed.

Mrs. Brown wondered if someone should go out and talk to the man standing outside the window.

Mrs. Mallory suggested that the committee proceed as if the man standing outside the window wasn't there. Maybe he'd go away, she suggested.

Mr. Macksey said that that was an excellent idea and so moved.

Mr. O'Donoghue wondered if the matter required a motion.

The presiding officer ruled that the man standing outside the window looking in did not require a motion.

Ellen West said that she was frightened.

Mr. Birnbaum said there was nothing to be frightened about.

Ellen West said that the man standing outside the window looked larger than a man to her. Maybe it was not human, she said.

Mr. Macksey said that that was nonsense and that it was only just a very large man, probably.

The presiding officer stated that the committee had a number of pressing items on the agenda and wondered if the meeting could go forward.

Not with that thing out there, Ellen West said.

The presiding officer stated that the next order of business was the matter of the Worth girl.

Mr. Birnbaum noted that the Worth girl had been doing very well.

Mrs. Brown said quite a bit better than well, in her opinion.

Mr. O'Donoghue said that the improvement was quite remarkable.

The presiding officer noted that the field in which she, the Worth girl, was working was a very abstruse one and, moreover, one in which very few women had successfully established themselves.

Mrs. Brown said that she had known the girl's mother quite well and that she had been an extremely pleasant person.

Ellen West said that the man was still outside the window and hadn't moved.

Mr. O'Donoghue said that there was, of course, the possibility that the Worth girl was doing too well.

Mr. Birnbaum said there was such a thing as too much too soon.

Mr. Percy inquired as to the girl's age at the present time and was told she was thirty-five. He then said that that didn't sound like "too soon" to him.

The presiding officer asked for a motion.

Mr. O'Donoghue moved that the Worth girl be hit by a car.

Mr. Birnbaum seconded.

The presiding officer asked for discussion.

Mrs. Mallory asked if Mr. O'Donoghue meant fatally. Mr. O'Donoghue said he did.

Mr. Percy said he thought that a fatal accident, while consonant with the usual procedures of the committee, was always less interesting than something that left the person alive, so that the person's situation was still, in a way, "open."

Mr. O'Donoghue said that Mr. Percy's well-known liberalism was a constant source of strength and encouragement to every member of the committee, as was Mr. Percy's well-known predictability.

Mrs. Mallory said wouldn't it look like the committee was punishing excellence?

Mr. O'Donoghue said that a concern for how things looked was not and should never be a consideration of the committee.

Ellen West said that she thought the man standing outside the window looking in was listening. She reminded the committee that the committee's deliberations were supposed to be held *in camera.*

The presiding officer said that the man could not hear through the glass of the window.

Ellen West said was he sure?

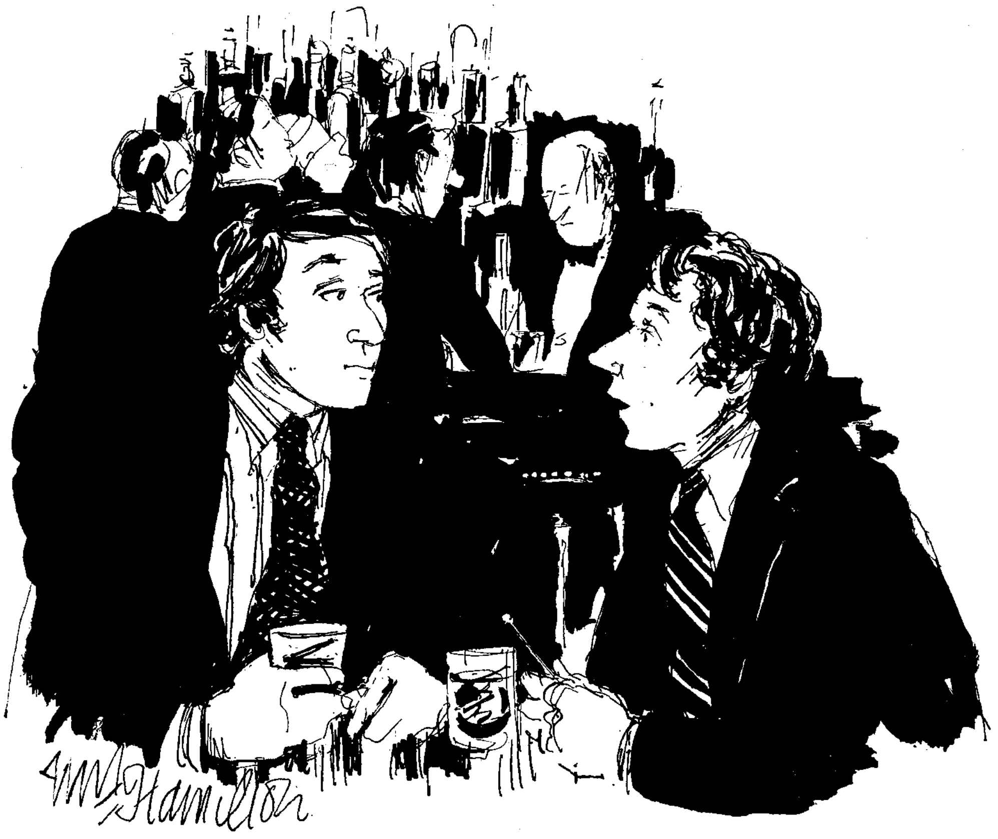
The presiding officer asked if Ellen West would like to be put on some other committee.

Ellen West said that she only felt safe on this committee.

The presiding officer reminded her that even members of the committee were subject to the decisions of the committee, except of course for the presiding officer.

Ellen West said she realized that and would like to move that the Worth girl fall in love with somebody.

The presiding officer said that there was already a motion before the com-



"No, there are very big, very real differences. For instance, if you're just living together, you don't have to buy these cast-iron French casseroles at forty dollars a throw."

mittee and asked if the committee was ready for a vote. The committee said it was. The motion was voted on and failed, 14–4.

Ellen West moved that the Worth girl fall in love with the man standing outside the window.

Mr. Mackey said you're just trying to get him inside so we can take a look at him.

Ellen West said well, why not, if you're so sure he's harmless.

The presiding officer said that he felt that if the man outside were invited inside, a confusion of zones would result, which would be improper.

Mr. Birnbaum said that it might not be a bad idea if the committee got a little feedback from the people for whom it was responsible, once in a while.

Mrs. Mallory stated that she thought Mr. Birnbaum's idea about feedback was a valuable and intelligent one but that she didn't approve of having such a warm and beautiful human being such as the Worth girl fall in love with an unknown quantity with demonstrably peculiar habits, *vide* the window, just to provide feedback to the committee.

Mrs. Brown repeated that she had known the Worth girl's mother.

Mr. Mackey asked if Ellen West intended that the Worth girl's love affair be a happy or an unhappy one.

Ellen West said she would not wish to overdetermine somebody else's love affair.

Mr. O'Donoghue moved that the Worth girl be run over by a snowmobile.

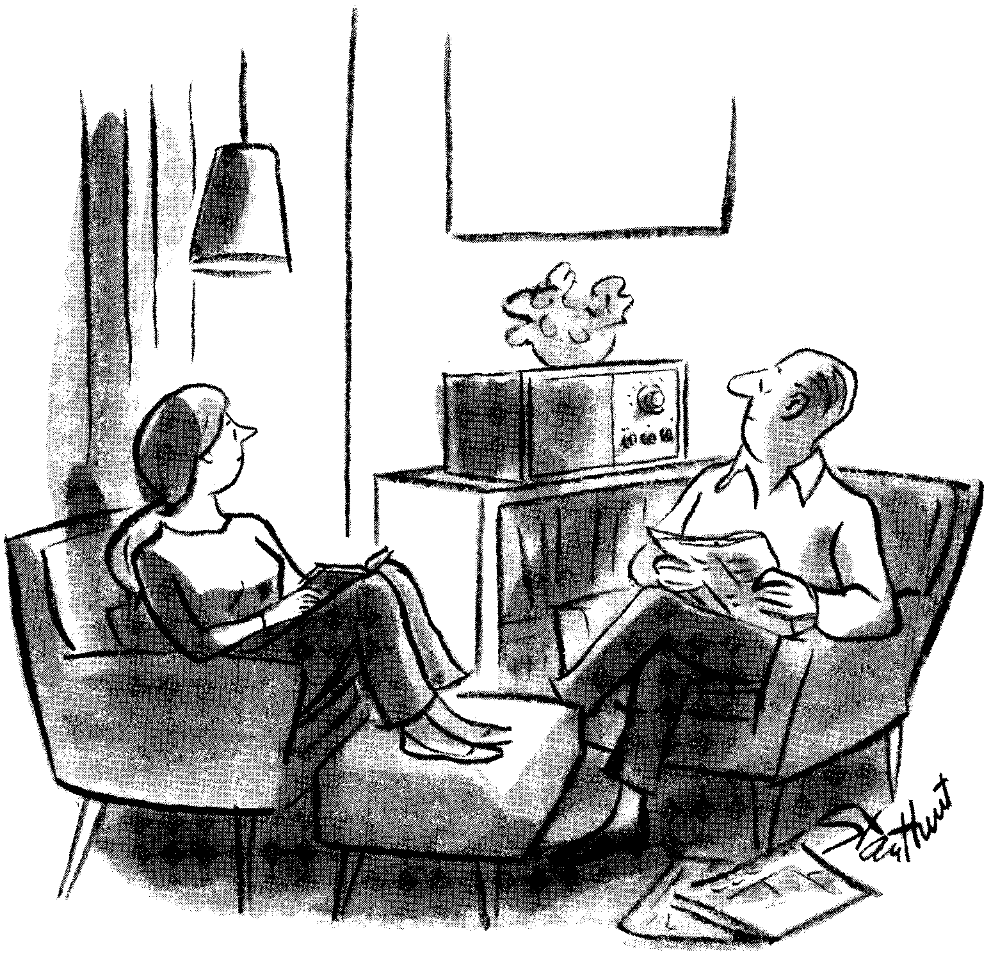
The presiding officer said that as O'Donoghue was out of order and also that in his judgment Mr. O'Donoghue was reintroducing a defeated motion in disguised form.

Mr. O'Donoghue said that he could introduce new motions all night long, if he so chose.

Mrs. Brown said that she had to be home by ten to receive a long-distance phone call from her daughter in Oregon.

The presiding officer said that as there was no second, Ellen West's motion about the man outside the window need not be discussed further. He suggested that as there were four additional cases awaiting disposition by the committee he wondered if the case of the Worth girl, which was after all not that urgent, might not be tabled until the next meeting.

Mr. Mackey asked what were the additional cases.



"Now Arthur Fiedler bows and motions to the soloist, who bows, and now he and Arthur Fiedler bow to each other and again to the audience, and now Arthur Fiedler motions to the first violinist and all three are bowing to the audience and each other, and Arthur Fiedler asks the orchestra to stand and they and Arthur Fiedler are bowing to the audience, and now the audience stands and is bowing to the orchestra and the audience is bowing to each other and the members of the orchestra are bowing to each other and Arthur Fiedler and the audience and everyone is bowing and I am bowing and all the boys up here in the control room are bowing to each other and to the orchestra and to the audience . . ."

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The presiding officer said those of Dr. Benjamin Pierce, Casey McManus, Cynthia Croneis, and Ralph Lorant.

Mr. Percy said that those were not very interesting names. To him.

Mr. Mackey moved that the Worth girl be tabled. Mr. Birnbaum seconded. The motion carried.

MR. BIRNBAUM asked if he might have a moment for a general observation bearing on the work of the committee. The presiding officer graciously assented.

Mr. Birnbaum said that he had observed, in the ordinary course of going around taking care of his business and so on, that there were not many pregnant women now. He said that yesterday he had seen an obviously pregnant woman waiting for a bus and had remembered that in the last half year he had seen no others. He said he wondered why this was and whether it wasn't within the purview of the committee that there be more pregnant women, for the general good of the community, to say nothing of the future.

Mrs. Mallory said she knew why it was.

Mr. Birnbaum said why? and Mrs. Mallory smiled enigmatically.

Mr. Birnbaum repeated his question and Mrs. Mallory smiled enigmatically again.

Oh me oh my, said Mr. Birnbaum.

The presiding officer said that Mr. Birnbaum's observations, as amplified in a sense by Mrs. Mallory, were of considerable interest.

He said further that such matters were a legitimate concern of the committee and that if he might be allowed to speak for a moment not as the presiding officer but merely as an ordinary member of the committee he would urge, strongly urge, that Cynthia Croneis become pregnant immediately and that she should have twin boys.

Hear hear, said Mr. Macksey.

How about a boy and a girl? asked Ellen West.

The presiding officer said that would be O.K. with him.

This was moved, seconded, and voted unanimously.

On Mr. Macksey's motion it was decided that Dr. Pierce win fifty thousand dollars in the lottery.

It was pointed out by Mrs. Brown that Dr. Pierce was already quite well fixed, financially.

The presiding officer reminded the members that justice was not a concern of the committee.

On Mr. Percy's motion it was decided that Casey McManus would pass the Graduate Record Examination with a score in the upper ten per cent. On Mr. O'Donoghue's motion it was decided that Ralph Lorant would have his leg broken by having it run over by a snowmobile.

Mr. Birnbaum looked at the window and said he's still out there.

Mr. O'Donoghue said for God's sake, let's have him in.

Mr. Macksey went outside and asked the man in.

The man hesitated in the doorway for a moment.

Mr. Percy said come in, come in, don't be nervous.

The presiding officer added his urgings to Mr. Percy's.

The man left the doorway and stood in the middle of the room.

The presiding officer inquired if the man had, perhaps, a grievance he wished to bring to the attention of the committee.

The man said no, no grievance.

Why then was he standing outside the window looking in? Mr. Macksey asked.

The man said something about just wanting to "be with somebody."

Mr. Percy asked if he had a family, and the man said no.

Are you from around here? asked Mrs. Mallory, and the man shook his head.

Employed? asked Mr. Birnbaum, and the man again shook his head.

He wants to be with somebody, Mrs. Mallory said.

Yes, said the presiding officer, I understand that.

It's not unusual, said Mr. Macksey.

Not unusual at all, said Mrs. Brown. She again reminded the members that she had to be home by ten to receive a call from her daughter in Oregon.

Maybe we should make him a member of the committee, said Mr. Percy.

He could give us some feedback, said Mr. Birnbaum. I mean, I would assume that.

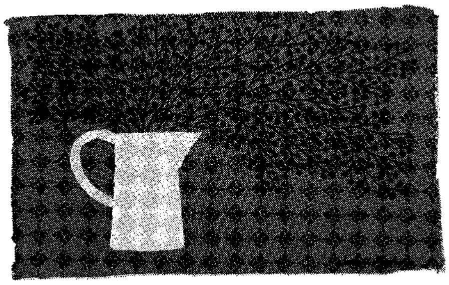
Ellen West moved that the man be made a member of the committee. Mr. Birnbaum seconded. The motion was passed, 12–6.

Mr. Percy got up and got a folding chair for the man and pulled it up to the committee table.

The man sat down in the chair and pulled it closer to the table.

All right, he said. The first thing we'll do is, we'll make everybody wear overalls. Gray overalls. Gray overalls with gray T-shirts. We'll have morning prayers, evening prayers, and lunch prayers. Calisthenics for everyone over the age of four in the 5–7 P.M. time slot. Gatherings of one or more persons are prohibited. On the question of bedtime, I am of two minds.

—Donald Barthelme



MAE WEST

She comes on drenched in a perfume called Self-Satisfaction
from feather boa to silver pumps.

She does not need to be loved by you,
though she'll give you credit for good taste.
Just because you say you love her
she's not throwing herself at your feet in gratitude.

Every other star shows how worthless she feels
by crying when the hero says he loves her,
or how unhoped for the approval is
when the audience applauds her big number,
but Mae West takes it as her due—
she knows she's good.

She expects the best for herself
and knows she's worth what she costs
and she costs plenty—
she's not giving anything away.

She enjoys her admirers, fat daddy or muscleman,
and doesn't confuse vanity and sex,
though she never turns down pleasure,
lapping it up.

Above all, she enjoys herself,
swinging her body that says, Me, Me, Me, Me,
why not have a good time?
As long as you amuse me, go on,
I like you slobbering over my hand, big boy,
I have a right to.

Most convincing, we know all this
not by her preaching it
but by her presence—it's no act.
Every word and look and movement
spells independence.
She likes being herself.

And we who don't
can only look on, astonished.

—Edward Field

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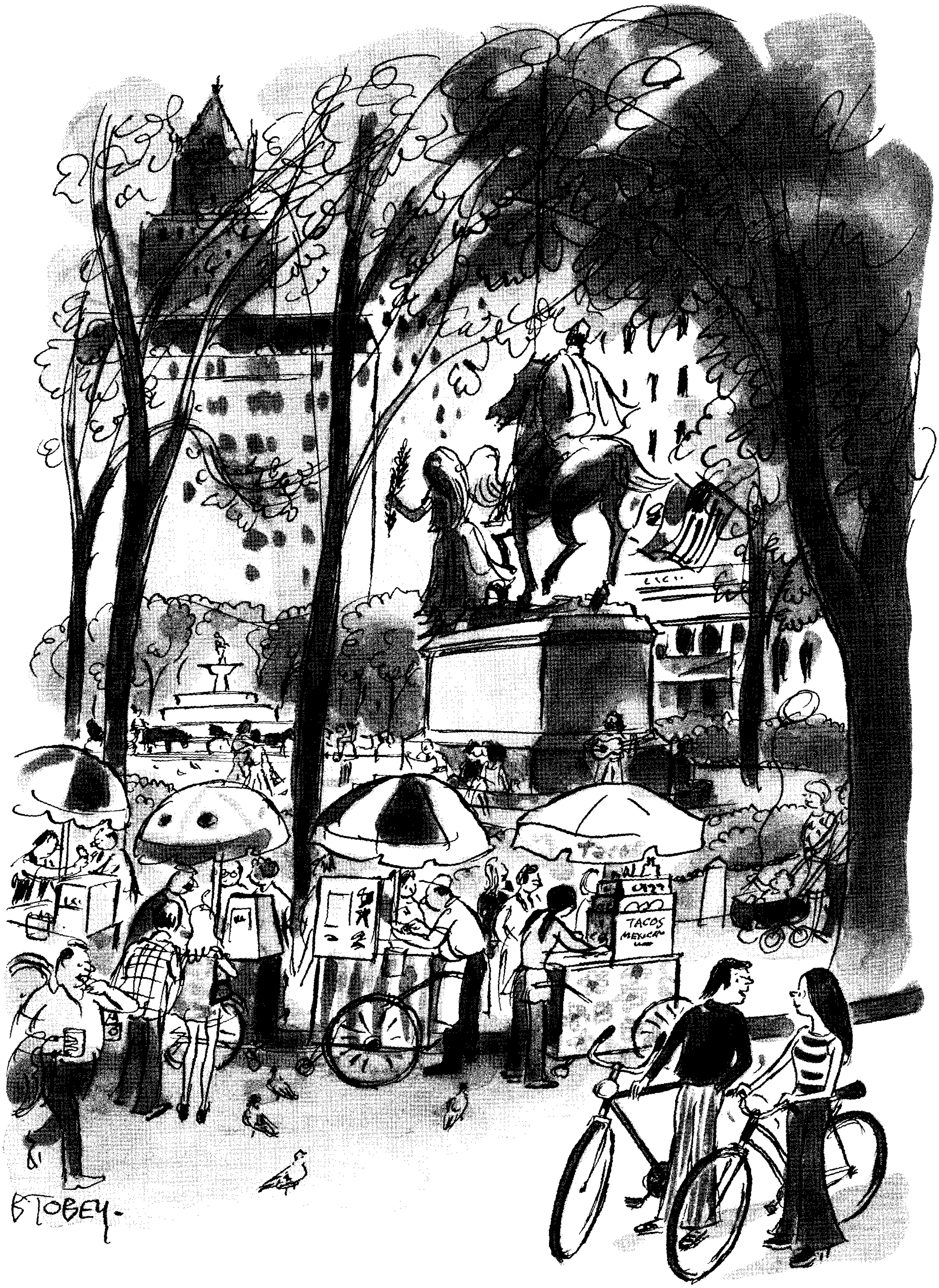

TACOS
MEXICAN
B. TOBEY

"What will it be? A taco, an eggroll, a falafel—or just a plain hot dog?"

A LOVE STORY

SHE is forty-four, married to an English banker called James; therefore it's not hard to deduce that she is middle-class, reasonably well educated, and that her name is Ann or Caroline or Jennifer or all three. Her two sons and one daughter, whom she loves, are (in the English mode) removed from her, living for the greater part of the year in large, drafty boarding schools, from which they write letters demanding necessities. At one time she was adept at wrapping parcels for these necessities, and pound notes so that they wouldn't show through the envelope. Now, living for that greater part of the year abroad, she no longer wraps parcels. She takes them home with her, flying cramped journeys with her feet propped on packages from Bloomingdale's or F.A.O. Schwarz, the overhead rack dangerous (so the stewardess says) with knickknacks from Christopher Street. These are all luxuries. The children do the best they can to put them to some practical use.

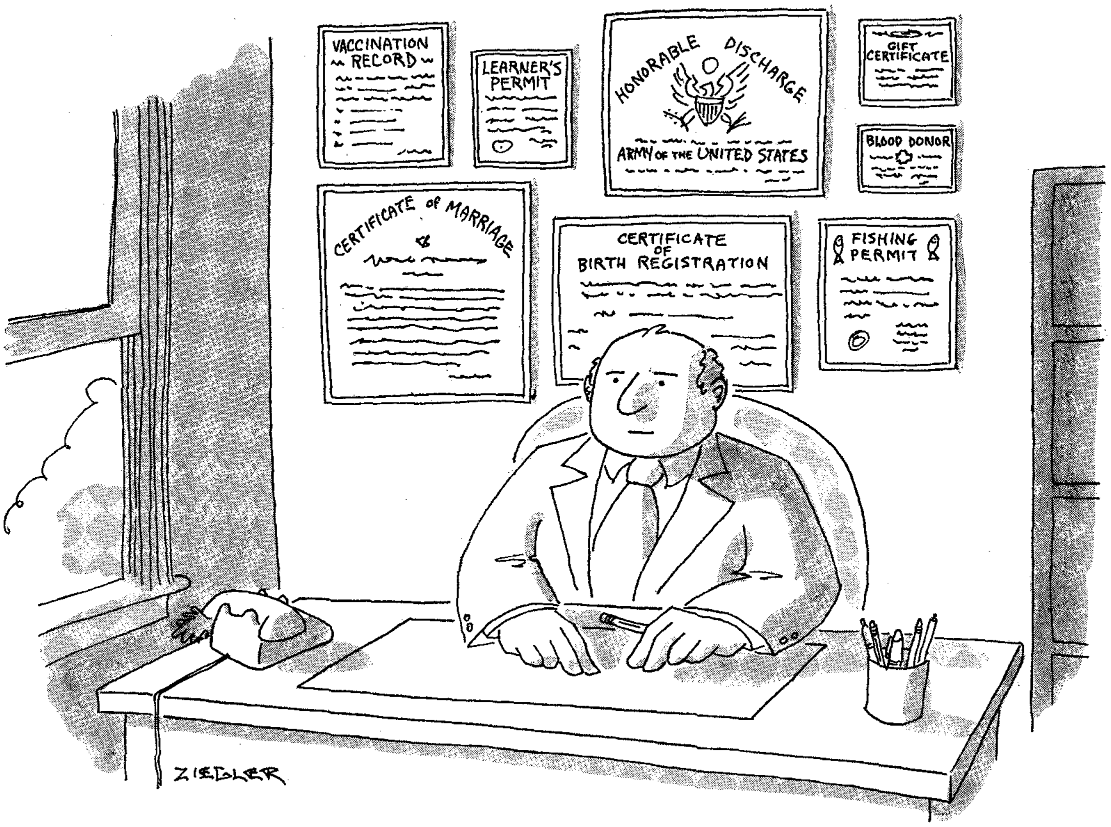
James lives a quiet life. All he wants (he says) is for Ann Caroline Jennifer to be happy. He means, innocently enough, that all he wants is not to be distressed by her; or, indeed, by anything. When the last of the children left her for education, she was very distressed. For nearly two years she ran from place to place, though seldom outside the radius of London; but each time she reached it the place vanished: there was no place. She ran home again; there was no home. James began to feel very tired, as though his legs were giving out, possibly his heart. When Ann Caroline Jennifer fell in love, James, although he didn't know about it, felt a considerable easing of tension. All he wanted, then as now, was for her to be happy.

Ann (she is known as Ann to most people) no longer ran from place to place but drove her car rather too fast from her home in London to her lover's apartment in Gloucestershire; and back again. Her lover, who was called Theo, lived in one of the large drafty boarding schools. He had soft brown hair and a smudge of a beard and taught English Literature to her younger son. He was—and still obviously is—ten years junior to Ann. Looked at from any point of view but James's, the whole thing was totally unsuitable. Neither Ann nor Theo questioned the fact that they were in danger. When they were together, they behaved like thieves. Any knock on the door might be one of her sons coming to puzzle out a "Canto" or ask permission to watch "War and Peace;" any boy racing down the stone corridor might, with joy, shout "Mother!" She left her car in the local town and waited, sometimes for ten minutes, sometimes for two hours, for Theo to fetch her. She waited in different pubs all over the town, which had one church, one Baptist chapel, and sixteen pubs; it was unlikely, therefore, that in any school term she would have to wait in the same pub twice. He would smuggle her into his rooms, lock the door, and they would open the bottle of wine she had brought. Eventually they would make love on any surface wide enough to accommodate them, which his bed was not. If she slept a little, he always woke her.

There was very little time for anything but sex and plotting, sex and alarm, sex and—inevitably—guilt. But there was time enough for Theo to suspect that he might love her (and then what? He could never think then what), and for Ann genuinely to love him for his sweet nature and gentle habits and barks of startled laughter; for his big feet and vulnerable spine and devotion to children, two of whom were her own; for his concern and care and his pleasure in her body, which had for some time been overlooked.

On his long schoolmaster's vacations, which he spent with friends in rugged cottages or his widower father in an eighteenth-century rectory, Theo was writing a book. She was not very clear what it was about, except that it had to do with the direct derivation of the American language from Shakespeare and the Bible, which apparently made it both purer and more emotive than English. In order to prove this to her, he kept promising to read her Melville and Mark Twain, but there was never time. Her younger son was infected with his teacher's passion and gave her the poems of Edgar Lee Masters, which she had last seen by Theo's bedside. She felt confused and inadequate, a Mrs. Miniver proffering tea and sympathy. Theo told her to work. He told her to leave James, at least temporarily, and make a life for herself. It was his way of saying that all he wanted was for her to be happy. In order not to distress Theo, she made a life for herself; it never occurred to either of them that such a life might include them both.

She was forty. At first, she worked in a friend's art gallery; then she moved to a more imposing gallery run by a married couple called Franco and Bernard,



"Where's the tourist mecca around here, pal?"

• •

who loved her because she had (they said) taste, wit, and a fabulous business sense; in fact, they loved her because she was breaking her ties with James and (they hoped) the children, and was not distressing, and dressed well. Now there was no time at all for Theo. She wrote to him two or three times a week; he answered once a month. A dear friend of Franco and Bernard, an ancient Pole of great decadence and impeccable manners, offered her a part-time job in New York—part-time, he said with Old World understanding, so that she could return to her children in the vacations; so that he could avoid having to get her a work permit; so that she would not have the chance, if it didn't turn out right, to distress him. She telephoned Theo, but he was rehearsing "She Stoops to Conquer" in the gym. She asked James, who said she seemed much happier and all he wanted was for her to be happy. She left. It was September. She came back for Christmas, for Easter, for an aimless Italian summer in a rented house. Theo had moved to another school, but before leaving he had read some of his book aloud to his English class. "Smashing," said the younger son. "Really great." The younger son talked very often in the dialect of some remote settlement in Kentucky; she was grateful for this relapse into a more or less intelligible tongue.

SHE is forty-four and lives for the greater part of the year in a small second-floor apartment on West Tenth Street. She has friends, one of whom is an editor called Gravely. She might marry him if she weren't married already; but James is always pleased to see her and Gravely's passion for publishing irritates her, though she doesn't show it, having learned not to cause distress. On the bus, in the subway, while waiting for her children's luxuries to be wrapped, while walking many miles in straight lines, while looking out of the window, she thinks of Theo. Whom she truly loved. It never crosses her mind to be unfaithful to James, but she is often unfaithful to Theo. There will never, she knows, be another man with soft brown hair and big feet who teaches her children the dialect of some remote settlement in Kentucky. But she has locked Theo away with his last letter, which came a year ago. He grows, locked away, like a plant in the dark: alive and growing.

Gravely said he was going to England on a hunt for non-fiction; he made it sound like grouse. He asked her if there were any messages, since it was May and she wouldn't be returning until July (now she begins to think she may not return in July; the children have taken to travelling on their own). She said no but told him about Theo's book and gave him Theo's name and the address of the larger and even more drafty boarding school. By this time she was frequently being asked to be hostess at the ancient Pole's dinner parties, which he called banquets. It was a far cry from the sixteen Gloucestershire pubs, from lying naked on the floor watching the footsteps of heavy boys race from end to end of the ceiling; from danger and from any aspect of love.

Gravely returned. He telephoned her. She asked after England. Gravely loved England more than she did and talked of it as though it were his dying mother.

"I saw your friend Theo," he said.

"Saw him?" But with Theo locked away that wasn't possible.

"I liked him very much."

"Did you?"

"Yes. I liked him very much."

"How . . . was he?"

"Oh, fine, fine. What about dinner Tuesday?"

"Did you . . . read the book?"

"Just a couple of chapters. Is Tuesday O.K., then?"

"Oh, yes," she said. "Yes. Tuesday."

IT is Tuesday evening and Gravely arrives in a merry mood, bringing what she calls moon daisies—childhood flowers. She puts them in a vase before fixing a drink for him, so that he will realize how much she appreciates them. Gravely has bought shoes in England. He extends his foot so that she can admire the shoes, which she thinks are very dreary but doesn't say so. Gravely dresses in what he thinks is the English manner, which makes him look indubitably American. On weekends he sometimes wears a tweed jacket with leather patches on the elbows.

Gravely talks for some time about poor old England, failing fast. As she came back only three weeks ago, she listens with an expression of concern and total lack of attention. Her attention is elsewhere, concentrated on unbolting, unlocking, having the courage to look inside. But she asks after the weather, the theatre (absurd, she never goes to it), a few mutual friends, the rate of inflation, the cost of his new shoes. As Gravely doesn't know James, she doesn't ask about him or the children.

Now, as they move to the table, Gravely tells her about the books he's bought, the books he's commissioned, the books he's turned down. He has been to Edinburgh and Hove and a village fifteen miles north of Wakefield: like a doctor sounding his patient's chest, hearing wheezes from all parts. He says that the chicken pie at the Connaught is not what it was. She has never eaten chicken pie at the Connaught but doesn't say so. He says that he suspects they use frozen chicken, she is suitably shocked, he says it's the American influence.

She tells him about the Pole's last banquet. They compare English and American habits and manners, agreeing that on the whole Americans are much greater sticklers for etiquette. They have both had a few drinks by now, and Gravely has poured a very little wine into their glasses, which he believes is a Continental custom, something to do with the bouquet. She fills up the glasses.

"Which reminds me . . . how was Theo?"

"Theo? Oh, he was fine. I told you. The service has gone off, too, worse than '48. Of course you expected it in '48, but there just doesn't seem to be the *will* about, the determination; I guess what they need, well, let's face it, what they could do with is another Churchill—"

"Where did you meet?"

"Who?"

"Theo."

"Oh. Theo." Gravely puzzles for a moment. "In the lobby of the hotel."

"Where? Which hotel?"

"In Winchester. I guess it was Winchester. Fantastic place, all plate glass, color TV in the rooms. Right next door to the Cathedral, have you ever been to the Cathedral?"

"In Winchester? No." She wants every detail: how did he look as he came through the door, swing doors or revolving doors, what was he wearing, how did you recognize each other, what time was it, what did you say? But Gravely, for pity's sake, starts singing: "Winchester Cathedral . . . you're bringing me down/You stood and you watched as my baby left town." She goes into the kitchen to fetch the roast, amazed, yet in some way gratified, to find that her hands are trembling.

Gravely carves, it's a man's job. His ex-wife had her natural resentments inflamed by women's liberation and left him for a female engineer. Luckily, they had no children. He carves with the utmost simplicity, by cutting the roast in two pieces and spooning out the juice with sounds of relish and anticipation. She has finished her wine in the kitchen and pours more, knowing it will make him anxious, but she is too impatient to care.

"How did you meet?"

"Who?"

"Theo."

"Oh." Now he is anxious: something's up; he's not at all sure he likes the sound of it. "I guess he called from the desk."

"You said you met in the lobby."

"Ah. So we did."

"How did you recognize him?"

"Well. He was standing by the desk." Gravely made an effort. "He didn't look the way I'd expected him to look."

"How did you expect him to look?"

"I don't know. Small. Dapper. Older."

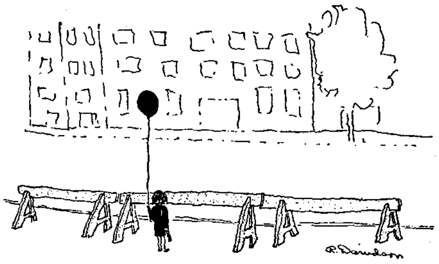
"I told you he wasn't old."

"He's thirty-four, thirty-five."

"Yes. Well. That's not old." But I can't see him, I can't hear him, what did he *say*? "Then what did you do?"

"What is this? Some kind of inquisition?"

"Yes, it's some kind of inquisition." See how you can make that sound humorous, lighthearted, almost flirtatious; when in fact it's the thumbscrew and the rack, it's the blazing light of my eye dazzling you, the threat of never sleeping again unless you tell the truth.



"I guess we had lunch. Yes, we had lunch."

"Where? At the hotel?"

"No. At a pub."

"Oh. At a pub." She curbs herself, Ann Caroline Jennifer. She saws at her tender meat, perched in West Tenth Street thousands of miles from a pub in Winchester or anywhere else. Was his hair long or short? Does he still have a beard? Above all, above all, did he mention me? She suggests talking about the Giacometti retrospective, but Gravely isn't very interested, because Giacometti, as far as he knows, hasn't written a book. There is a short silence in which they feel uneasy as strangers; then she falls on her subject once more, ravenous.

"Was it a nice pub?"

"Where? Oh. In Winchester. The food wasn't much good."

She won't ask what he ordered; she merely tells herself that it was shepherd's pie (shepherd's or steak-and-kidney) and a pint of draught bitter. Now that she has furnished their part of the bar (or their table?), she can ask, "What did you talk about?"

Gravely laughs, a little puff of exasperation. "I don't know. I honestly don't know. The American language,

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SLOW BOAT RIDE

The boat moves slowly through the fens,
Britons going three miles an hour to Ely.
If there are locks, they lock three feet of water.
A narrow gauge to gauge the time of the world,
As the thoughtful, the pensive, the sad, the gray
Hold onto themselves looking for swans.
By the side of the banks, as we progress,
There are somber men of indeterminate age
Sitting in dilapidated chairs, holding poles,
With no expression, although it is high July,
Looking for a strike, although it is unlikely;
Green slime fishes finicky to finger.
It is obvious, to me at least, they look
Into the water to look into themselves.
They look so darkly into the brightening day
It seems that they were here long ago.
They are statues of a thousand years ago
When these ancient men, pondering imponderables,
Fishing, fishless, to philosophy allied,
Heard the cattle munch, saw the birds fly over,
Stone on stone slowly amassing Ely cathedral,
Which duly rises to our sight across the fens,
The destination of an ancient time, while now
These modern dreamers, agloom, pipe-smoking, ghostly sit.

—RICHARD EBERHART

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I guess. Anyway, I offered him three thousand dollars for first option."

"That's not very much, is it?" Protective, almost threatening.

"It's enough."

"He's been working on it for years. My son says it's really great."

"Maybe your son should be an agent."

They don't like each other now. She won't marry Gravely, even if James is run over or, preferably, dies in his sleep. Gravely, who thought she was a sympathetic civilized woman, a woman of some intellectual substance, is upset. He pushes his plate away, lights a cigarette. Gravely smokes infrequently. He wears a pink shirt with a soft collar, an indefinitely striped tie. She has never really looked at Gravely and might not recognize him in an airport or railway station, even if he had come to say goodbye.

"Did you miss me?" he asks.

"Oh, of course."

She puts his dessert in front of him, some sort of sickening cake she bought at a pâtisserie. She has at last stopped being shocked by the inordinate amount of cake and cream and chocolate wolfed down by adult men hungry for childhood. She, too, is hungry. Gravely has seen Theo; heard him; perhaps inadvertently touched him, at least shaken his hand. Her jealousy is as strong as her longing and makes her ruthless.

"Well? Then? What did you do then?"

Gravely looks up, a daub of cream and chocolate on his chin. He wipes his chin deliberately.

"He wanted to buy a raincoat."

"A raincoat?"

"Yes. He had to buy one."

Her memory swiftly goes over an inventory of Theo's clothes. But he had a perfectly good raincoat. What happened to it? Why this sudden urgent necessity to buy a new one, a raincoat she will never see? It is the nearest she has come to understanding that Theo has forgotten her. Until now she believed that he was merely resisting remembering her, a very different thing. But Gravely doesn't notice her shock. The dessert has reassured him; he leans back, replete.

"I told him my idea of a raincoat, something you carry a gun in—"

"A gun?"

"You know, collar turned up, those flaps on the shoulders, a kind of snarl." Gravely snarls.

She says, startled, "Oh, I see what you mean. Like Humphrey Bogart."

"That's right, like Humphrey Bogart. So we go into this very high-class shop, it seems they fit out the boys from the College, and your Theo quite gets into the spirit of the thing."

He is going too fast. Now Theo, pretending to be Humphrey Bogart, is in a men's outfitters in Winchester, being egged on by Gravely, with whom she has dinner most Tuesdays. It's not credible. It must mean that Theo liked Gravely, that he felt at ease with him; two men, they went shopping together in this English city with its continuous threat of rain. She is left far behind, excluded from their adventure.

"And so," she asks sullenly, "did he buy a raincoat?"

"No. We both bought a pair of shoes."

"You mean that's where you bought your shoes?"

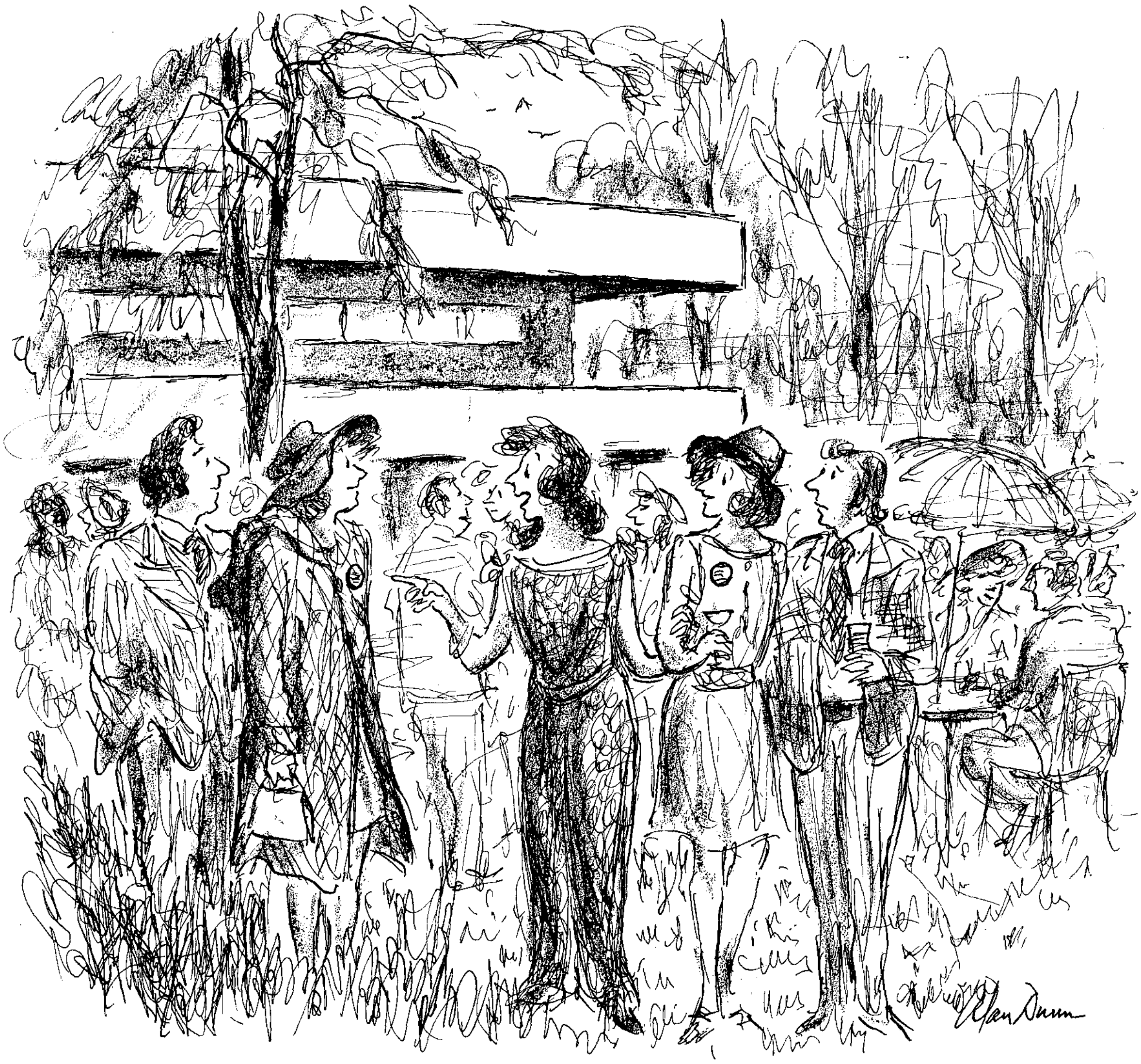
"That's right."

"He bought . . . the same ones?"

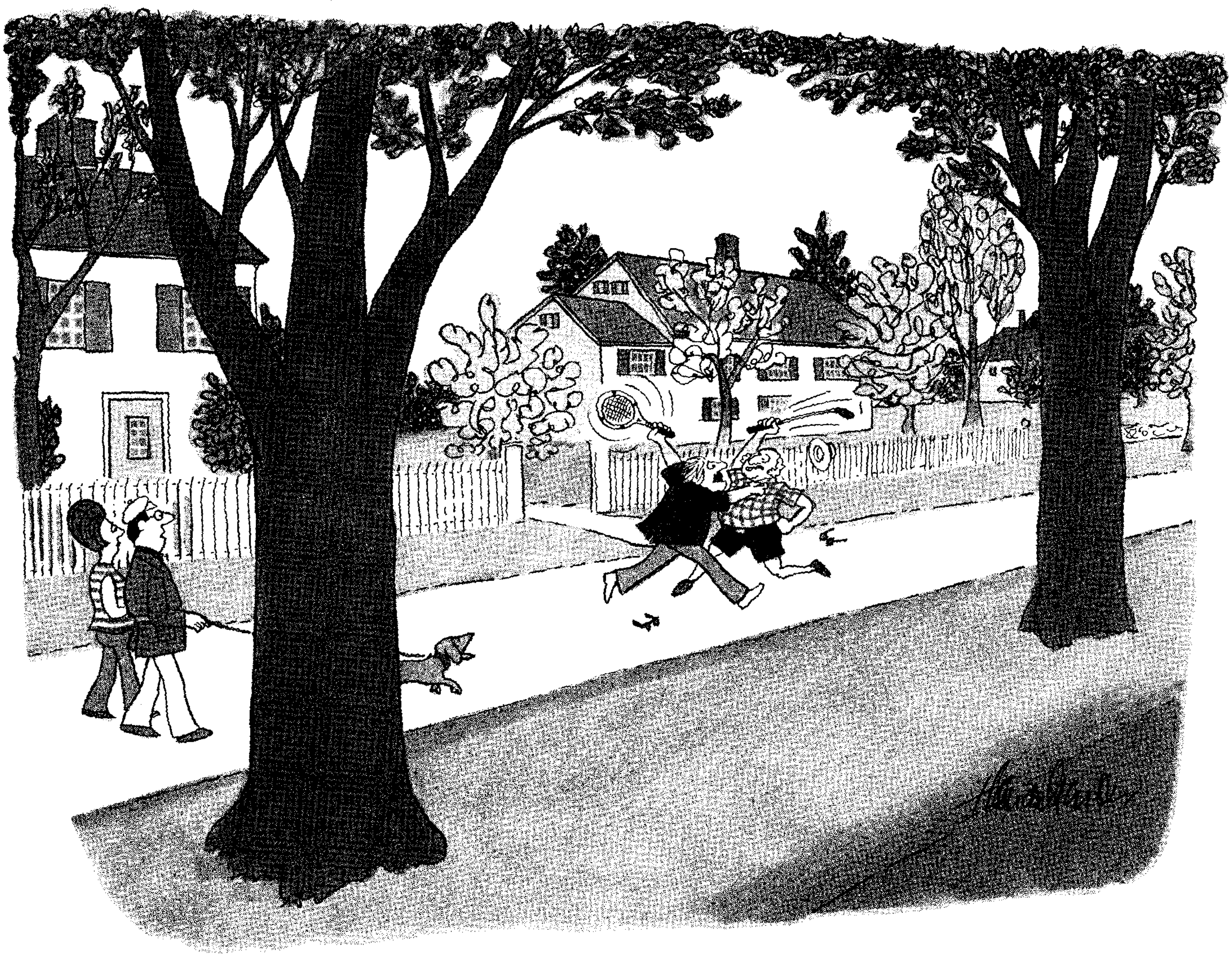
"That's right. He bought his first, as a matter of fact."

"Oh. I see."

She goes into the kitchen to fetch the coffee. Tears fill her eyes, but after she has blinked two or three times her eyes are dry, only the lashes damp. It is terrible to find Theo so vehemently alive and so set on neglecting her. She must ask the most vital question: Did you talk about me? She has got to make herself ask it. She takes the coffee into the living room. Gravely is com-



"So you're a Save the Thirty-five-Cent Fare! I'd like you to meet Mrs. Hawes. She's a Save Long Island Sound."



"It's the old story. East Hampton isn't big enough for both of them."

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fortable on the couch, he intends to stay for some time.

"I thought about you a lot," he says, flinging the newspaper to one side.

"Oh? Thank you."

"You're getting very uptight. It's not good for you, living alone."

"Well . . ."

"What's eating you anyway. You're not in love with him."

"Who?"

"James. Your husband."

"Oh. No. Sugar?"

"Two. You know I take two. What's up with you, Ann?"

"Nothing. Really. Absolutely nothing."

"You could have the kids over here for the summer. They'd enjoy that."

"Yes. I could." She looks down into the street for a moment before drawing the curtains. The street is empty. "So what did you think of Theo's book?"

"Oh, it's quite interesting, quite informative. I don't much care for the subject, but . . . well, it's a risk worth taking. Come and sit down."

She sits on a far chair. She forages about and finds something resembling a smile, a rag of charm; it'll have to do, she wears it awkwardly. "You haven't finished the story. What happened after you bought the shoes?"

"Oh. I guess he went home. Yes, he got into his car and went home."

"An Austin?"

"It could have been an Austin. He had to pick up his wife somewhere."

After a little while she says, "Forgive me, you're right, I do feel rotten; it's probably the flu or something. I really have to go to bed."

"Of course." Gravely is completely understanding, a man's job, and she's admitted what he knew all along. "You go straight to bed now. I'll call you in the morning. You're not to go to work if you still feel sick, you promise?"

She promises. Will he never get across the room, out of the door, will he never be gone?

"I told you. I thought about you a lot. We've got some talking to do."

"All right."

"God bless you now."

At last Gravely has gone. She lies on the couch. She enters the unlocked place, which she feels to be her heart, and makes a commendable effort to put it in order, sorting out hope, love, and tenderness for possible future use, discarding all irrelevant memories, moving things round to face the future. When this is done, an exhausting task (and who knows whether it will stay that way overnight, who knows if there won't be robbers?), she feels the need of a title, an identification for this empty place, so that she will recognize it in the future. All I want, she decides, is for him to be happy. She feels a faint movement, a relief from the pressure of distress. That will do, that will serve. But as she looks at this epitaph, finished, satisfactory, over and done with, she is turning it into a prayer: Please make me want him to be happy; please let me forget him; please let me not be distressed; and please don't let me marry Gravely. For my own sake, amen. —Penelope Mortimer

THE SPORTING SCENE

LANDSCAPE, WITH FIGURES

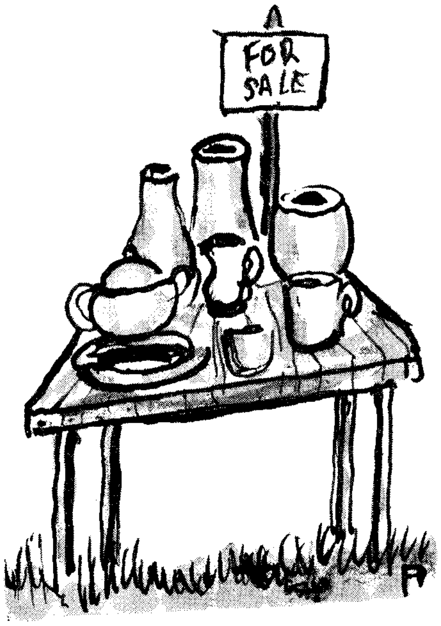
IT'S quiz time, Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Fan, and here we go with a brainteasing assortment of baseball stumpers! Are you a *real* baseball fan? Do you enjoy matching wits with the savants of the pressbox, with the Figger Filberts who keep watch over the precious "stats" of the game, and with the hoary historians of the onetime National Pastime? No? Oh, come on—say yes. Good for you! Now get out your pencils and scratch pads, and away we go! Just one little thing before you step up to the plate. . . . This time, in order to squeeze a little more fun out of our quiz, we're going to bring you the answers first, instead of the questions. Got that? Play ball!

A: Hank Aaron.

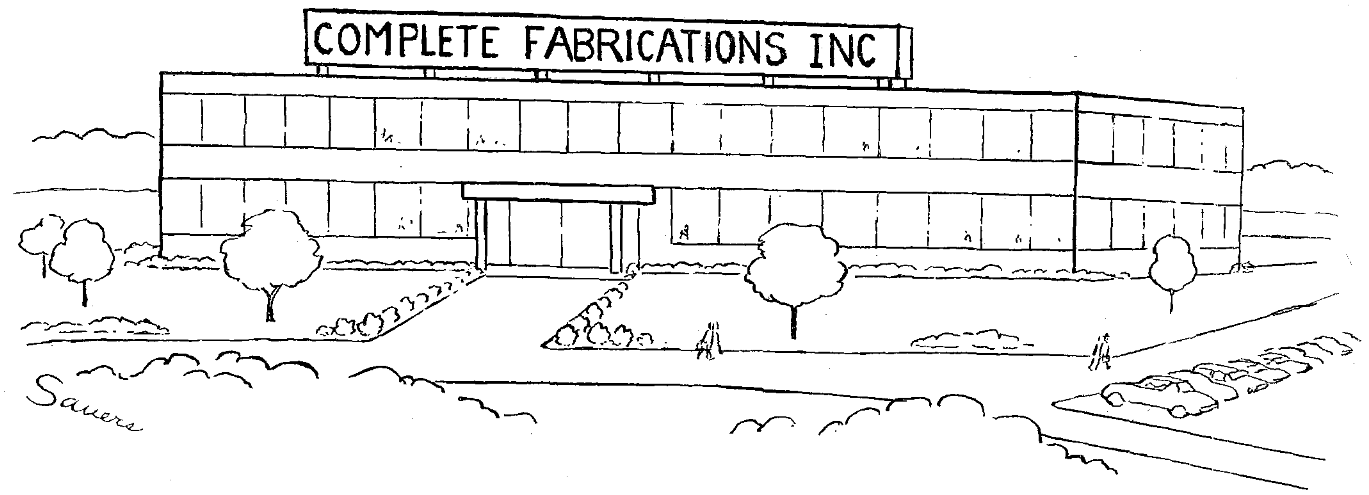
Q (*no peeking!*): Who is the current major-league leader in lifetime home runs, and also the lifetime leader in total bases and extra-base hits, and the holder of the second-highest lifetime marks for runs batted in and times at bat, and of the third-highest lifetime marks for hits, runs, and games played (with a good chance to move up a notch or two in some of these categories before the end of this season, which will probably be his last as a player), and the man who with the first swing of his bat in the 1974 campaign tied the previous lifetime-home-run record (the hallowed seven hundred and fourteen hung up forty years earlier by the Sultan of Swat, Babe Ruth) and then surpassed that record, and so attained something close to the ultimate sports transfiguration (plus uncounted millions of dollars' worth of publicity and commercial sponsorships), by striking his seven-hundred-and-*fifteenth* round-tripper in Atlanta at 9:07 P.M. on April 8, 1974, in his second time at bat in his team's home-town opener, thus transporting 53,775 Atlanta Braves fans (on hand in prayerful hope of witnessing the historic four-ply blow live and in person), as well as several hundred national- and local-media persons, and the gratified Atlanta Braves owners and front-office nabobs (who had earlier suffered over the horrid possibility, heightened by the obdurate stance of the righteous and uncompromising Commissioner of Baseball, that the billion-dollar poke might come to pass, like its immediate predecessor, in some ballpark other than the all too rarely occupied confines of Atlanta Stadium), and simultaneously pleasing several million fans and (to be sure) idly curious non-fans watching by national television, who then saw the game stopped in its tracks for almost a quarter of an hour of handshakes, hugs, encomiums, plaque presentations, photos, and assorted ceremonials (and had the opportunity, a few minutes later, to see the whole business, from pitcher's fateful windup to politician's fervent speechifying, repeated on a taped replay, under the auspices of an entirely different and extremely forehanded commercial sponsor), and who eventually (in much diminished numbers) resumed watching the game at hand—the Braves, by the way, vs. the Los Angeles Dodgers—perhaps then noticing that a large part of the outfield in Atlanta had been painted (in the style of a pro-football field) to represent a map of the United States, executed in red and white stripes, and also noticing that the stands in Atlanta were almost vacant within an inning or two after the awaited event, and then possibly sighed a deep sigh occasioned by a private and quite uncharacteristic feeling of anticlimax and ennui, and hoped (against hope) that at last the real business of baseball (which is the playing of games, rather than the celebration of history) and the rest of the season might now be allowed to proceed—as, indeed, thank goodness, it has?

Did you get all that right, quiz players? Way to *go!* More coming up in a minute.

IT has been a strange season so far, beginning with such a sudden shout, and in retrospect it appears that Hank Aaron's finest feat this year was the swiftness with which he accomplished his necessary business, thus saving himself and the rest of us from the embarrassment of waiting for an inevitability. That seven-hundred-and-fifteenth homer was a fixed target, of course, and its attainment is more a landmark than a true event. There is something warming and elegant about Hank Aaron's long conservation of his powers, but lifetime records lack urgency. This was not a sudden prodigy, like batting over .400 or hitting sixty home runs in a single season. Babe Ruth was prodigious; Bad Henry is—well, beautiful. Most of us sensed some of this, and these differences should not be lost in the current rush of Aaron fame and money and publicity. It was understandable that the baseball establishment should look on Hank's feat as a dynamite P.R. opportunity, since the new record so clearly suggests that modern baseball, despite all secret fears to the contrary, is at least as good as, and maybe even better than, baseball in the Babe's day. This is not provable, and it is not the point. Hank Aaron (who has struck eleven homers at this writing, thus running his lifetime mark to seven hundred and twenty-four) has not really defeated Babe Ruth, but he has accomplished something far more difficult and significant. He has defeated the averages.



The statistics of baseball form the critical dimensions of the game. Invisible but ineluctable, they swarm and hover above the head of every pitcher, every fielder, every batter, every team, recording every play with an accompanying silent shift of digits. The true, grinding difficulty of this sport is to be found in its unwinking figures, and ballplayers on the field are in competition not just with the pitchers and sluggers of the opposing team but with every pitcher or batter who ever played the game, including their past selves. Some aspects of fielding are not perfectly measurable, and good or bad managerial thinking is similarly obscure, but each pitcher and hitter is absolutely without illusion about the current level of his professional competence and the likely curve of its continuation. The red-hot spring hitter *knows* he will not stay up there at .472; the averages will get him. The veteran knows he will break out of his 0-for-22 slump—but when, *when*? At night, in his hotel room on the road, the manager rereads the day's new



cumulative team stats and thinks about his not so dazzling rookie outfielder: the figures spell Tulsa. In the next room, a thirty-two-year-old pitcher slowly rubs his aching shoulder and silently reruns his numbers (ERA 3.81; W 5–L 8; HR 12; CG 0), which are beginning to say something to him about his next year's salary and his chances of a ten-year-man's pension. Only the superstar, with his years of averages and numbers safely banked in the record books, has longer thoughts—perhaps about his precise eventual place in the history of this game, and about the players (some of them now old, some of them now dead) who at this moment bracket his name in the all-time totals. His figures may have begun to spell another destination: Cooperstown. None of this is secret; none of it is hard to understand. The averages are there for us all to read and to ponder, and they admit us to the innermost company of baseball. On that same evening, the true fan, comfortably at home with his newspapers and *The Sporting News* and his "Official Baseball Guide"s and his various record books and histories, notes the day's and the week's new figures, and draws his conclusions, and then plunges onward, deeper into the puzzles and pleasures of his game.

A: Jim and Gaylord Perry.

Q: Which pair of brothers have together pitched the most winning games in the major leagues?

Ah, friends, this one hurts. The answer here is a brand-new one—a mark hung up on April 23rd of this year, when Gaylord Perry, on his way to a dazzlingly successful early season, won his second game of the year for the Cleveland Indians. Gaylord, now thirty-five, has subsequently run his record to 14–1, and tops all pitchers in both leagues with an earned-run average of 1.27. His achievement so far is curious as well as astounding, since he seems to have abandoned the infamous spitball with which he used to fan so many batters, enrage so many managers, and mystify so many umpires. Faced with a new ad-hoc (and *con*-Gaylord) ruling this year which permits an umpire to call an automatic ball on any pitch that appears even faintly perspiring in its flight, and to eject a hurler for a second offense, Perry (or so he claims) has gone to a fork ball that behaves very much like its damp cousin as it crosses the plate—that is, like a dropped telephone book. Wet or dry, Gaylord Perry deserves homage, but one cannot entirely help wishing that he had stayed down on the family farm in Williamston, North Carolina, this summer. The new brother-pitcher record—composed of Gaylord's pre-1974 lifetime mark of one hundred and seventy-seven wins, plus his first two this year, and Jim Perry's one hundred and ninety-four, plus his first this year (also for the Indians)—erased an ancient mark much beloved of pressbox historians and other baseball loonies: the three hundred and seventy-three victories scored by Christy and Henry Mathewson. The latter sibling was not quite as effective as his celebrated bro., having appeared in a total of three games for the Giants during the seasons of 1906 and 1907, during which he ripped off a lifetime mark of zero wins and one defeat. That sum, carefully added to Christy's three hundred and seventy-three, had topped all comers until now. There was a brief further flurry this spring when some statistical mole discovered that *three* brothers—Dad and John and Walter Clarkson—pitching in baseball's Pleistocene era, had put together a lifetime conglomerate of three hundred and eighty-six wins. But the Perrys have now topped that, too, and the last word on the foolish matter may have been said by a visiting baseball writer at Shea Stadium last month who murmured, "Cy Young and his sister have still got them all beat."

A: Al Benton and Bobo Newsom and (in a way) Satchel Paige.

Q: Name two (or three) pitchers who pitched to both Babe Ruth and Mickey Mantle.

Benton's and Newsom's careers as hurlers encompassed both 1934 and 1952, which were, respectively, Ruth's last and Mantle's first full years in the majors. Paige is perhaps subject to challenge, since the big leagues' old racial barriers made it impossible for him to pitch against the Babe in anything but exhibition games.

A: Dan Brouthers, Nick Altrock, Bobo Newsom, Mickey Vernon, Early Wynn, Ted Williams.

Q: How many players can you name whose active careers spanned at least four calendar decades?

An infuriating question, answerable only by zealots wearing bottle-bottom eyeglasses who have wasted their lives grovelling in the fine print of the baseball record books. Brouthers, a Hall of Fame slugger and first baseman, appeared in his first big-league game in 1879 and his last in 1904. Newsom's career stretched from 1929 to 1953, Vernon's and Williams' from 1939 to 1960, Wynn's from 1939 to 1963. Nick Altrock's span is 1898 to 1924, or maybe even 1933, but he barely merits inclusion, since most of his appearances after 1912 (he was a left-handed pitcher) were token affairs—an inning or two per year. He may be remembered by a few elders (including this senior scribe) as a beloved long-time coach with the Senators who used to team with Al Schacht in a clown act between the games of doubleheaders in baseball's sunshine days.

More infuriation?

A: Dodgers, Cubs, Browns, Senators, Red Sox, Senators, Browns, Tigers, Browns, Tigers, Senators, Dodgers, Browns, Senators, Dodgers, Athletics, Senators, Yankees, Senators, Giants, Athletics, Senators, Athletics.

Anybody got the question? Ah, come on, this one is easy.

Q: Name in order all the major-league teams for which Bobo Newsom pitched. (Or, variantly, name the pitcher who served more terms as a Senator than Strom Thurmond.)

A shorter one?

A: Clyde McCullough.

Q: Name a big-leaguer who appeared in the World Series in a year in which he did not play in a single regular-season game.

McCullough, a veteran catcher for the Cubs, came back from military service late in the summer of 1945; a special dispensation by the Commissioner allowed him to play (1 AB, 0 hits) against the Tigers in the Series that fall.

And just one more—absolutely the final one. It is also short.

A: Three feet seven inches.

Q: How tall was Eddie Gaedel, the midget whom Bill Veeck sent up to bat as a pinch-hitter for the St. Louis Browns against the Tigers on August 19, 1951?

Gaedel walked, of course (which was the total idea), and the rules of the game were instantly changed to prohibit such high unseriousness. The story is not complete, however, unless one adds:

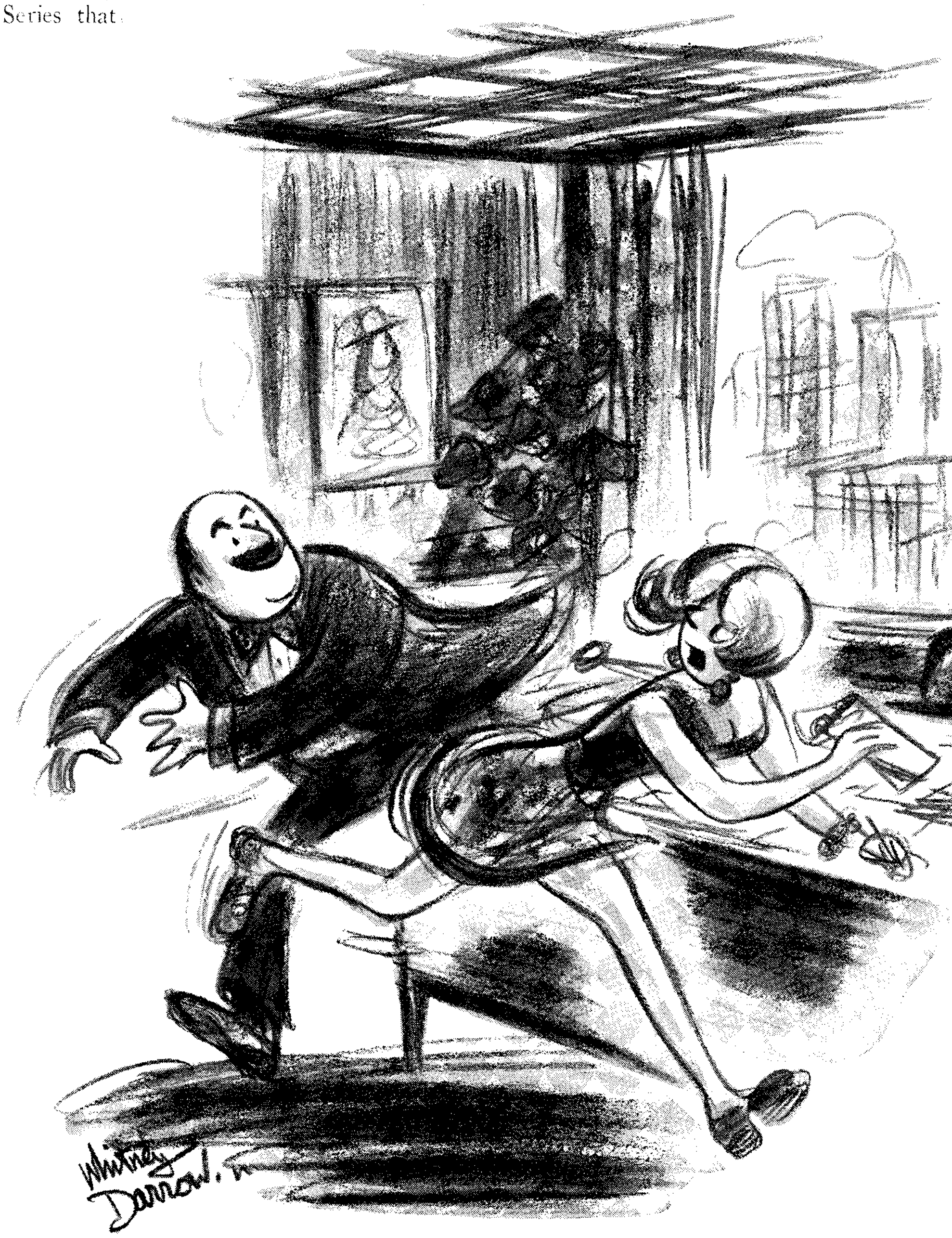
A: Pearl du Monville. (Yes, I know, I know, but this is part of the same question. Stop complaining.)

Q: Name the midget who was signed up to pinch-hit for a big-league team in James Thurber's *Saturday Evening Post* story "You Could Look It Up," published a full decade before Veeck's coup.

You could look it up.

THIS young season has been brightened by the recent publication of two significant (and significantly different) volumes of baseball records. One is the long-awaited new edition of "The Baseball Encyclopedia" (Macmillan; $17.95), which attempts to update the epochal first edition, of 1969. The other is "The Sports Encyclopedia: Baseball" (Grosset & Dunlap; $5.95 paperback, $14.95 in the regular edition), which presents the essential data of the game in year-by-year rather than biographical fashion. Since the preparation of the new Macmillan volume seemed to require simply the nailing-on of the last five years of baseball stats to what had previously been hailed as the most accurate and most valuable book of baseball records ever compiled, the Grosset & Dunlap effort would appear at first glance to be superfluous. A second glance at the two books, however, shows something quite different—a championship lost, an old manager winning with a new team, an upset of form and expectations.

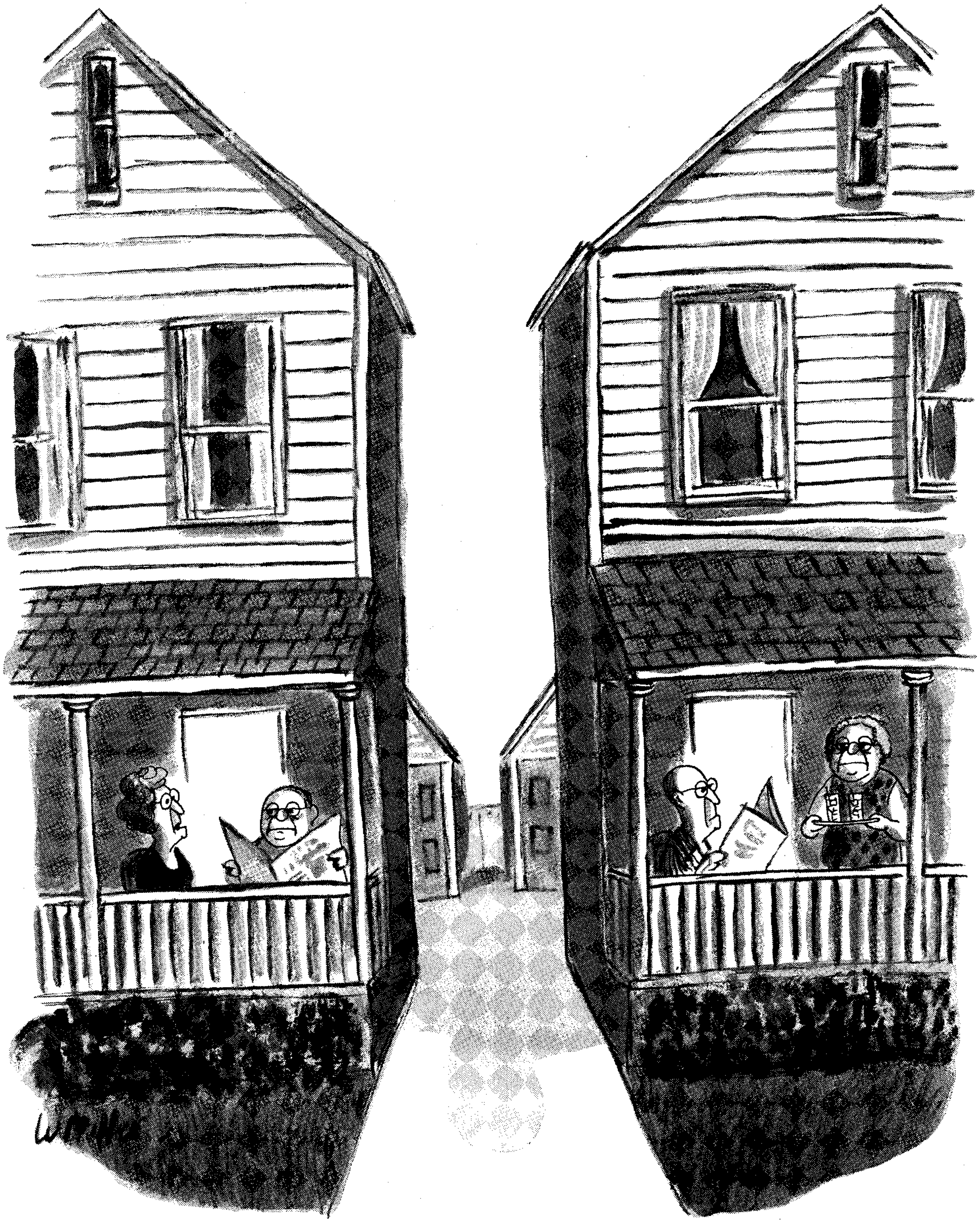
Macmillan's original "Baseball Encyclopedia" (let's call it Mac I) had its beginnings in the mid-nineteen-sixties, when a group of young computer scientists who had allied themselves as Information Concepts, Inc., approached Robert Markel, an executive editor at Macmillan, and suggested that it was high time that the new capabilities of computer science be permitted to go to work on the vast, almost oceanic depths of essential baseball statistics that had accumulated over the years. They had found the perfect partner, for Markel had previously published a number of original and most successful sports books, including "The Glory of Their Times," by Lawrence S. Ritter, which is a glowing re-creation of the early days of big-league baseball as told by some surviving Nestors of the game. Markel was enthusiastic about the new proposal, and became even more en-


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

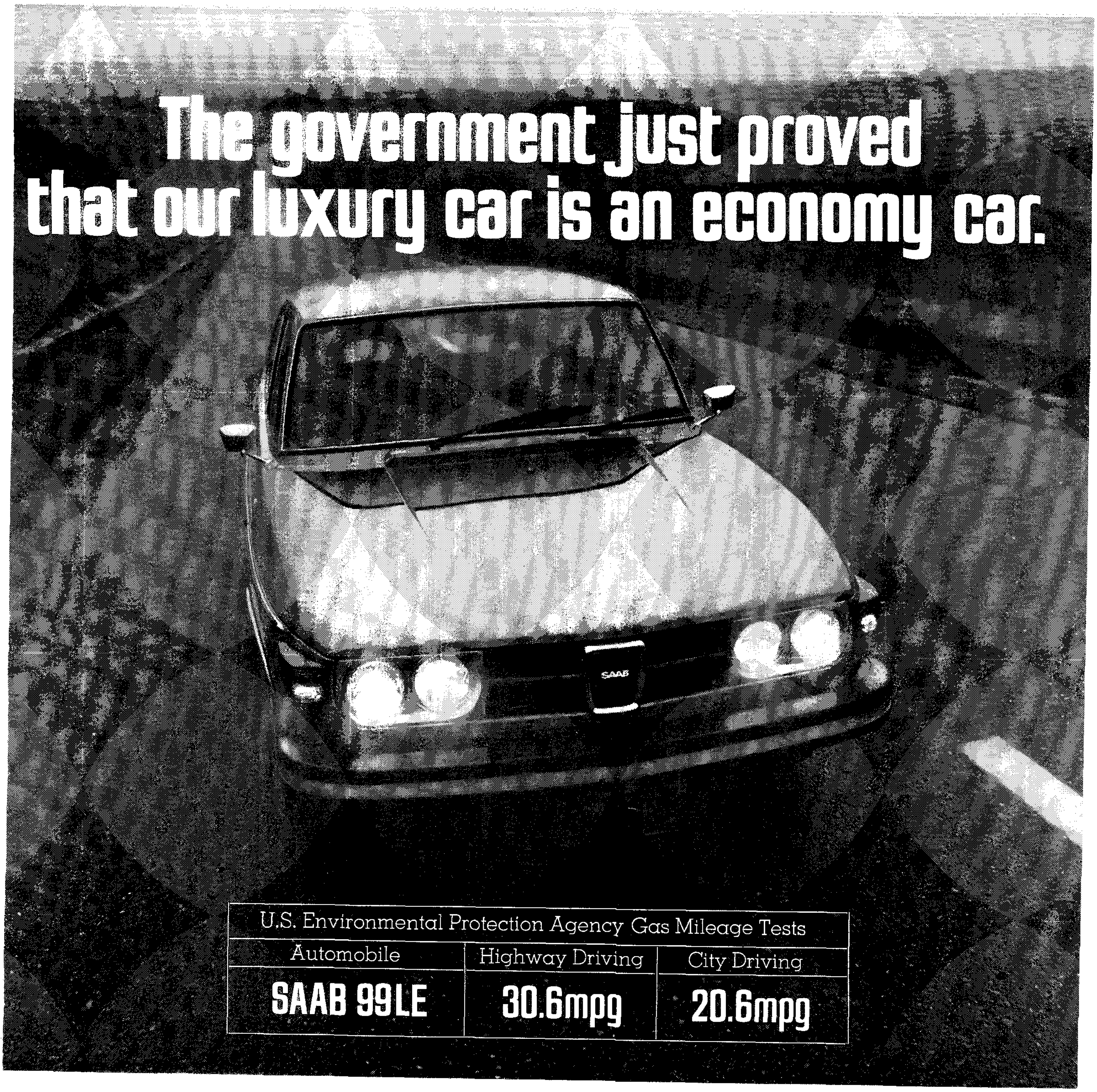
"Mr. Baskin, please! You're exceeding your parameters again!"

thusiastic when he learned that I.C.I. had independent financial backing that would begin to support the enormous costs of programming the work and building the essential data bank—a Fort Knox of stats. The I.C.I. planners—notably, two men named Paul Funkhouser and David S. Neft—had in mind an eventual computerization of baseball that would hook up the scoreboards in all the big-league parks to a single central electronic brain, which would also pick up and print and store all the statistics of the game as they happened. In computer circles, this is known as "real-time" work. It could also be called dream-time work, for the costs of the scheme were admittedly phenomenal, and organized baseball is not known for its instant response to brand-new ideas or to unexpected financial disbursements of any nature. (The daily stats of the game are still kept by the venerable and reliable Elias Sports Bureau, whose essential fieldwork is done, via pencil and paper, by observers in the pressbox.) In any case, the cost of the preparation of the data for Mac I sailed right through the independent financial backing and up into the hundreds of thousands of dollars, effectively postponing the advent of I.C.I. as an instantaneous electronic sports colossus, but not before it had provided Macmillan with a data bank of incomparable value and interest. The primary source of the data was the daily "official sheets" of baseball statistics kept by the American League (since 1905) and by the National League (since 1902). For corroborative evidence and for the statistics of all the nineteenth-century contests, the compilers consulted local libraries and ancient newspaper files, and the precious records of famous baseball students like the late Lee Allen, the official historian of the Baseball Hall of Fame at Cooperstown, and John Tattersall, a Philadelphia steamship executive. (Tattersall has compiled a history of every home run ever struck in major-league competition, including the inning, the number of men on base, and the pitcher.) All this digging yielded a formidable body of figures (the first-draft specifications came to eight thousand pages), and included a few corrections of famous old individual statistics: Ty Cobb's hallowed Most Hits was raised from 4,191 to 4,192, as the result of two previously overlooked games he played in 1906.

Mac I came out in the fall of 1969, to instant success. Priced at twenty-five dollars, it eventually sold some fifty thousand copies in the bookstores, plus another fifty or sixty thousand via book clubs and mail orders. It is an elegantly organized, beautifully printed and laid-out volume of 2,337 pages, containing (among a great many other things) a statistical summary of the changing team averages over the years;



"I just don't understand it, Herman. After all these years, Mr. Snodgrass and I have grown to look alike, and Mrs. Snodgrass and you have grown to look alike."



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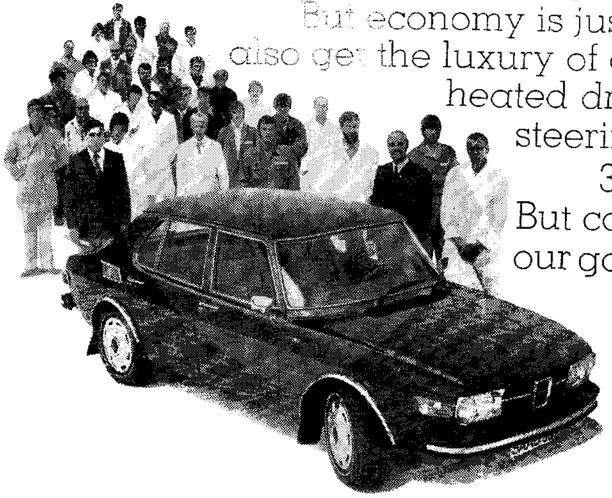

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a summary of individual leaders in batting, pitching, fielding, and so on; a year-by-year roster of all the teams and their players and statistics (the dates, here and elsewhere, go back to the National League of 1876, and also include vanished big leagues like the Players League, the American Association, the Union Association, and the outlaw Federal League); an alphabetical roster of every major-league player and his batting record; an alphabetical roster of every pitcher and his pitching record; a register of managers; and a description of every World Series game, with accompanying data. The book, in short, was a self-certifying classic that made its fortunate purchasers wonder how they and the game had ever got along without it. My own copy, its spine lettering almost worn away by my ceaseless browsings and burrowings, is now kept under lock and key, for the volume is irreplaceable.

Irreplaceable, alas, despite its official replacement, Mac II, which came out in June. My first misgivings about the new edition were instantaneous when I noticed that the price had been dropped to $17.95 and the number of pages cut by more than a third, to 1,532. How, I wondered, could anyone have enforced a diet upon a book that carried an additional five years of new players and new records? One could understand the need to keep the price of the new book beneath a range acceptable only to independently languid bibliophiles, but the attempt at a more popular price suggested that the current editors of the work did not understand the necessary dimensions and classic purposes of a basic reference work. The makers of Mac II have skimped and shaved, sometimes sensibly but more often oddly or arbitrarily or thoughtlessly. New listings of no-hit games and Hall of Fame members are welcome, and so are descriptions of the new Championship Series games, which were first played after Mac I. Gone, however, is the essential year-by-year roster of all the teams and all their players—the section in Mac I that most warmed and pleased old fans, since it repopulated the playing fields of their recollection with long-forgotten batteries, ancient double-play combinations, and nearly vanished bench-warmers. (Hello, Gene Desautels! *Ave*, Russ van Atta!) Gone from each player's statistical biography are mentions of important injuries and of years lost to military service. Gone, appallingly, are his accompanying World Series figures—as if these were somehow not germane to the man's total performance. (We are invited, instead, to look up the player's averages in the various World Series summaries—if we can remember in which year and with which club he saw some October action, and if we can then be bothered to add up the figures and do the averaging.) Gone are the full batting records for pitchers, the full particulars of pitchers who have pitched fewer than twenty-five innings, with no decisions. Gone, to be fair, are some errors made in Mac I—but not all, since a good many of the pages of the original have simply been reprinted, including one page that spells Lou Gehrig's name seven times as "Gerhig." The editors have also restored the ancient Cobb digits: 4,191 hits. Why?

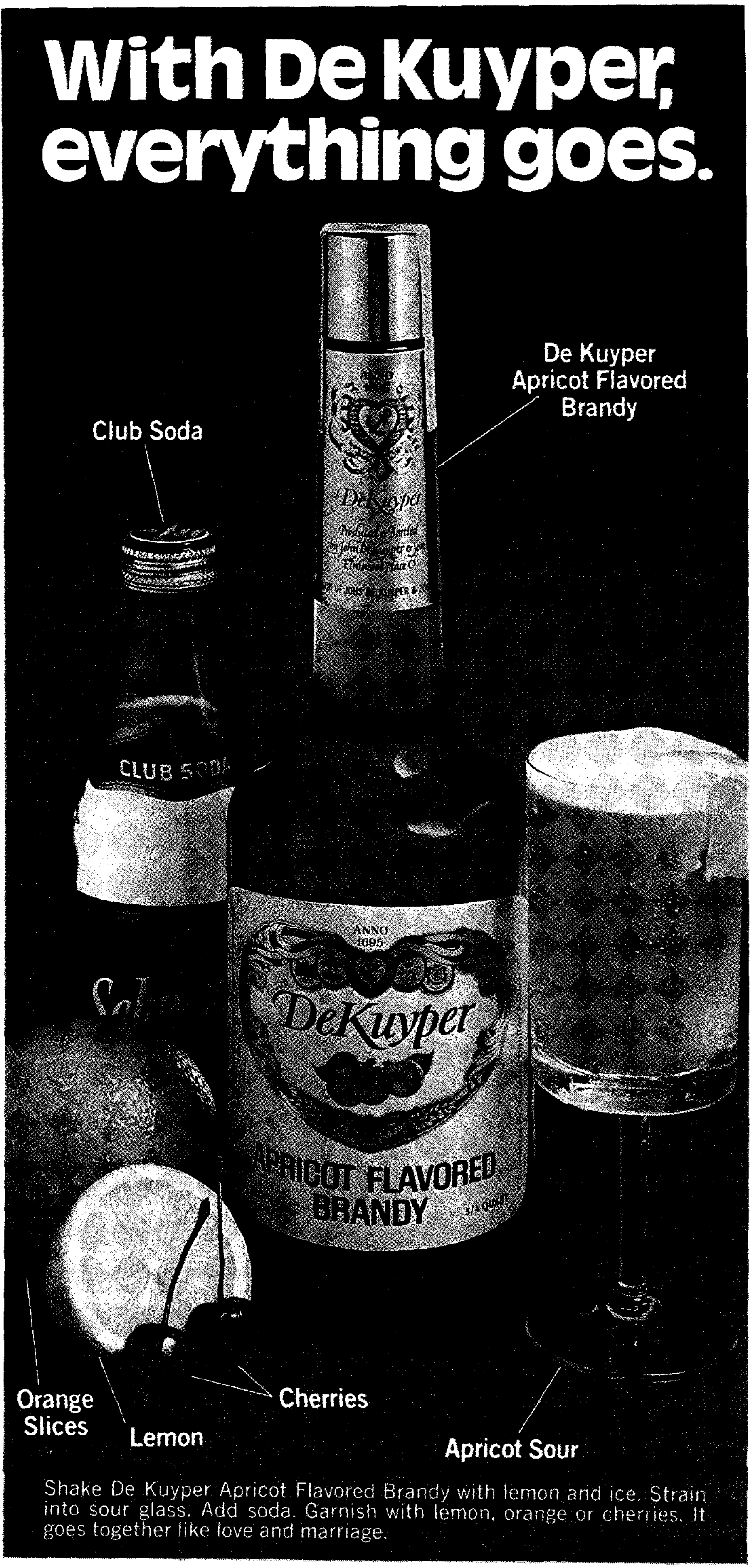
What this means in terms of day-to-day usefulness is dismaying. I can imagine, for example, a young fan spending an hour or two musing over Ted Williams' lifetime records. How good *was* the Splendid Splinter? In the new volume, he would not be able to learn that Williams missed out on some four hundred and fifty games of major-league action because of his military service in 1943-45, and some two hundred and fifty more games for the same reason in 1952-53. Extrapolating his prime-season figures, the sprout might have discovered that this duty time represented a possible loss of a hundred and sixty career home runs, which would have brought Williams to a lifetime total of six hundred and eighty-one—right up there in Aaron-Ruth country.

How did Babe Ruth and Hank Aaron compare as World Series performers? In Mac I, it is the work of a moment to get the answer: ten Series and forty-one games for the Babe (including three as a pitcher), fifteen home runs, a .326 average; two Series and fourteen games, three home runs, and a .364 BA for Bad Henry. In Mac II, only shuffling and note jotting produce the same dope.

How great a relief pitcher was Jim Konstanty, the bespectacled right-hander who almost single-handedly got the Phillies into the 1950 World Series? Mac I lists seven separate categories in which he led his league that year, including a record winning-relief percentage of .696; Mac II, economizing, has room for only four. Mac I reminds us that he actually started one of the Series games that fall—and lost it; Mac II hides away the news.

When *was* it that Dizzy Dean had his toe broken by a line drive in an All Star Game, and then ruined his arm forever by pitching before it was quite healed? When was Eddie Waitkus shot by that unknown female admirer? How many World Series games did it take for Lou Brock to steal his record-breaking fourteen bases? When, and for whom, did Rogers Hornsby play in the World Series? Why did Sandy Koufax quit so suddenly? Why did Nemo Gaines require special permission to attempt a career in the majors? How many at-bats did Walter Alston have in the majors? How tall was Eddie Gaedel? Mac I says; Mac II either doesn't say or mumbles. It's a pity.

There was balm for many of these grievances in the Grosset & Dunlap volume, which turned up about the same time as Mac II. For starters, the book restores the essential edifice taken down in the other book—the year-by-year rosters. It is, in fact, a reference work built primarily around the old yearbooks of the game—every name and every offensive statistic of every season. Career averages are to be found in five "era summaries," and several ingenious codes supply much of the quirky individual details that Mac II has dropped. The "career-interruption" code, for instance, lists seventy-three separate forms of bad news, including "LA—Leg amputated;" "SU—Suspended for hitting or abusing umpire;" "JL—Returned to Japanese league;" and "JA—In jail for assault." The printing and paper and typography are not up to the quality of the Macmillan volumes, but there are a number of counterweighing innovations, possibly even including the sizable and rather fervently written descriptions of each major-league season and its happenings. The best new material here is some averages I have never seen before, including lifetime *differences* in winning percentages for pitchers and the winning percentages of the teams they played for. The simple lifetime percentages for pitchers, for instance, find Jim Palmer first on the list of currently active players, with .682, and Tom Seaver second, with .640. The lifetime difference list, by contrast, places Bob Gibson and Juan Marichal at the top of the active list, and Palmer and Seaver don't show up on it at all. (The new volume errs, however, in crediting Marichal with 3,543 lifetime innings pitched; the figure should be 3,446.) Here, too, at last, are the very first comparative performance figures for



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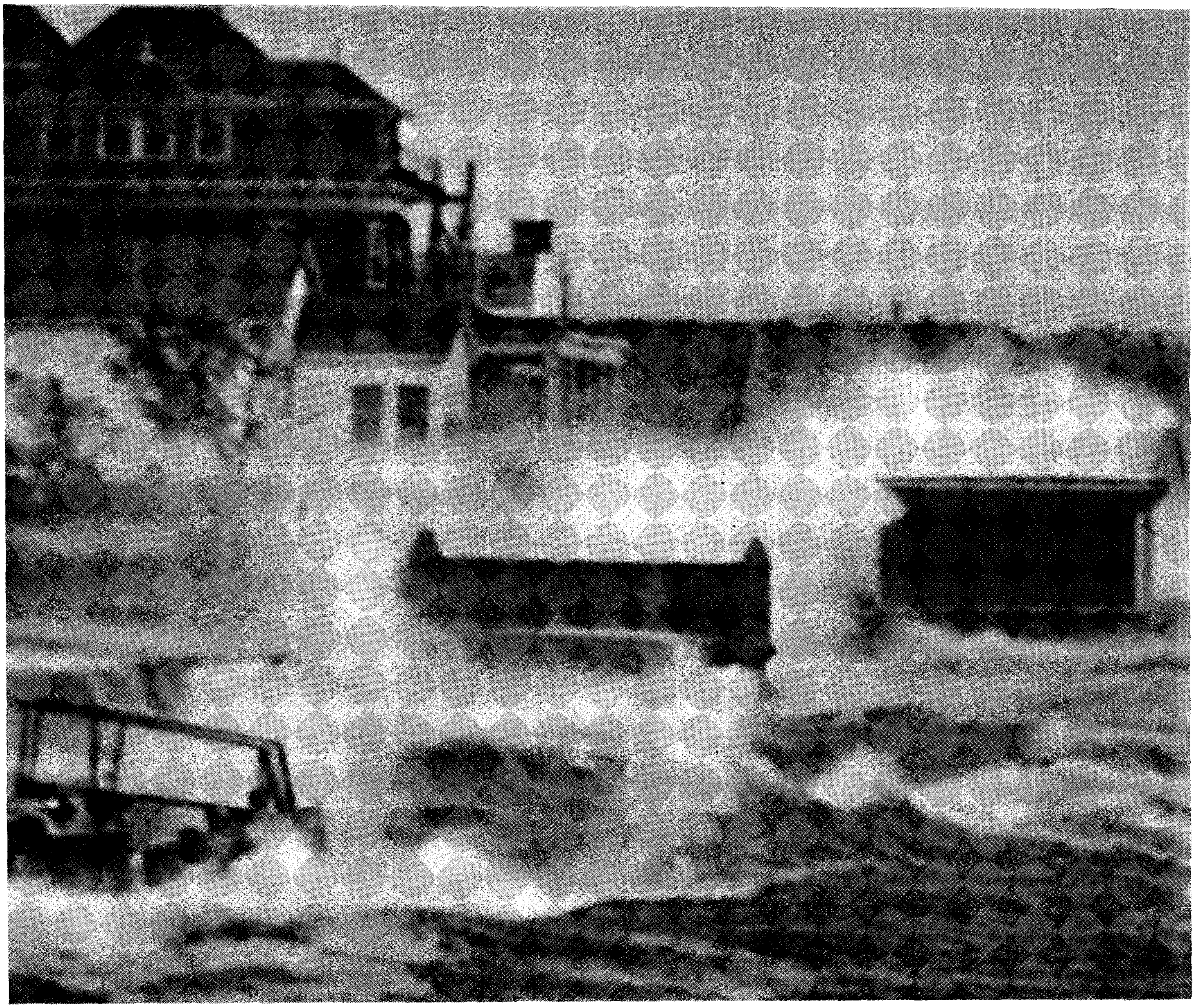

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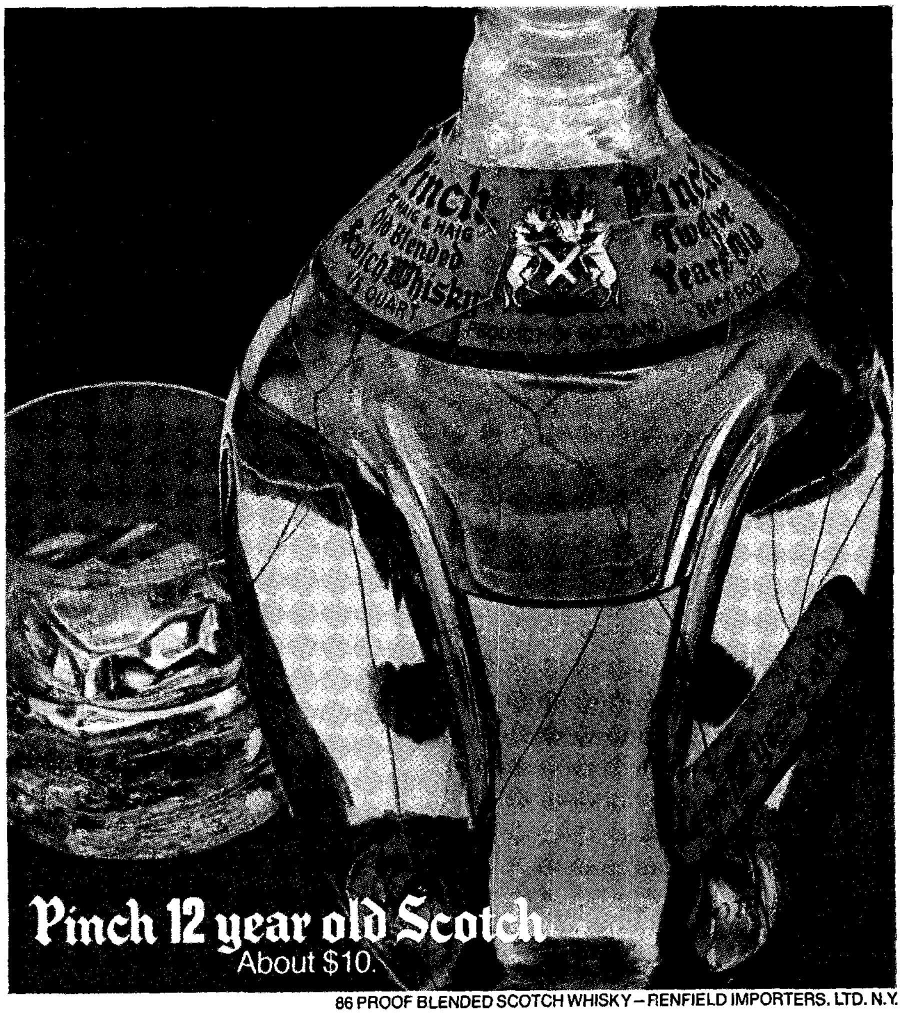

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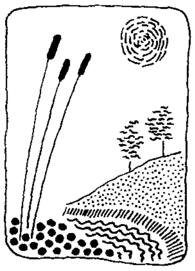
black, white, and Latin players, which confirm what has so far been only broadly perceptible: a huge over-all increase in numbers of black and Latin players since 1947 (but a much smaller one among pitchers); batting averages, slugging averages, and stolen bases notably higher for nonwhite players than for whites; a clustering of black and Latin stars at the top levels of baseball accomplishment. (Only one white man, Johnny Bench, has won the National League home-run crown in the past fourteen years.) These figures, as "The Sports Encyclopedia: Baseball" counsels, open enormous areas of speculation that should be explored with care and in the company of sociologists and other experts.

The new reference book, primarily intended for paperback sale, is also the work of Robert Markel, now the editor-in-chief at Grosset & Dunlap, who reunited David Neft and some of the other I.C.I. alumni to put together a different sort of "Fan's Companion." The data bank compiled for Macmillan was no longer available to them, of course, and the figures in the new work were put together by hand—with a resulting proofreading bill of ten thousand dollars. The format is intended to make year-by-year updating simple, and similar volumes are now in progress for other big-league sports. Markel is anxious to point out that this lightweight, low-cost paperback is not intended as a rival for the Macmillan edition. "That's a big, two-handed book," he says. "This one is one-handed." Bob Markel should now be listed, along with Frank Robinson, as the winner of a Most Valuable Player award in two different leagues.

A FEW moving figures have been observed amid the digit-thickets. On a sunny afternoon in the middle of April, I welcomed the Red Sox in their first visit to the Yankees' sublet, Shea Stadium, and watched Mel Stottlemyre beat Luis Tiant, 2–1, in a game that was full of early-season false hints. The young Bosox, who had dropped Orlando Cepeda and Luis Aparicio at the end of spring training, showed none of the speed and power and confidence that subsequently distinguished their campaign this year, and the two Yankee scores came about as the result of malfeasances—a wild peg to first by the Boston catcher, and a hit batsman and bases-loaded walk by Tiant. (Tiant, who has the most entertaining and effective move to first base of any right-hander, did not pick anybody off this day. Once, I congratulated him on this highly specialized talent, and he grinned and said, "Oh, my father had a much better move than me. [Tiant *père* was a celebrated Cuban hurler of his day.] He used to strike out batters with his.") Further evidences of springtime were the three straight singles rapped out by Yankee third baseman Graig Nettles. Normally a docile batsman, Nettles was enjoying an almost Faustian prosperity at the plate, which eventually brought him eleven home runs in the month of April, tying a league record. He was at a loss to explain this. "I don't know," he said in the clubhouse. "I'm just seeing the ball better, or *something*." He looked embarrassed.

A month later, there were a lot of new Yankee faces in the dugout, as the result of a wave of late trades by Yankee president Gabe Paul. One old Yankee face, Ralph Houk, was on hand in his fresh guise as the Detroit manager; he seemed genuinely touched by the wave of boos that greeted him as he carried out his lineup card. None of the Yankees, new or old, could do much with Mickey Lolich, who set them down with three hits and won by 5–2. The two bottom hitters in the Detroit lineup, Rodriguez and Brinkman, were seven for nine for the day, while Chris Chambliss, the large new first baseman whom the Yankees had just acquired from Cleveland, swung mightily and smote several eleven-hop infield grounders. It was the fourth straight Yankee loss.

The Yankees *hate* left-handed pitchers—and so get to meet them frequently. The next visiting southpaw observed by me was Mike Cuellar, of the Orioles, who even outdid Lolich, surrendering two hits and a single run. This was late May, and the Yanks, now engaged upon an entirely different five-game losing streak, had fallen to last place. They looked dispirited, especially in contrast with the sprightly O's, who pulled off a double steal and hit two homers and defended with ardor—exactly like some National League club. Bill Virdon, the Yankee manager, inserted his only hot batsman, Ron Blomberg, as the designated hitter, despite the fact that he swings left-handed, but the Boomer fared no better than anyone else against Cuellar's junky screwballs and curves. At its best, Cuellar's attack on the plate reminds one of a master butcher preparing a standing roast of beef—a sliver excised here, a morsel trimmed off the bottom, two or three superfluous swishes of the knife through the air, and then a final slice of white off the ribs: *Voilà!*



A later look at the Queens Bombers was more fun, though the outcome was no different: White Sox 5, Yanks 3. Lou Piniella, the talented Yankee left fielder, threw out two Chicago base runners on two successive pegs to the plate, following hits on two successive pitches—a startler slightly marred by the fact that the home-plate umpire made a terrible call on the second play. Thurman Munson hit a homer and two singles, but the visitors (who came to town with six players batting over .300) whacked thirteen safe blows. Nettles was finding May a bit chillier than April (.242 and no homers at all), and the Yanks, having lost fourteen of their last eighteen, were still in the cellar. Manager Virdon benched his star center fielder, Bobby Murcer, for the afternoon. The next day, he moved Murcer to right and installed young Elliott Maddox in center—a move that appears to have transformed the Yankee outfield from one of the worst to one of the best in the league, and to have vivified the club in its recent and somewhat happier adventures.

That same evening (it was Memorial Day, which is properly celebrated by a feast of baseball), I watched the Kansas City Royals inflict frightful indignities on Jim Palmer and the Orioles, via television. Palmer, last year's Cy Young Award winner in the American League, was gone after two and two-thirds innings, having surrendered seven hits and five runs. It was his sixth loss of the year, against two wins, and his record has subsequently gone to three and eight. He is suffering from a bad elbow. Dave McNally, the third member (along with Cuellar) of the celebrated Baltimore corps of starters, is currently bumping along at 7–6 and 4.30, and it may well be that this marvellous triumvirate is nearing the end of its reign. Before it goes, attention and honor should be paid.

McNally, a left-hander, came up to the Orioles from the minors in 1962, at the age of twenty; Palmer, who is right-handed, arrived in 1965, also at the age of twenty, although he was to spend the better part of the 1967 and 1968 seasons in the minors, recovering from an arm injury. The trio was completed at the beginning of the 1969 season when Cuellar, a vet-

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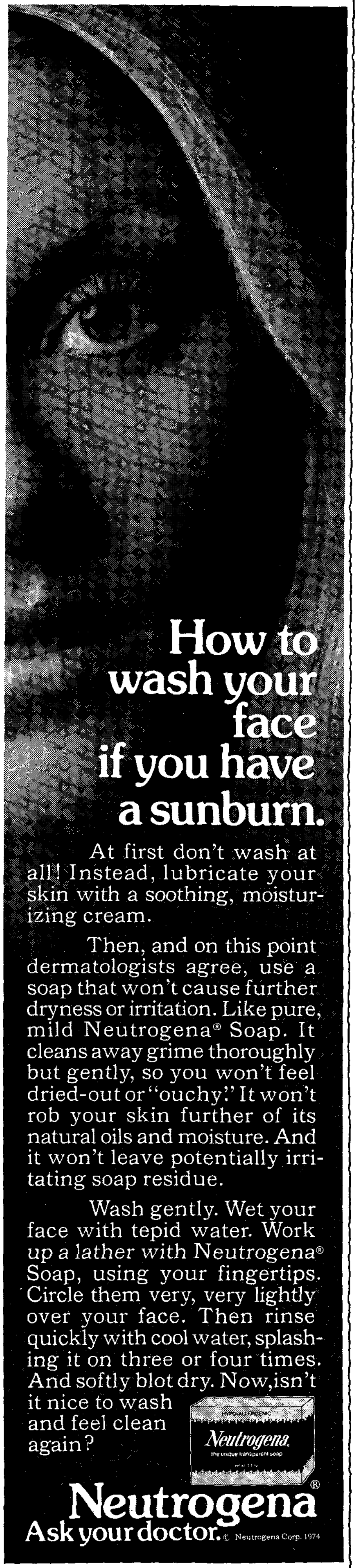

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eran already in his thirties, came over from the Astros. In the five full seasons since then, the three pitchers have won two hundred and ninety-seven games while losing a hundred and fifty—a winning percentage of .664, which puts them up among the most effective and famous three-man staffs in history. These would include Eddie Lopat, Allie Reynolds, and Vic Raschi, who won three hundred and seven games and lost a hundred and forty-three (or .682) for the Yankees between 1948 and 1953; Bob Lemon, Early Wynn, and Mike Garcia, whose nine-year record for the Indians from 1949 to 1957 was 473–293, or .617; and, going back a bit, Lefty Grove, George Earnshaw, and Rube Walberg, who toiled together for Connie Mack's Athletics from 1928 to 1933: 344–169, good for .670. No other more recent corps of starters suggests itself.

A more spectacular and perhaps fairer way to measure these splendid inner teams is to compare their cumulative performance during their three *peak* years together—a performance that in each case resulted in at least one pennant for the pitchers' clubs. It comes out this way:

	YEARS	W–L	PCTG.	ERA
Grove Earnshaw Walberg	1929-31	197-78	.716	3.43
Lopat Reynolds Raschi	1949-51	167-81	.673	3.45
Lemon Wynn Garcia	1952-54	188-96	.662	2.93
Palmer McNally Cuellar	1969-71	188-72	.723	2.89

Those Athletics' records, it should be explained, mean mostly Grove. His three-year stats for the selected time were seventy-nine wins and *fifteen* losses, and an earned-run average of 2.47. Looking back to earlier times, one finds some dazzling three-year, three-man totals for games won—one hundred and ninety-six for Ed Walsh, Frank Smith, and Doc White, of the 1907-09 White Sox; one hundred and ninety-seven for Christy Mathewson, Rube Marquard, and Jeff Tesreau, of the 1912-14 Giants; and two hundred and thirty-one for Mathewson, Joe McGinnity, and Dummy Taylor, of the 1903-05 Giants. Since old-time hurling staffs included very few relief pitchers, most winning percentages then were a trifle lower. In recent times, it might be recalled, the Oakland Athletics have boasted stellar three-man pitching combinations that notched one hundred and seventy-seven wins and seventy-five losses in the past three seasons, good for .702. These were never the same three, however: Catfish Hunter, Vida Blue, and Chuck Dobson in 1971; Ken Holtzman, Blue Moon Odom, and Hunter in 1972; and Hunter, Holtzman, and Blue last year. Comes to the same thing, in one way; in another way, it doesn't count at all.

SO far this summer, Met-watching has been an excruciating pastime, especially when one remembers the tenacity and verve of the same club last autumn. At this writing, the World Series runners-up are in last place in the East, with the worst record in their league—worse than the Padres'. Ten games behind and fourteen games below the .500 level would suggest a summer best forgotten if it were not for the fact that their division again lacks a consistent leader (the Mets' winning percentage of .509 last year was the lowest ever), and the recollection that some of the Mets' early disasters this year (Bud Harrelson's broken hand; Tug McGraw's ineffectiveness) so closely resemble last year's beginnings. This is almost no comfort, because the Mets have also known other seasons that began this way and then simply got worse. At less than their top form, the Mets have always looked abysmal. Their good years have been built on splendid pitching, from both starters and relievers; an airtight defense; and a patient attack that rarely produces more than the minimum necessary runs—in sum, a little twenty-one-jewel mechanism that works perfectly or not at all. The Mets have also never won without a top performance from Tom Seaver, and Seaver, in sixteen starts, stands at 4–6, with an earned-run average of 3.64; he is second in the league in strikeouts, and first in homers given up—fifteen.

The first suggestion (to me) of these troubles came in early May, when the Mets lost both ends of a twi-night doubleheader to the Giants—exactly the kind of games that the Mets like to win. In the opener, Seaver gave up an early homer to Giant rookie Steve Ontiveros, but he was cruising along with a 3–1 lead in the eighth when he threw a medium-high fastball that Gary Matthews conked over the center-field fence, for three runs and the game. In the nightcap, George Stone pitched economically and elegantly through eight harmless innings, and then gave up four hits and

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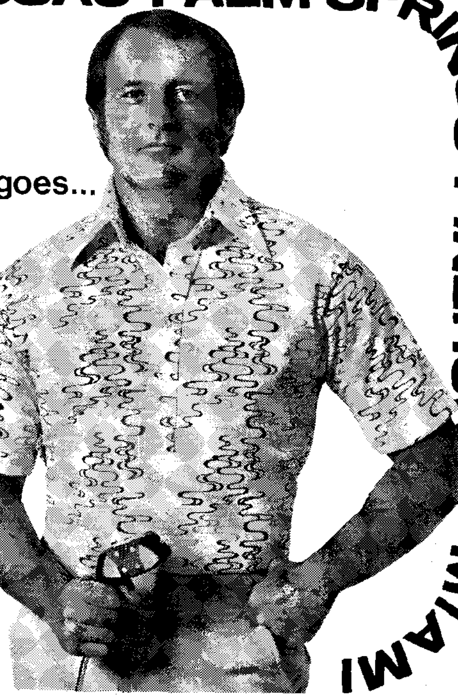
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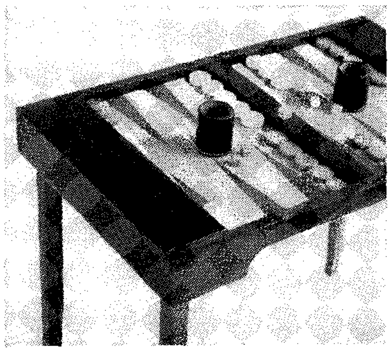

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three runs in the ninth, to lose by 3–0. McGraw, out with a sore shoulder, could not help, and Seaver, understandably but uncharacteristically, had nothing to say to the press.

A three-game set against the Reds early in June produced further shocks and discouragements, along with some stirring baseball. Cincinnati began things with a 5–2 win, clicked off by means of five consecutive two-hit, one-run innings against Jon Matlack—a chilling, machinelike performance contributed to by every one of the Redleg batters except the pitcher. The next night (in a game I saw on the tube), Jerry Koosman, battling hard, took a 3–1 lead into the seventh, but put on the first two men, who were delivered by Dan Driessen's pinch hit off Harry Parker; three runs off Ray Sadecki won it for the visitors in the tenth. The play of the week was by Dave Concepcion, the remarkable Cincinnati shortstop, who at one point sprinted into short left field and flung himself on his stomach to arrest Felix Millan's single, and then leaped up and threw out Teddy Martinez at the plate. Whew.

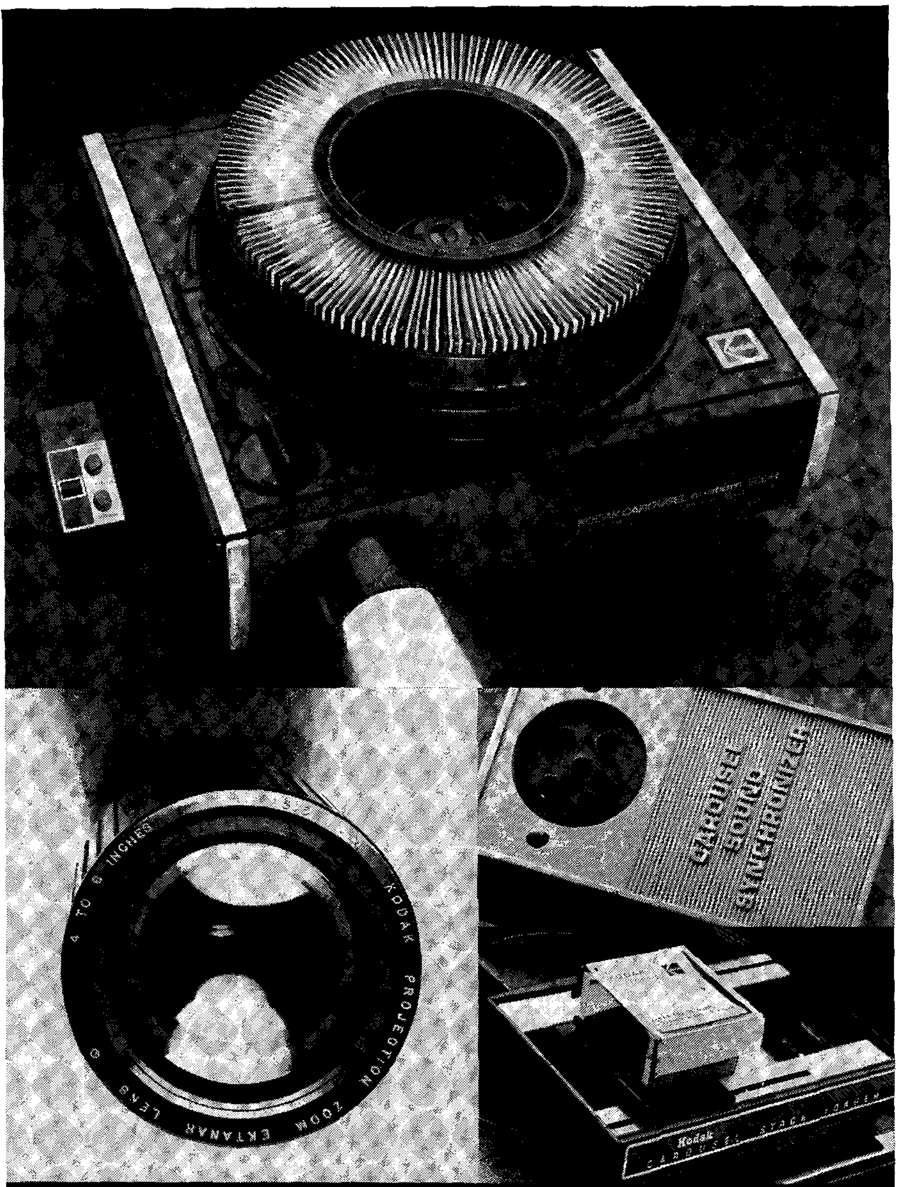
Two days later, Tom Seaver kept the ball inside the park, carefully throwing low and striking out eight Redleg batters, mostly with breaking stuff. Still, he was down by 1–3 when he was removed for a pinch-hitter in the seventh, but the Mets took him off the hook with four straight two-out singles, and won it (for Sadecki) on John Milner's eighth-inning homer. It was a rare and cheering win, vivified by some sterling plays by Bud Harrelson, who was celebrating his thirtieth birthday. In the clubhouse, Seaver confessed that his fastball had again been laggard. "Anyway," he said, "I did my primary job, which is keeping us close enough so we have a chance to win"—a strange statement for the best and highest-paid pitcher in baseball.

So far, Seaver has pitched three games in which he appeared to be close to his best—a twelve-inning, no-decision outing in Los Angeles, during which he fanned sixteen Dodger batters, and two dominant wins, over Montreal and Houston at home, good for thirteen and eleven Ks, respectively. He has a formidable pitching intelligence, and he knows how to employ all the talents he possesses on any given day, but this year he has been mostly without his big strikeout pitch, the high fastball. Except for a sore hip, which recently caused him to miss several starts, he has not been injured, and he claims that his arm has never felt better; so far, the hummer has simply not been there, and its absence has hurt him badly at times, because a big-league high fastball that is not quite explosive often ends up in the parking lot. It is the mystery of the year.

In trying to arrive at a possible solution, we should look first at Seaver's record. He has had seven years in the majors to date, winning a hundred and thirty-five games and losing seventy-six (up to 1974), with an ERA of 2.38. He has never pitched as many as three hundred innings in a year, but he has been over two hundred and fifty innings every year. He has led the league three times in strikeouts (also registering the lowest ERA in each of those three years). Last year, he pitched the Mets to a pennant and won his second Cy Young Award, but he was admittedly an arm-weary pitcher in the late going. He is twenty-nine years old. This is still young for a ballplayer, but not quite so young, the records suggest, for a strikeout pitcher. Hal Newhouser, the Tigers' left-handed star of three decades ago, twice led his league in strikeouts and twice in ERA, and averaged close to three hundred innings pitched for six years. He had six top-performance years, but was finished as a winner at the age of twenty-nine. Sudden Sam McDowell, while with the Cleveland Indians, kept his fastball for six years, five times topping the American League in whiffs, and then declined rapidly, never recording a significant winning season after the age of twenty-eight.

Robin Roberts, not exactly a flamethrower, lasted for nineteen years in the majors. He, too, had six top seasons—winning more than twenty games per year (and pitching over three hundred innings) from 1950 to 1955. He faded steadily after that, past his best at the age of twenty-nine. Bob Feller was a nonpareil fastball pitcher for seven years (not including a four-year wartime interruption)—seven years tops in Ks, five years tops in innings pitched and games won. He led his league one more year in games won—but with less than half of his old strikeout total; the fastball was gone before he was thirty. Lefty Grove did not arrive in the majors until he was twenty-five—and struck out more American League batters than anyone else in his first seven seasons. He had twelve splendid summers, out of a total of seventeen, but he kept the fireball for only seven of them.

There is some evidence to the contrary, too—famous iron-arms who



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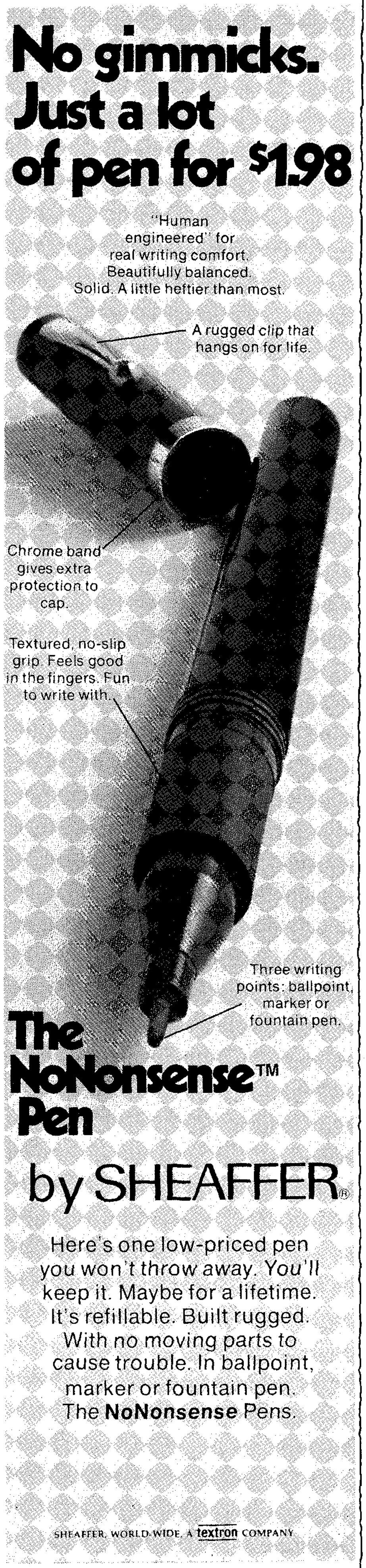

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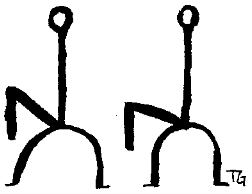
threw hard and fast for a decade or more: Walter Johnson (twelve times the league strikeout leader, the last time in his thirty-seventh year), Dazzy Vance (who also led in strikeouts at the age of thirty-seven), Warren Spahn, Bob Gibson. And then, unforgettably, there is Sandy Koufax, who toiled ineffectively for six years, then gave us six astounding summers—five years tops in ERA, four years tops in strikeouts, three years tops in games won, no-hitters in four consecutive seasons—and then vanished like a spent rocket, his arm gone at the age of thirty.



It is certainly not suggested here that Seaver's career is nearing its conclusion, or even that he is in decline as a consistent big winner. He is, however, at a moment in his career when he must begin to wonder what kind of pitcher he should now become. What may be happening is that the flaring Seaver fastball is about to vanish for good—gone, not so mysteriously, after some two thousand big-league innings and eighteen hundred whiffs. Let it go. Seaver seems to have the skills and temperament to stay on top, one way or another, for years to come—and here, too, the records seem helpful. In 1927, Grover Cleveland Alexander, then forty years old, won twenty-one games for the Cardinals and lost only ten; he pitched two hundred and sixty-eight innings and fanned no more than forty-eight batters. There is more than one way to skin the game of one o' cat.

A GOOD many of the surprises and spectacles of this season have eluded me. So far, I have not caught up with the surprising Phillies and their suddenly terrific third baseman, Mike Schmidt; with the surprising Texas Rangers and their league-leading run-producer, Jeff Burroughs; or with the briefly surprising Milwaukee Brewers, whose shortstop, Robin Yount, is eighteen years old. I have not yet been to Oakland (where Charlie Finley is engaged in a campaign of anti-promotion, in apparent hopes of breaking his lease and moving along to another city), and I have missed the sight of Reggie Jackson doing his loud and joyful thing (15 homers, 44 runs batted in). I would also like to catch Oakland's estimable Joe Rudi, whose wonderful year so far may have been ignited by the fact that he was one of the first victims of the new rule that governs salary disputes between players and owners, and requires an arbitrator to pick the player's proposed salary figure or the owner's, but nothing in between; Rudi asked for $75,000 this year and was given Finley's figure, $55,000. Wilbur Wood awaits me, and so does Cesar Cedeno, and so does Nolan Ryan, who recently struck out nineteen batters in one evening while throwing two hundred and thirty-five pitches; yes, it would certainly be interesting to be there and see a pitcher's arm suddenly fly off—perhaps spinning and whirling into the box seats, like a loosed bat.

I did get away for one quick field trip to Chavez Ravine, where the Dodgers, leading the National League West by eight games in early June, had put together some statistics that seemed about to go right off the top of the charts—an eight-game lead over the Reds, a .700 winning percentage, league-leading batting totals of .284, fifty-seven homers, sixty-four stolen bases, and an average of ten base hits per game. (Their pinch-hitters as a group were batting .324.) The Dodger pitching stats showed league-leading totals in earned-run average (2.82) and complete games and shutouts. Four of their pitchers—Tommy John, Charlie Hough, Andy Messersmith, and Doug Rau—were clustered at the top of the league's won-lost records, with a combined mark of 26–6, and one of their catchers, Steve Yeager, had caused the invention of a new stat, inasmuch as he had yet to play in a losing game, and stood at 24–0 for the year. Unsurprisingly, the Dodgers were also first in attendance—already close to a million, and perhaps on their way to a gate of two and a half million. Their increase in attendance this year over last year was ahead of the total individual attendance so far this season of four major-league clubs.

First place is a nice neighborhood—large family crowds of happy front-runners (whose expressions bore none of the anxieties and irritable passions of the Metsian fan face), Pacific evening sunshine slanting across the capacious and beautiful O'Malley palazzo (with some Eastern results, already up on the scoreboard, suggesting the terrible struggles of the other clubs to keep up), and smiles and youthful shouts in the clubhouse. Steve Garvey, the powerful young first baseman who was leading the league in runs batted in, said, "Ah, this kind of big jump at the start makes every game easier. We know we can win a different way every night—thirteen to nothing, or one to nothing, or everything in in the bottom of the ninth. You can hardly wait to get to the ballpark every day."

I asked Walter Alston about this year and last, when the Dodgers lost an early lead of eight and a half games and finally gave way to the onrushing Cincinnati Reds. Alston, now in his twenty-first year at the Dodger helm and a man of mountainous calm, murmured, "The difference is that last year we had three regulars who were playing their first full year in the majors [third baseman Ron Cey, second baseman Davey Lopes, catcher Joe Ferguson]. Garvey was playing first for the first time, and we were still trying to make a big-league shortstop out of Bill Russell. Young players can get down on themselves—a little slump, a few injuries—and the pitchers are tougher the second or third time around. But we've been through all that together, and we know what it's like now. Experience is more valuable than anything you can buy—except maybe Jim Wynn."

Jimmy Wynn, the stubby and mightily muscled Dodger center fielder, came over from the Astros in a trade last winter, and has so far led the National League in home runs and gratitude. "I'm happy to be here in every way I can think of," he said. "It's exciting to watch these kids do what they can do. Winning makes you happy—you know that? It makes you happy all day. I also like the fans—they were real nice to me right from the first day I played here."

I asked him how he had done in the Dodgers' home opener, against the Padres.

"I did all right—three for five. A home run."

What about the next day?

"One for three."

What about the third day?

"Three for five." He smiled. "Well, I guess I *helped* those fans a little. Made it easier for them to be happy with me." (Wynn subsequently ravished his new constituency with several similar outbursts at the plate; in a series in San Diego, he struck thirteen hits in eighteen times at bat.)

Happiness abounding—except that the Dodgers, of course, lost the two games I had come for, going down before the admirable Cardinals, 1–0 and 6–3, on successive nights. Andy Messersmith surrendered four meagre singles in the opener, but he was up against young Lynn McGlothen, a combative right-hander whom the

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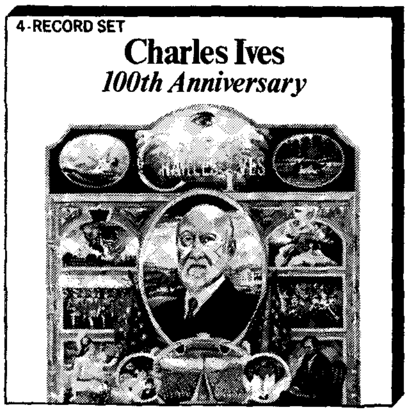

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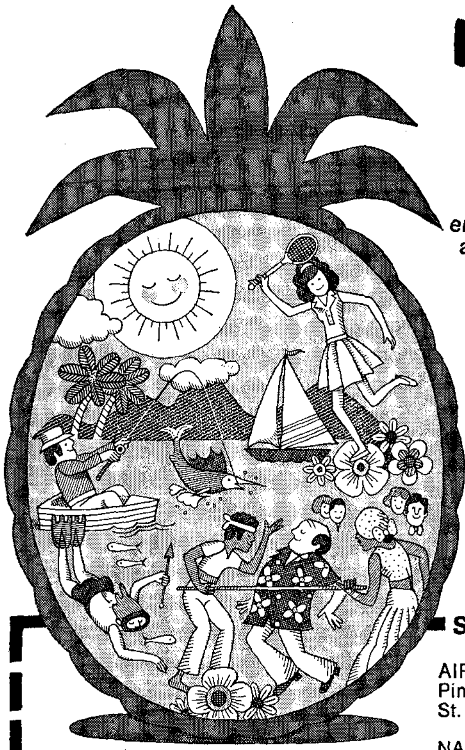

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Cards picked up from the Red Sox last winter. McGlothen has a fine, quick curve and an impatient, gimme-that-ball manner that are reminiscent of his new teammate Bob Gibson, and he appears to be on the doorstep of stardom. Steve Yeager, behind the plate for the Dodgers, helped break his own undefeated streak when he inadvertently tipped Lou Brock's bat in the sixth, putting Brock on base with what was to become the only run of the evening. The next evening, all sorts of misadventures befell the Dodgers—a two-run homer by the Cards' Joe Torre; some stout pitching by another Red Sox alumnus, John Curtis; a dismaying outing by the Dodger starter, Don Sutton (who has been badly off form of late); and a Lou Brock line-drive triple that was utterly misjudged by Jimmy Wynn in center field. Afterward, Walt Alston, probably quoting Agamemnon, said, "The averages are beginning to even up a little. There's still a long way to go." Flying home, I tried to figure out my own stats—forty-nine hundred and two miles flown, round-trip, for a total of three Dodger runs observed, or a run-per-mile average of .000612.

Two nights later, back at Shea Stadium, predictability returned when the Mets, crippled and down on their luck, lost to the Dodgers by 3–2. Tommy John gave up six hits and ran his record to 10–1; Jon Matlack gave up six hits and ran his to 5–4. Misery abounding. The winning run, it turned out, was surrendered in the ninth inning by Tug McGraw, just off the disabled list, who thereby kept his earned-run average for the year at an even 9.00. The last out of the night was a strikeout by Mike Marshall, the impressive and indefatigable relief man whom the Dodgers picked up from Montreal this year. Marshall (a stocky, heavily sideburned veteran who is a Ph.D. candidate in physiology) towelled his face after the game and said, "Sure, we've had a fantastic start, but I'm glad there's still a long way to go. This is the time of year when baseball is most exciting. I enjoy it. The hitters are ready now, and the pitchers at their best. June, July, and August—this is the best part of the baseball year."

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Sunny Jim Bottomley.

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Dusty Miller. Zack Wheat. Hod Lisenbee.

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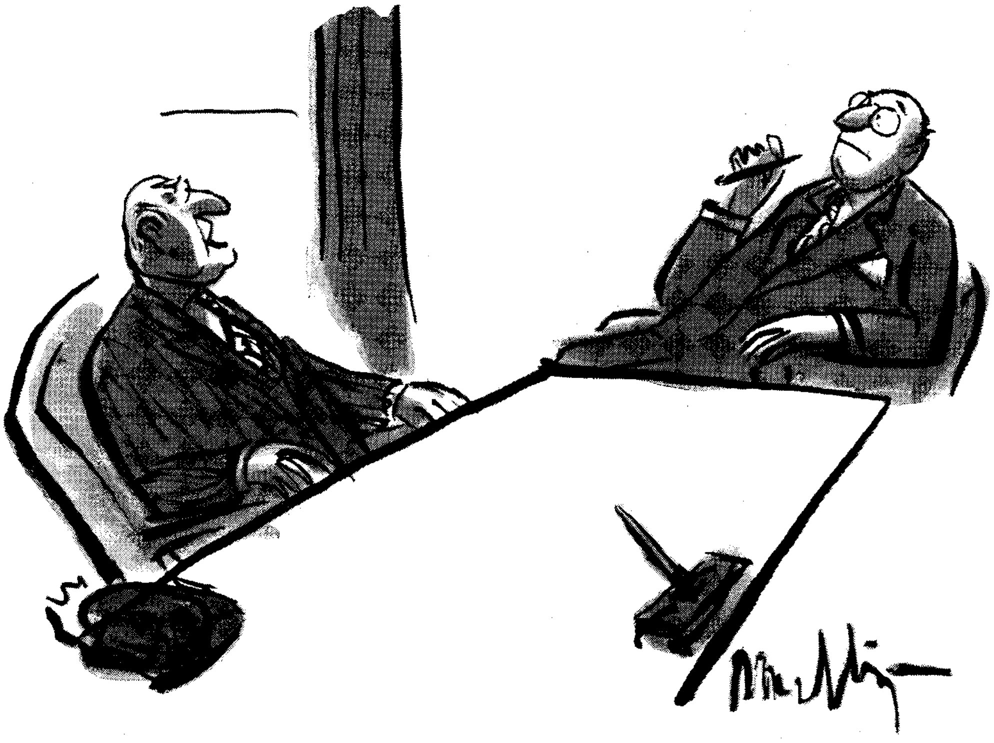
OFF BROADWAY

SO much ingenuity and spirit have gone into the New York Shakespeare Festival's Central Park production of "Pericles" that this meandering, preposterous work (to which, most scholars agree, Shakespeare was a major contributor) becomes a delightful show. The first-rate company, under Edward Berkeley's direction, is endlessly inventive, yet the invention is always supportive—no silly camp—and when feeling and sense are needed they are at hand. The company appears as a band of strolling players, in an effective setting by Santo Loquasto that looks almost skeletal in its simplicity—a high ship's mast with a crow's nest, bits of costumes on a clothesline, a couple of staircases. About twenty minutes before the show starts, an actor comes out and begins to sweep the stage. He is Randall Duk Kim, who plays Pericles. A number of other actors wander out with a broom or two; a clown on a unicycle rides around and juggles, a girl jumps rope, there is a tug-of-war. Then stage lighting and quiet, and Barnard Hughes enters as Gower, the chorus and narrator. It is Mr. Hughes—strong, ironic, always at the controls—who steers us through the preposterous plot. The plot is, to put it as mildly as possible, episodic. Pericles, the mishap-prone Prince of Tyre, having discovered that the King of Antioch and his daughter have been living in incest, lets them know he knows, and then must flee for his life. What with storms at sea and a shipwreck, his wanderings are extensive, and so are those episodes: his winning the hand of the beautiful Princess Thaisa; their daughter, Marina, growing up to be kidnapped by pirates and sold to a brothel; the final reunion of Pericles, Thaisa, their daughter, and their prospective son-in-law; everybody living happily ever after. And that will be enough of that, except to say that Pericles may be the only classical hero in all of literature who makes an entrance wrapped up in a big fishnet along with a lot of fish.

The script of "Pericles" is indeed foolish, but scene by scene this production is so firmly and imaginatively done and so very well acted that there is no question of its acceptance. There are mime and dumb show and dancing and music and excitement at every turn. The brothel scene, which many scholars feel is so coarse that Shakespeare simply *couldn't* have written it, is a triumph. The actors are dressed in the red and gold of commedia dell'arte, and Lenny Baker, as the brothel-keeper's sly, nimble servant, seems to be high-stepping out of a Callot etching. (John Conklin is responsible for the colorful costumes.) Nothing the evening offers is as exciting as the performance of Mr. Kim, whose Pericles is as volatile and clear as Hotspur; his heartbroken emotional scenes are always believable, and his speaking of the poetry—there are a number of beautiful passages—in a deep, slightly hoarse voice, is eloquent. It was Mr. Kim, you may remember, who made a comic masterpiece out of Trinculo earlier this season, in the Shakespeare Festival's "The Tempest," also under Mr. Berkeley's direction. Among the other actors, I especially admired Graham Brown, doubling as a loyal minister to Pericles and the brothel-keeper; Armand Assante as a murderous servant; Sasha von Scherler as a whore giving private instruction in bawdy to Marina; Marybeth Hurt as Marina; Tom Toner as the good-natured king who becomes Pericles' father-in-law; Richard Hamburger as the clown; and Charlotte Moore as Thaisa. The lighting, music, and dances—all fine—are by Martin Aronstein, William Penn, and Dennis Nahat, respectively.



"Just remember, Fenwick, they don't call me a tightfisted, penny-pinching, miserly cheapskate for nothing."

WE see so much that is fake-experimental or shoddy-experimental Off Broadway that it is a pleasure to report on an experiment that is genuine. A couple of years ago, a Rumanian director named Andrei Serban, a true innovator, presented at La Mama a production of Sophocles' "Medea" in Latin and Greek. It was startling and eccentric, and it attained an inexplicable, barbaric validity. Recently, Mr. Serban returned briefly to La Mama with "Fragments," a sampling of the work he has been doing with "Medea," "Electra," and "The Trojan Women." This work was just as startling the second time around as it was the first, and just as thrilling. Again the extraordinary (and alarming) Priscilla Smith shrieked and growled and chanted and sang, as did the other actors. The strange music was composed by Elizabeth Swados, and the lighting—candle flames and flaming bowls—was by Laura Rambaldi. Everything—music, lighting, dancing, singing, speech—was dramatized; nothing existed just for effect. I hope that Mr. Serban's work will progress and that I can bring you further reports on it.

—EDITH OLIVER

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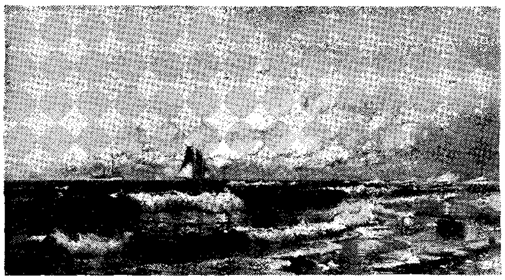

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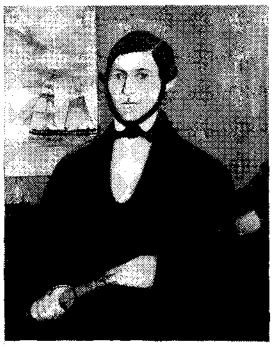

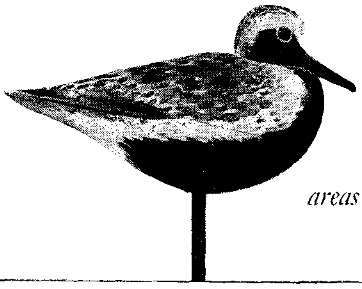

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Promises

LIKE the problem of Ulster, the problem of Israel is the one of unkept promises that may be unkeepable. Susan Sontag has just made a cool, detached documentary called "Promised Lands"—quickly put together with her usual modesty and brain, which subdue directorial personality—about the Yom Kippur war of 1973. The sandy scenes—dry, bright, sheared by the sun—are the counterpart of the minds that clarify the film. Like Ulster, but even more so, Israel is a land promised to too many people. The film begins with ironic, quickly sad crosscuts that exemplify the promises. A prayer rug is being folded. A mosque gleams in the sun. We see a synagogue; the Star of David; telephone wires; gravestones bearing names of Englishmen dead for the most troubled state in the world. One of them reads "Daddy, Goodnight;" another, "Dear Husband, How I Miss You."

A liberal writer called Yoram Kaniuk begins to speak. He seems both fast-talking and eloquent, after some friendly sluggish inanities at the British consul-general's party following the annual memorial service for British soldiers who fell in the capture of Palestine from the Turks. "The Jews have an inner ear," says Kaniuk. "Israel is the answer to Auschwitz. As maybe Zionism is the answer to God." And there is another side to Auschwitz: that to live is to manage not to perish. Every time there is a war here, the writer says wisely, people get apocalyptic.

Susan Sontag shows us a land caught up in a whirl of myth, full of thoughtful, puzzled men, one saying that the essence of Judaism was to hope that Israel would be given to the Jews by the Messiah, though the speaker is obviously dubious about Zionism. Zionism borrowed from Tolstoy, says Kaniuk. "Then it became Greek tragedy. The Jews know drama. They don't know tragedy." We see quick shots of the polyglot country, with its signs for "American Pizza" and "Café d'Elysée": a huge consuming country built, Kaniuk says, on chicken legs.

There is a fair share of speech from a physicist who defends the government, named Yuval Ne'eman. Many things are said that are more intelligent than anything one has heard in a documentary movie in years. "The Arabs do think of a 'final solution,' " says Ne'eman. And Kaniuk's refutation: "It works in Shakespeare where you all get killed in the end; it works in the theatre, but it doesn't work in life." (Susan Sontag's questions are never heard, but she obviously prompts thoughts of the theatre through her own absorption in how theatricality works.) Ne'eman notes the old suggestion that Jews be allowed to remain if their families were here before 1917. Quick dismissal of that easy exit from trouble.

We are being shown, in a film rendered tranquil by sanity, a country in a state of advanced neurological disease, uncontrolled in its movements, yelling and jerking in its dreams. To deal with extraordinary dilemmas, healers have to try extraordinary measures. One of the most rending passages in the film is a hospital scene in which, after a psychiatrist has described the effects of war on the men fighting it, a soldier with shell shock is asked to bandage a male nurse. He keeps missing the supposed head wound he is hoping to bind. Then he ties the mock patient's feet together with a double bow, as if the gauze were a sash on a child's party dress. The process is being gone through to reënact the unrepeatable moments when the soldier dragged an already dead comrade out of a flaming tank and tried to give him first aid. "Shock" is almost a dead word in Israel—just as the commonplace that America is a country in a state of nervous breakdown has ceased to have meaning here. Susan Sontag's film makes the word denote something new, rather as the liberal writer's interview suggests, in its repetition of the word "rights," that "rights," for everybody, must mean "the will to understand" if Israel is to survive. Or Ulster, or any of us.

ACCORDING to the legend of the tamarind seed, a slave accused of stealing a sheep was hanged from a tamarind tree. He protested his innocence, saying that the tree would vindicate him. Since then, the tamarind tree has regularly borne a seed in the shape of a man's head. The film called "The Tamarind Seed," written and directed by Blake Edwards, has a slave to Communism in it, played by Omar Sharif, and a sheep, or woman, played by Julie Andrews. The slave to ideology forgets his slavishness (as who wouldn't?) while he is wandering along the beaches of Barbados with his sheep, who believes in him with a lovely baa. The sheep is something or other in the Foreign Office in London. The slave is a man of the mind, equipped with a terrific mustache, and with an onerous accent that no sheep, let alone woman, would have the muscle to unveil. He is something or other in the Soviet Embassy in Paris. This gives us locations in two of the great capitals of the world and in one place of tropical bliss, where the couple fail to achieve carnal nirvana only because the propriety of Julie Andrews' parts in "Mary Poppins" and "The Sound of Music" is disposed to linger. It induces her, as a character called Judith Farrow, to shut the door of her Barbados bungalow one night in the face of Omar Sharif, who plays a Russian called Sverdlov, leaving him to pine under his hirsuteness like a Scottish terrier racked with eroticism.

I don't think I have ever before heard the note of "We mustn't" transposed from sexuality to spying. But, as you would hope of any

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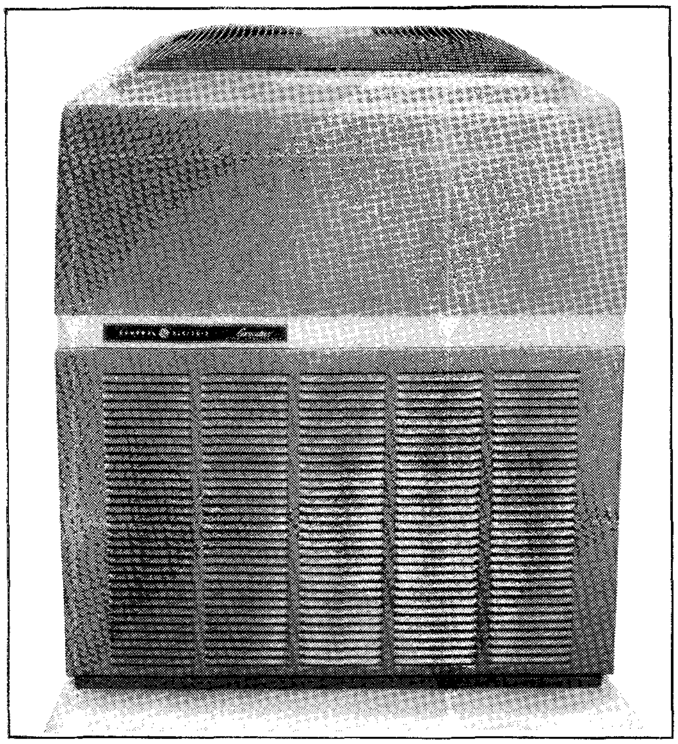

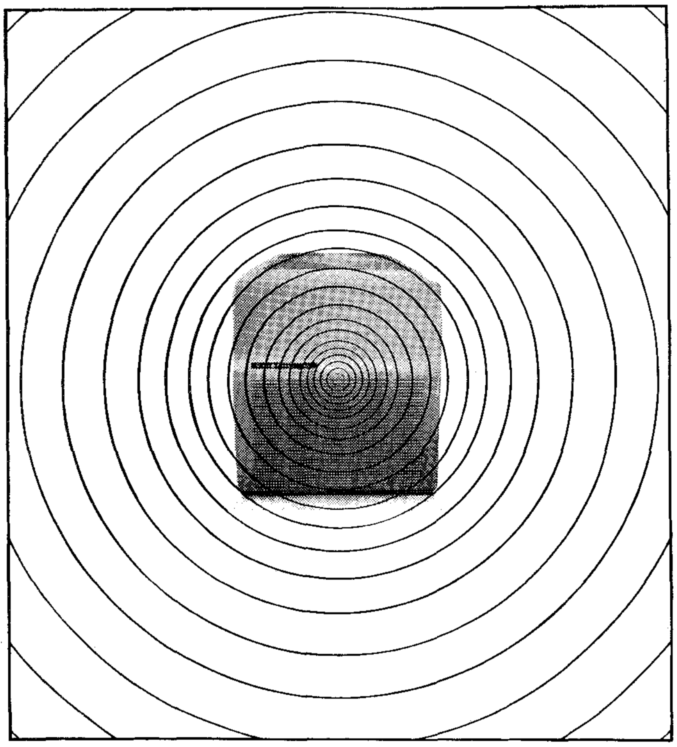

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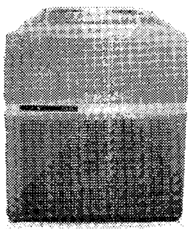

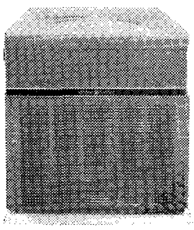

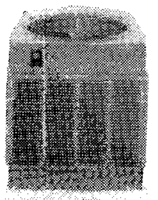

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9.3	TA 936E XA 960A	17	8.0	TA 836R XA 034A	18	7.2	TA 736B XA 034A	19
			8.0	TA 842R XA 942A	18	7.2	TA 742B XA 942A	20
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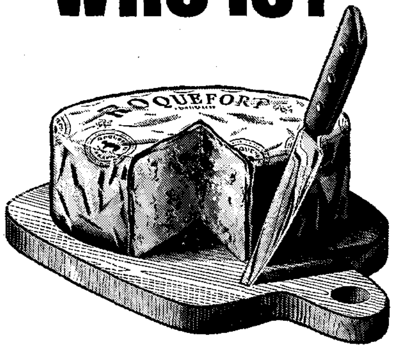

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film starring Julie Andrews and playing at the Radio City Music Hall, Nothing Happens to her, in the way of either extramarital sex or extraterritorial loyalties. The only exception in the cast to both rules of decorum is an obvious bounder, immediately recognizable in this sort of film as nationally treacherous because he transgresses boundaries of sexual convention. It is a pity not to be able to record the actor's name, because he is very good; but this would give away our sacred friend Plot—though Plot here is very simple-brained and entirely suited to a child as long as his parents don't mind having the progeny's thought muddied with sexual and ideological small-mindedness.

When one says that Nothing Happens, this is true only of Judith Farrow. Something extramarital finally happens to Sverdlov, but his wife is in Moscow, which is a place so far away in miles and spirit that infidelity is made to seem not to count. Mrs. Farrow herself isn't guilty of anything, because her husband died before the action begins, in a car accident that keeps recurring to her through a red filter to emphasize its tragic effect on her. Sverdlov, in bed with her at last, wakes her with a light touch when she is having another repeat of the memory in her sleep. Their love up to now has been entirely chaste, in a way that has been hard to believe on their first holiday together in Barbados. Their sense of national loyalty has been that of children saluting the flag at camp: an attitude that is equally hard to believe in supposedly sophisticated civil servants extremely likely to be covering up for spying activities. But these are doubts we're not supposed to have.

The tragic effect of things on Judith Farrow is the basic theme of the film. In fact, it might be said to be the only theme, apart from the pictorial enviability of Paris, London, and Barbados, and the fun of the performance by Anthony Quayle, in a mood of rip-roaring and welcome swearing that makes him sound like Captain Hook let loose after being committed to hours in Disneyland. (There is also amused evidence of acting expertise from Oscar Homolka, who manages to look half asleep all the time and yet to seem infinitely more wide-awake than anyone else in the picture.) A case of napalm bombing in Mrs. Farrow's Barbados bungalow to kill off a suspected defector is the film's most dramatic moment. This is to ignore the question of preserving the heroine's image of having an unsullied cream-and-roses skin,

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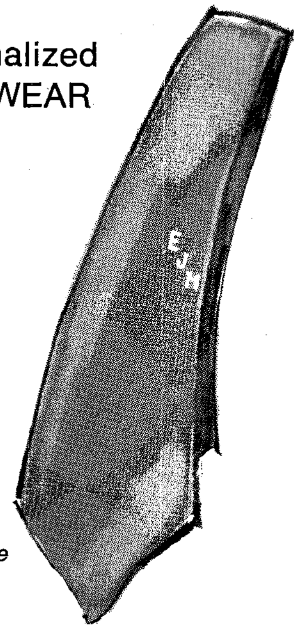

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though you can't think why there is scarcely a sign of damage to her during a very rapid convalescent scene in the hospital gardens, apart from moth's-wing touches on her cheeks, which leave no trace except a look of stuck bits of tissue paper, and an air of ersatz mourning. She is also temporarily afflicted with a pretty piece of gauze wadding at her throat, which she keeps clasping with a gracious hand; it looks unpleasantly chic, like a Lady Diana Cooper piece of chiffon at Ascot. To try to explain the implausible speed of Judith Farrow's reinstated beauty, people in the movie keep saying to each other that she's making "a remarkable recovery." She is indeed. So is the film, in turning itself from a spy love story into a wholesome treat for the kids in the heat. The film is rated PG, or suitable for children: "Parental guidance suggested. Some material may not be suitable for pre-teenagers." The question of whether the picture's gross degree of *fausse naïveté* is really suitable for anyone at all appears not to have been put. Is any grownup crass enough for this? Any child so unobservant? Or anyone of, say, even thirteen so chill-hearted that he doesn't connect napalm with Vietnam, think of who used it and why, and recoil from this fictional deployment of it as a piece of dramatic gadgetry in a glibly romanticized film?

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

A thought for the day: German philosopher Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche said, "Distrust all in whom the impulse to punish is powerful."
Slug dixon thurs for fri marie
—*Willimantic (Conn.) Daily Chronicle.*

Hit him again, Marie. He's still conscious.

•

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—*Adv. in the Toronto Star.*

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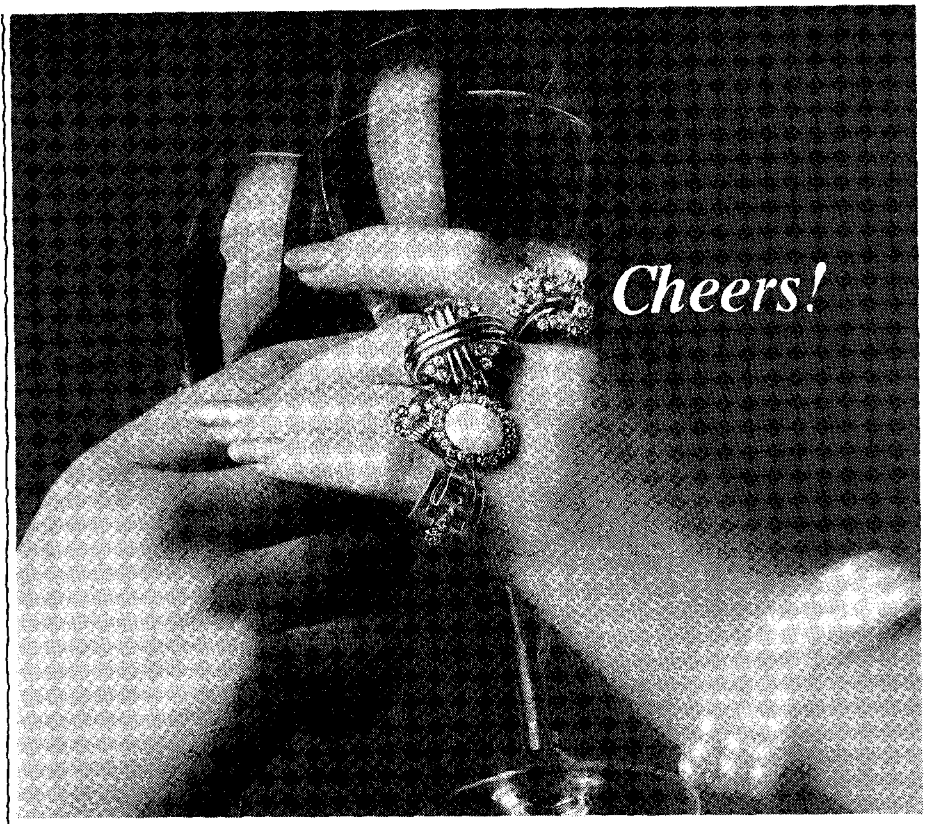
MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Findlay (Ohio) Republican-Courier*]

LOUISVILLE (AP)—One driver on a Louisville bus has a standing appeal he makes during rush hours when all riders congregate at the front of the bus.

"All right, folks," he calls out.



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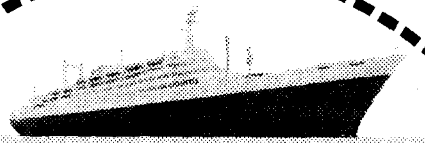

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A CAIRO GIRLHOOD

HOLIDAY

WHEN pictures of Egypt are shown on Israeli TV news broadcasts, I always find myself straining for a glimpse of places I knew. I spent my adolescence in Cairo, to which my family moved in 1937 from Ismailia, the prim little town on the Suez Canal where I was born. A friend offered us his dahabeah, or Nile houseboat, till we could find a villa. We fell in love with its toylike comforts and with the simple pleasure of sitting on deck listening to the sound of wavelets and watching feluccas glide by. We were docked at Giza, on the great plain where, after Cairo is left behind, all verdure stops and the pyramids, stark and powerful, stand like giant stone tents at the gateway of the desert. Magnificent sycamore trees lined the banks of the Nile at Giza, and on the island of Gezira, across the water, lush tropical gardens, villas, a sports club, and a racecourse created an atmosphere of permanent holiday.

On the first morning, when my father tried to dress, the buttons of his trousers had disappeared. A rat had eaten the buttons, which, before the days of plastic, were evidently appetizing to rodents. The rat performed the same trick the following night. My mother was spurred by this emergency into making up her mind about a villa. Within a week, we left the boat, in an effort to save what remained of my father's wardrobe and dignity.

My mother selected a large, imposing house in the residential district of Zamalek, on the island of Gezira; it stood at the corner of a main avenue, Fuad-el-Awal, opposite the famous Anglo-Egyptian Union, and a quiet residential street, Kamel Muhammad. The house was enclosed by high iron railings, on which grew honeysuckle and jasmine that made the air of summer nights intoxicating. Going up some steps, one passed from the entrance room through an oak door into a library panelled in light oak from floor to ceiling. In the library, a stairway led up to a gallery lined with open shelves; below, books were kept behind glass doors whose wooden frames were carved with strips of little lozenges. There was a bronze chandelier, to which sometimes clung the smoke of my father's cigars. The bookcases held books on a variety of subjects that related to my father's work, in engineering; sets in beige leather of works on Egyptology and Islam; red-covered collections of such authors as Stendhal, Flaubert, and Proust; and dark, stark, faceless Hebrew books. A vast central hall ran the length of the house, and at the front were two great doors of black ironwork and glass, through which in spring and summer one could see on our broad terrace splashes of vivid greens and the reds of flame trees. During khamsins, when the hot wind blew off the Sahara, this view would be transformed, like the change of a stage set, into a yellow haze, with a mysterious luminosity. A film of dust covered the parquet floors and the tabletops then, and one dared not touch a curtain for fear that more dust would move through the air. The house now belongs to the Saudi Arabian Embassy, and I have been told that the big decorative doors have been replaced by opaque ones, to prevent the Embassy women from being seen from the street.

Although the house was set back from the main avenue, one could hear the Arab venders shout "*La Bourse Egyptienne*," as the morning paper was called, and the tramcars that had started at the pyramids, far away. After crossing the Zamalek Bridge onto our island, a tramcar would give a weighty clang and continue toward the city, over the Bulak Bridge. This second bridge is associated in my mind with the routine of getting milk for the family. Buffalo milk, which was commonly used, was rich and heavy, and we disliked it. My mother decided that something had to be done, so our servant Amir found an Arab who was willing to bring a real cow to our house to be milked on the premises. The cow had to be brought at dawn, however, before traffic started on the Bulak Bridge; as little as an hour later she would not have been allowed to cross. Sometime between five and six, one heard slow, dragging animal steps. There was always a lapse before Muhammad, the second servant, came out of his basement abode. The heavy steel gate would lazily open, and sleepy sentences would be exchanged while milk spurted into a bucket. Then all was over; the Arab and his cow departed. The gate was locked again, and silence fell once more upon the neighborhood.

THE girls' school in which my two sisters and I were placed was formally known as L'École de Zamalek. It was run by a French couple named Morin, and it was often called simply L'École Morin. "Monsieur," a bourgeois personage out of Mauriac, with bushy mustache and pince-nez attached to a black cord, was our headmaster. He crowned his solemnity as headmaster with an incongruous straw boater, encircled by a lush maroon-and-navy striped ribbon, and he got around Zamalek on a bicycle.

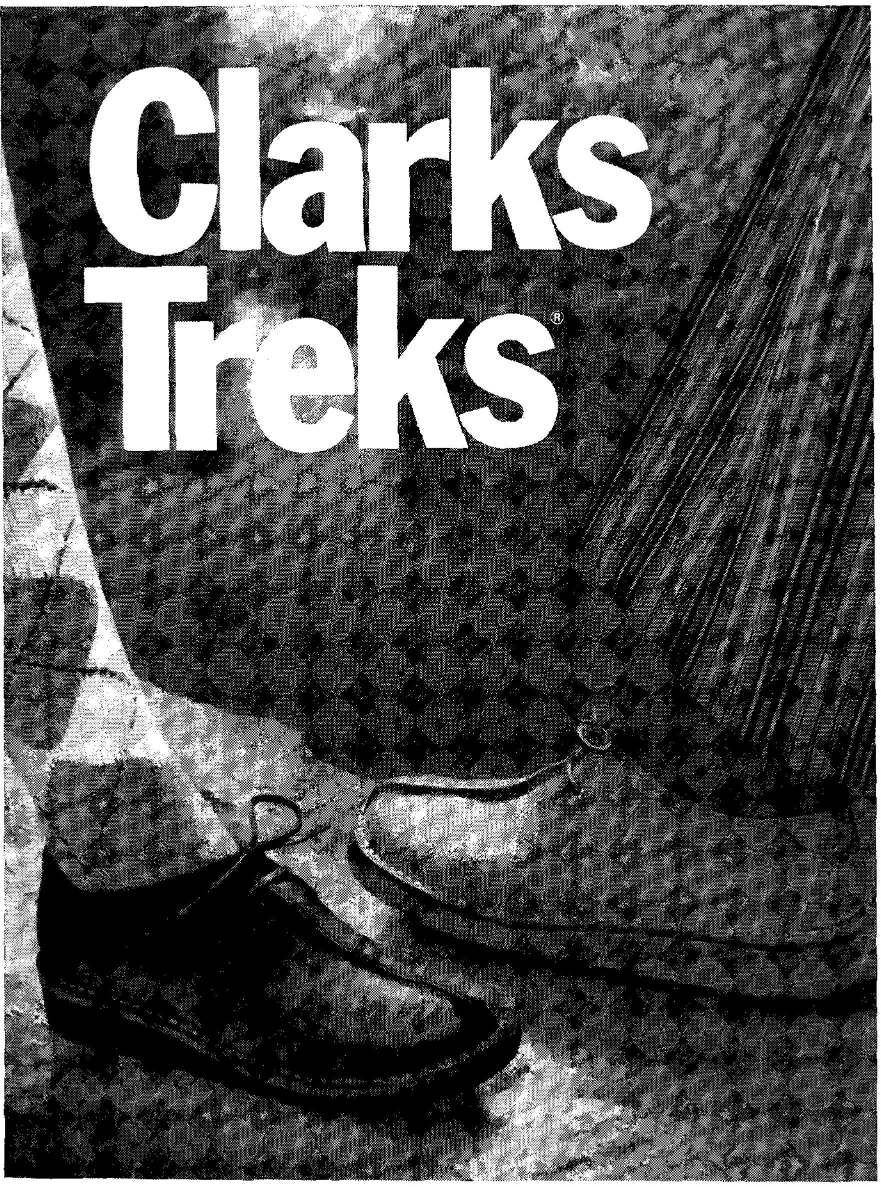
The school premises were an old villa on the Nile, with a view of the water and its traffic destined to divert our

YAK! YAK! YAK!
BLAH! BLAH! BLAH!
H. Martin

concentration. There were only five girls in my class. We did not wear uniforms, and there were no collective activities. We spent all our time in one smallish classroom or another, preparing for our first baccalaureate, and a year later, in conformity with the pattern of secondary schooling in France at the time, for the second one, which, for the humanists, was called Philosophie and comprised psychology, logic, metaphysics, and ethics. Final examinations were sent from Paris to all French schools every June.

One January evening, the Morins took my younger sister and me to the Comédie Française. As French people, they must have derived great pride from the thought that Cairo depended on Racine and Molière for the lustre of its winter season. There was the usual flurry about dresses. We girls exchanged ankle-length socks for our first long silk stockings and medium heels, which the occasion demanded. It made us uneasy to see our headmaster cast in a different role and doing things for us—closing the car door, rushing to get us programs. All this Gallic gallantry seemed strange, since we knew we would have to go back to the humble status of being his pupils the next day. The opera house, built by Khedive Ismail for the opening of the Suez Canal, had ornate gilt stuccos, red velvet tiers, and crystal chandeliers—an architecture and style of decoration totally unrelated to the surrounding human landscape.

In the intermission, one heard a patter of comments about the actors who had performed the French classics, on which the majority of the audience had been nurtured. The conversation, intense and high-pitched, cascaded swiftly, interspersed with "*Ya, mon cher*" and "*Yaani*" (Arabic for "I mean to say")—speech mannerisms that transferred the scene at a breath from France back to the Middle East. If you were either a European or a wealthy Oriental, which were one and the same thing in the eyes of the millions of feudally repressed people, a European language, generally French, was bound to be your mother tongue. Only for a minority was it English—a phenomenon consistent with the fact that the French disseminated their culture together with their political presence, which the British disdained to do. While these two European empires played out their rivalry, the Muslim world seemed to serve merely as a vast static background, in which the various Mediterranean ethnic groups—Armenians, Circassians, Copts, Greeks, Jews, Lebanese, Syrians, Turks—



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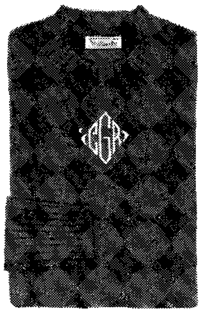
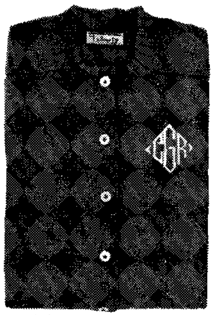
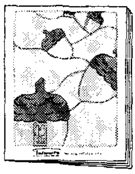

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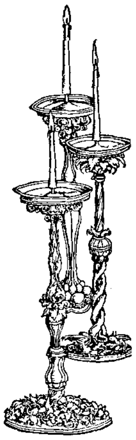

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seemed like busy ants running to and fro, carrying morsels of great or ancient civilizations. Though these people all spoke French, they displayed a diversity of characteristics in their pronunciation, expressions, gestures, and laughter: a flavor of nowhere else, an ebullient lack of self-consciousness, a colorful vigor, flashy and at times grotesque, which was uniquely the Levant.

On the day after our theatre outing, my sisters and I were in class at eight o'clock as usual, having ridden there on our bicycles. On the way, we passed villas with big French shutters, wrought-iron gates and balconies, and apartment buildings, perhaps four stories high, that were neatly bordered with jacaranda trees and guarded at their entrances by dark Sudanese *bawwabs*, who were recognizable by deep cuts in their faces—a proof of virility. In winter, they were robed in black caftans, edged at the neck and sleeves with yellow embroidery, and in white ones in summer; they wore red pointed slippers, which they kicked off into the shade under their benches as they sat fingering their amber beads, drinking dark and syrupy tea.

ACROSS the avenue from our house, spreading the full length of a block, the garden that belonged to the Anglo-Egyptian Union was shared by the Egyptian Officers Club. The Union, which had high political and social prestige, nourished the dream of colonial rapprochement—an ambivalent dream, for presumably this fraternization was meant principally to insure a smooth domination. There were sometimes hesitant movements in another direction, such as the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty of 1936, which promised Egypt more independence. But during the Second World War the British took some of these promises back in order to keep a firm grip on the Middle East against German encroachment.

From the balcony of my room, which looked across to the club lawns, I watched the pageantry of the stag reception for the Crown Prince of Iran on his engagement to Farouk's sister Fawzia. Her name, like all the royal names, began with "F," for luck. His other sisters were Fayza, Faika, Patheya. It was said later on that names beginning with "N" were bad luck for the King: there was Naguib, who deposed him; Narriman, who divorced him; and, of course, Nasser. But at that time royalty seemed secure, and a high festivity pervaded every royal occasion. Ropes of lights shimmered around the club, and there were lavish illuminations of buildings and arches throughout the city. After all, Cairo had been among the first cities in the world to use electricity, as a result of Muhammad Ali's ambition to copy the best and latest of Europe. The future Shah, then a young man of nineteen, dressed in a marshal's uniform, was received in one of those magnificent quilted tents lined with vivid geometrical designs which are deployed for ceremonies in the East. Every bit of lawn was covered with Oriental rugs. For the royal guests there were huge gilt armchairs, gross and ornate in their carvings, and probably weighing a ton, and there were cane chairs for the ordinary guests. After the fanfare and the anthems, the Muslim dignitaries filed by—white-turbaned ulemas, followed by pashas, beys, and effendis, indistinguishable in their red tarbooshes, which they kept on indoors, too. There were people who wore sunglasses even at night, to hide the trachoma-damaged eyes so common in the East. I saw a few puckish Turkish mustaches, and men sitting in typical Oriental posture, with their legs apart and their hands folded over the tops of pommelled canes in front of them. For years, I heard the national anthem—based on a melody from Verdi's "Aida"—after every ceremony at the club. When my future husband came out to Cairo during the Second World War and began to court me, he would sometimes pass our house later than I was permitted to see him and would whistle the Egyptian anthem, in the knowledge that those few bars of Verdi, which no one else would notice, would be sure to attract my attention.

Many Allied troops were sent to Cairo in the early nineteen-forties—British, Free French, Australians, South Africans, Free Greeks, Free Poles, and, later, Americans. There was death and tragedy in Europe, but here all was affluence and sparkle—or so it seemed. I remember hearing about the father-in-law of a family friend, who had played in a poker game with Farouk in which forty-five thousand pounds (some hundred and eighty thousand dollars) was lost—I can't remember by whom—without anybody's batting an eye. At a party, there might be three kings, for besides Farouk there were the two refugee monarchs of Greece and Yugoslavia.

The wives of Egyptian officers never appeared at the club. They were nonexistent on the official scene. The Queen, the Queen Mother, the princesses, and the ladies-in-waiting always wore their white silk-muslin yashmaks in public, although they often let them fall to cover only the neck and chin, almost like a token gesture to what tradition expected of them. They used to step out of bright-red palace cars—red was reserved for the royal family—looking like delicate figurines emerging at a clock's chime to reënact some exotic episode of the East, perhaps from Pierre Loti's "Disenchanted." Ordinary women and fellahin wore black, to the floor, only eyes and henna-dyed hands showing. The veil was supported by a bulky golden spool that came down from the forehead to the nose, and they bore this encumbrance with servile docility. Despite all this concealment, however, there was never great prudery about sex among Orientals. They treated it much more candidly than Europeans did at the time—with a matter-of-factness about the most intimate details, and a great lore of humor. Harem life must have undone privacy and discretion long before.

Not only among Muslims but also within the other communities—whether Christian, Coptic, or Jewish—the segregation of the sexes was strict. I do not remember ever going out alone with a young man during my secondary-school years. It would have meant inexorably that we were engaged. Young people used to call each other "Monsieur" and "Mademoiselle." But then, it was common to be engaged at sixteen or seventeen and married at eighteen. When I was seventeen, a man came to my father's office as an intermediary for a proposing family and left in a huff, saying, "You will regret it when you know who it is." But my father said I must make my own choice. He did not even tell me about the "missed opportunity" till many years later, after I was married. A school friend of one of my sisters, the daughter of the Prime Minister of Egypt at that time, married a young man chosen for her by her parents, and I remember how progressive she thought they were when she was given the chance to see him and talk with him—two distinct levels of permissiveness—before her marriage, and was even allowed to go to the cinema one evening with him, accompanied by her English governess. In that home, as in the homes of all members of the ruling class, French was spoken within the family, just as it had once been among the Russian aristocracy. The girl's husband, a very nationalistic young man who was years later to be a Cabinet minister under Nasser, sent her back to

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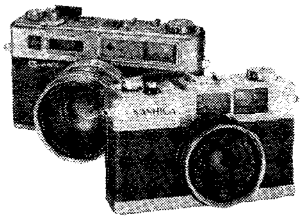

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her parents to learn Arabic. Here was the daughter of a Prime Minister of Egypt who did not know her own language, history, and literature, but who was proficient in the French classics and at ease with French grammar and history, and who had an English governess, so as to be proficient in yet another language that was still not Arabic. Some years later, she called to tell my sister that she could not see her anymore, because she would not converse in a foreign language, and she added pointedly that it would be best for our family to leave Egypt.

I still possess, on a charm bracelet, a small twenty-piastre gold coin from a few handfuls that King Farouk threw across one of the drawing rooms during his sister's wedding ceremony, like rice or confetti. Evening dress and all, I scrambled for one of them, and there, as I picked myself up, stood Mme. Cattaoui, the Queen's lady-in-waiting, taut and immobile, murmuring, for the benefit of her daughter's ears, "Don't you dare move," while the King was inspecting the female attendance. Many of the women of the court and of the Oriental bourgeoisie were very beautiful, with white skin suggesting northern descent, perhaps Circassian or Lebanese. They took immense care of themselves, watching assiduously over their whiteness, never going into the sun or taking part in any sport, lest they get sunburned. To be fair-skinned and to be very young were great assets. (One sneered in horror at the word "thin," and the man in the street frankly liked a *semina*, or well-rounded female.) When these young girls were married, they settled into a world where they seemed owned for the specific purpose of mirroring the material outpouring invested in them. At eighteen or nineteen, they were set exquisitely apart to await their special destiny. The primary obligation was beauty, the second money. Education came last.

As my school years neared their end, I became newly conscious of the world about me. Was I expected to share in it, to surmount it, or to pass it by? The voluptuous East lay within reach, totally dominated by material considerations. What could it offer a young girl? An early marriage, a life of leisure and acquisitions, bridge parties, fittings at the dressmaker and the *lingère* (for even lingerie was custom-made then), tea at Groppi's, the Sporting Club, and the usual summer months in Europe, where people went for the cool climate. One would stand in the very center of a pleasurable life, cut off from any other sort of experi-

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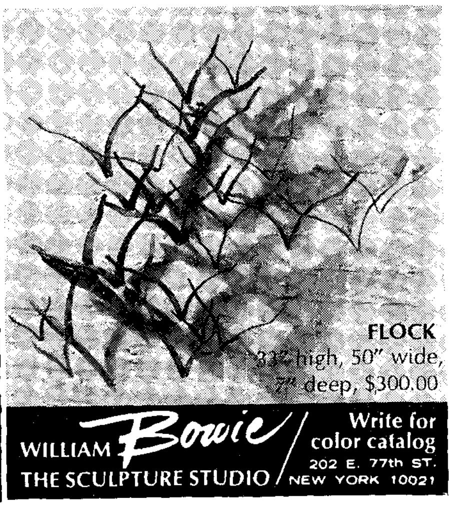
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ence. I knew I could never pass a whole life like that. My parents had made it impossible for me and my sisters to live in this customary way. And yet, in spite of their concern for social progress, there was never any thought of equipping us to enter a profession.

THE war prevented me from studying abroad, as would otherwise have been the natural order of things. For a year, I attended lectures at Fuad-el-Awal University of Cairo, where there were often student demonstrations for Egyptian independence. I could not be a regular student, as I knew only a little Arabic, and the following year I went to the American University, where all the teaching was in English, and I could take a degree. At my father's insistence, my sisters and I started learning Arabic privately. Twice a week, the library door would open and in would walk our teacher, Mr. Alama, a plump Copt, immaculately dressed in a dark suit, smelling of some strong cologne, and twirling a small branch of jasmine, which he laid on the table during the lesson. Even before he sat down, he became the prey of our mischievous minds. He would keep his red tarboosh on throughout classes, pushing it now toward his forehead and now to the back of his head, leaving his pomaded hair unruffled. We agreed among us never to answer any questions before the tarboosh had been moved. Arabic aroused no spring of motivation in our lives at the time. Arab life and Arab culture were so far removed from the daily intercourse of foreigners living in Egypt that by silent consensus the effort to learn it was judged useful only as a scholarly endeavor.

My brother also attended these private classes for two years. Having taken a double first in natural sciences at Cambridge, he was doing research in physiology and a period of clinical work at Kasr-el-Aini Hospital. He sometimes brought home echoes of the people's lives, as when he told us the story of a health inspector who had gone to a village to check on the medical situation there. After calling in all the peasants, the inspector was approached very timidly by a boy who said that he must be ill; after the boy had described his symptoms, it turned out that he was the only person in the village who did *not* have bilharzia. One year, I volunteered for the Red Crescent First Aid program, and saw a child with a cracked head have ten clamps put in with no anesthesia.

On Tuesday afternoons, my sisters

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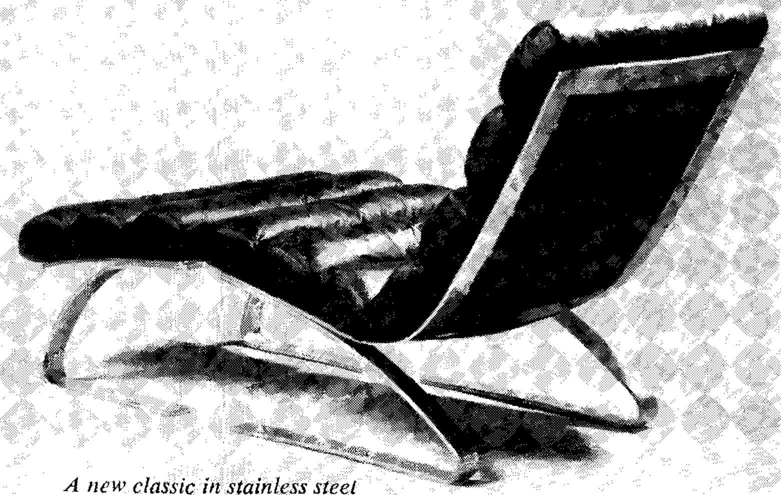

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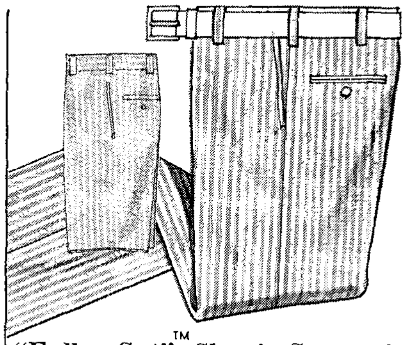

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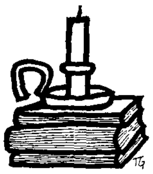
and I sometimes joined the sightseeing tours of Mrs. Devonshire, an old Englishwoman who was a great Arabophile and was well known across the Baedeker world. She used to wait for her group on the terrace of the Continental-Savoy Hotel, recognizable by her Edwardian air, her hat with dotted veil, her jabot and gloves. We used to set out at 2 P.M. in gharries, a number of which always stood in front of the hotel. There would be anything from two to six carriages, and the police always helped us through the bedlam of cars and trams as we swung round the Place de l'Opéra—dominated for months by luscious posters of Um Kalthum, the great national singer, or of some entertainer like Mme. Badia. At the crack of the kurbash, the horses would race into the Arab heart of Cairo, with its magnificent Islamic architecture and its picturesque streets. Once we had left behind the red-carpeted steps of the Continental's Art Nouveau terrace, its straw furniture and potted palms, its red-sashed *soufragis* who could be summoned with a clap of the hands for the usual "whiskey soda," we entered another world, where venders sold brightly colored drinks of tamarind and karkadé to the sound of brass saucers, which they clacked like cymbals. There were stalls with big jars of seeds and nuts, trays of desiccated carobs and lentils of bright orange, artisans' shops of all sorts, and hovels for scribes and moneylenders. Cars would rush through the narrow streets honking, for nothing but speed and noise assured any progress. If a car stopped in a side street, Arab lads sometimes slapped its fender, as if it were the rump of an animal.

A whole drift of humanity flowed aimlessly through the alleyways of bazaars. In the smell of musty wood and spices and urine, a man would be selling garlands of jasmine. Standing on the steps of a mosque, one would be pestered by swarms of beggar children crying "*Baksheesh*," for alms, and by old, toothless beggars, eyes streaming with pus and faces covered with flies, moaning "*Maskeen*" ("Poor man"). In self-protection, one said "*Imshee*" ("Go away"), and one felt cruel or guilty, or at least uncomfortable. Mrs. Devonshire, tall and stately, carried a parasol as an intimation of protection, and a flyswatter as well, which looked like a small white horsetail, but these accessories did not help much.



Through the excursions with Mrs. Devonshire, I felt, I could get some sense of the life of the city. I could at least get near its colors, its smells, and its disorder. We would return at sunset from the Ibn Tulun Mosque, or Bab-el-Futuh, or the Citadel, and, because of the height of the gharries, we would feel raised to some level halfway between the street and the minarets. The dark silhouettes of buildings were delineated against a flamboyant sky, and at that hour hundreds of twittering white birds settled down on the trees along the Nile, suddenly transforming the greenery, as if by magic, with a semblance of white flowers. It was the best hour, and in the summer it was the signal for people to go out on their balconies, or settle down in their gardens, or bring chairs out onto pavements or into alleyways, so that the evening breeze could give them respite from the harshness of the day.

THERE was a lot of activity at our house in those years. My mother had attached herself to various causes, such as the orphanage of the Jewish community, for which elegant ladies often gathered in our big hall to sew baby clothes. With the war, there was the Soldiers' Welfare Club. My mother, like my father, was born in Palestine of a Zionist pioneering family, and they both felt special solidarity with the thousands of Palestinian Jewish soldiers who came to Cairo on leave from their units. These soldiers had volunteered to join the British Army (since at that time Palestine was still a British mandate) in order to fight against Hitler. Every Saturday night, we held open house. Our home was very popular, because we spoke Hebrew and celebrated the Jewish holidays. Besides, we had our family roots in Palestine, where my grandparents lived, at Motza, outside Jerusalem, and we often had friends or relatives from Palestine staying with us. One used to take the train from Jerusalem or Lod and arrive in Cairo some seven hours later. It was as simple as that. The Palestine Symphony Orchestra (now the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra) came to Cairo during the winter season.

My two sisters and I each practiced the piano every day for an hour or two. Since there were only two pianos in the house, there were always arguments. One day, my father bought a third piano—the second grand. We put it in our playroom upstairs, next to the Ping-Pong table, which we used as a collective desk surface so as not to have to do our homework in our own rooms. Mlle. Flore, our *femme de chambre*, often sat with us, in a corner of the

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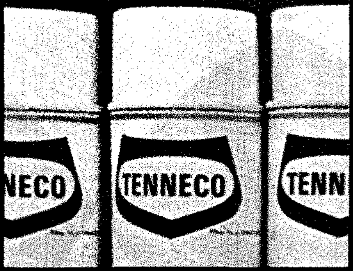

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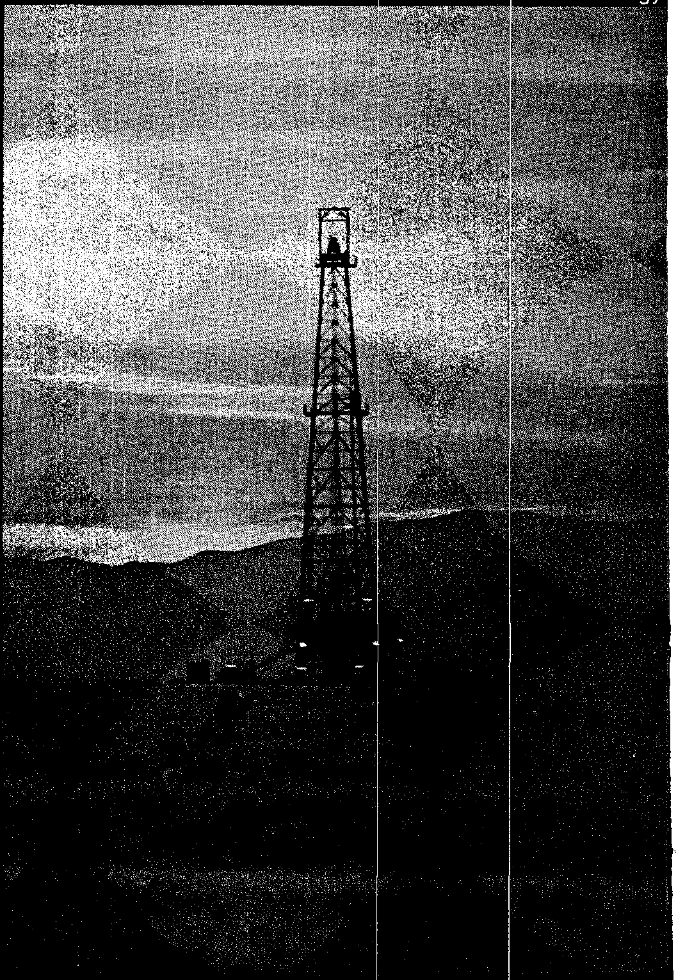

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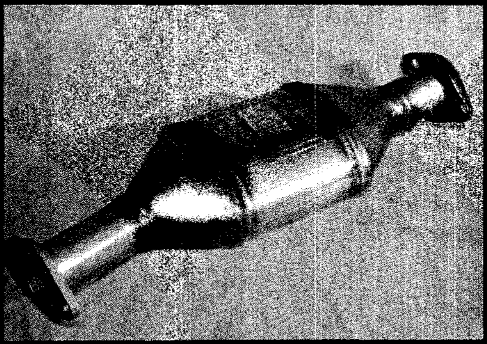

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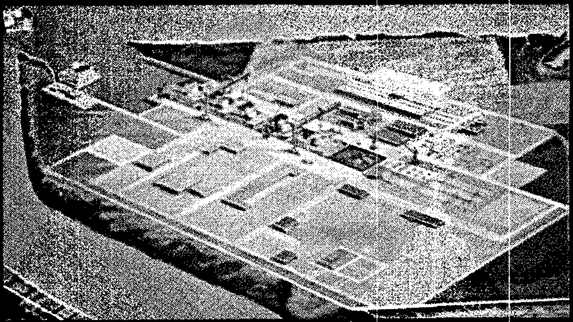

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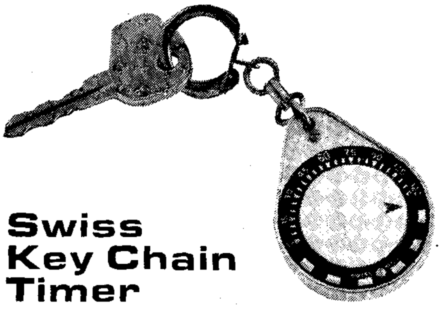

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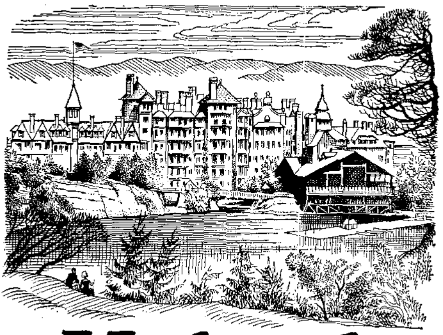
playroom, busy initialling linen or putting in hems, or waiting to comb our hair. In Egypt, back in those days, having three pianos did not seem eccentric. Every afternoon, our house sounded like a conservatory of music. Had we lived elsewhere, perhaps we would not all three have played the same instrument. But piano was the customary choice in Cairo, except for the violin, which was my brother's domain.

We often played music when my brother brought some of his friends from Cambridge to the house. In addition to Aubrey Eban, as he then called himself, a young Orientalist who was later to be my husband, there was John Kendrew, who had become a squadron leader in the Royal Air Force. With our friends George and Lydia Misrahy, who were the children of Misrahy Pasha, the King's lawyer, our whole group once spent three days camping near Baltim, on the Mediterranean coast. We rode there in a caravan along the deserted shore, enjoying a commanding view of land and sea from camels' backs. The Misrahys' chauffeur had been sent down with us, and he was our liaison with the village nearby, where, in the name of "*Bint el Basha*" ("The Pasha's daughter," the letter "P" being nonexistent in Arabic), all our wishes were immediately fulfilled—camels brought outside our tents, a felucca sent to our shore for sailing. The chauffeur also did most of our food planning, but, in tribute to John Kendrew's scientific proficiency, we put him in charge of the primus. (Years later, as a molecular biologist, he won a Nobel Prize, and was knighted.) We girls, who were wearing trousers borrowed from our brothers, were delighted when the chauffeur came to tell us that in the village they thought we were actresses, because we were not dressed like ladies.

Lydia's father, as a lawyer, and my father, as consultant engineer for the Suez Canal Company, had many business dealings. Attuned as they were in their thinking on various professional matters, Father and Misrahy Pasha disagreed on some political issues. Misrahy always poked fun at my father's Zionist beliefs. "We Jews are protected by the King," Misrahy said. Nobody at that time thought to wonder who would protect the King. Later, when my parents moved from Egypt to Palestine, they heard that Misrahy had experienced a nightmare of difficulties. Serag el Din, the Wafdist Minister of the Interior, declared that all subjects except Muslims and Copts,



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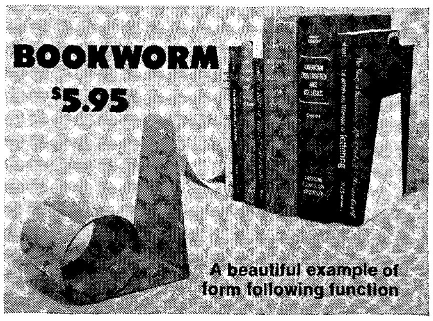

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who were considered Egyptian, had o submit a *shehada genseyya*, or cerificate of nationality, proving that their amilies had been resident in Egypt in 1848. The trouble was that in 1848 here was no registry of births in Egypt. So the property of people who lid not have foreign passports and were actually Egyptian nationals, but neither Muslim nor Christian, was confiscated. It was clear what minority the law was aimed at. The Misrahy home was sequestrated and was later rented by the Egyptian authorities to the Mexican Embassy. The Pasha took refuge in France, where he died. Since he was a Grand Officier de la Légion d'Honneur, he was accorded a French state funeral—with nobody but Lydia and a few others to follow the hearse. Lydia's husband suffered worse than the loss of property. His family owned land in the village of Chibina-el-Anotter, and because a son of the omdeh, or village headman, had been killed in Sinai in the 1948 War of Independence between Egypt and Israel, the omdeh's family hired a man for twenty dollars to kill the brother of Lydia's husband.

Today, there are many refugees of that period in Paris, and also in Rome, Geneva, London, and New York. Some of them can't bear to talk about what happened to the Jews of Egypt. Others, in a different mood, nostalgically remember the luxury and pleasure of life there. I have heard people recall the feeling of bright promise back in 1936, when young Prince Farouk was recalled from the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich upon his father's death. He was a mere youngster then, and so handsome! For the coronation party at Abdin Palace, he appeared—fair-skinned and gentle-looking—in a shiny chalk-white suit and a red cape to receive the diplomats and the aristocracy of the land. The long table was glittering with vermeil, and all the flowers came from the palace hothouses. Behind the table, in a perfect line, stood the darkest of Berber lackeys, dressed in red pantaloons and gold-braided boleros. The festivities were spectacular. They seemed to augur a happy reign.

—Suzy Eban

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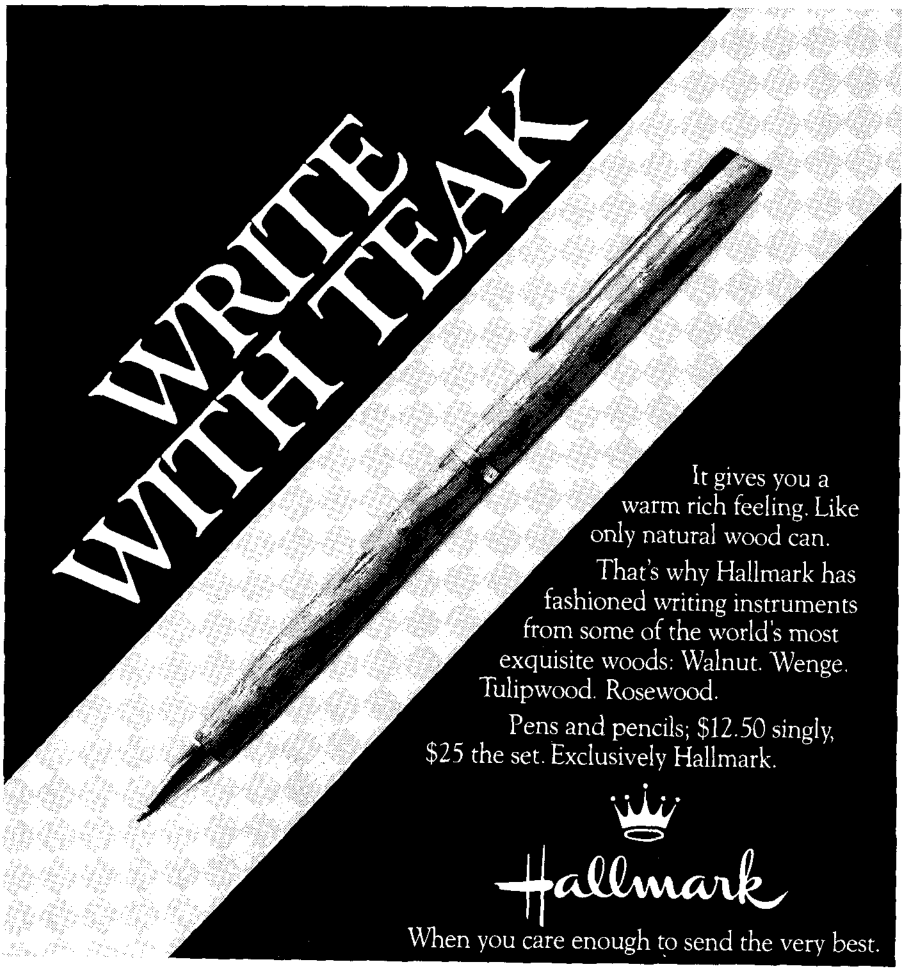

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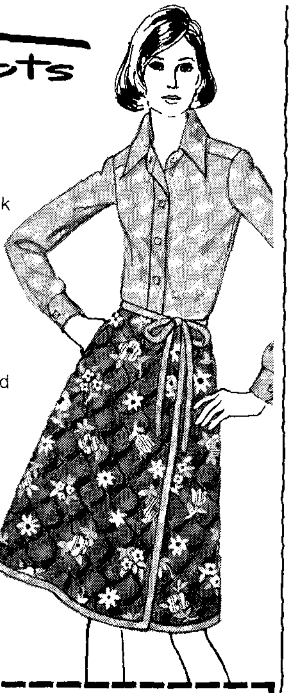

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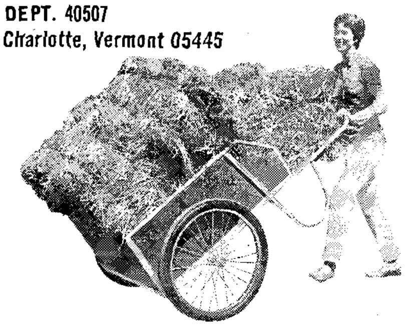

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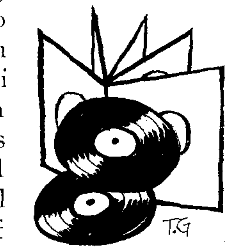
MUSICAL EVENTS

Concert Records

IT would be difficult to beat Deutsche Grammophon's version of Mozart's "Don Giovanni," which has Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau as the Don and Karl Böhm as conductor, but Philips has done it with a new release. This recording, by the Orchestra of Covent Garden, Colin Davis conducting, offers Ingvar Wixell, Martina Arroyo, Stuart Burrows, Luigi Roni, Kiri Te Kanawa, Wladimiro Ganzarolli, Richard van Allen, and Mirella Freni (6707-022; eight sides). In fact, the quality of both issues is so high that one is reduced to pointing out certain small contrasts between some of the singers. Martina Arroyo, who happens to sing in both (Elvira for D.G., Anna for Philips), is, because of the youthful and agile quality of her voice, superior as Anna to D.G.'s Birgit Nilsson, who is a great singer but is miscast in this role. Wixell is a robust and virile Don Giovanni, whereas D.G.'s Fischer-Dieskau is a more subtle one. Ganzarolli's Leporello is broader and less controlled than the interpretation by D.G.'s Ezio Flagello, but good, nevertheless. I prefer Arroyo's Elvira to Te Kanawa's, though both are fine singers. It is really a draw between D.G.'s Peter Schreier and Philips' Burrows as Ottavio, and between Reri Grist (D.G.) and Freni (Philips) as Zerlina. Both the Masettos are superb, and so are both the Commendatores. To get the opera onto eight sides, small, unimportant cuts have been made: a recitative by Zerlina for Philips and a bit of the stage music in the last scene for D.G. The two recordings are worthy versions of probably the greatest opera ever written.



Bellini's "I Puritani" is, dramatically, a very silly opera, and there are stretches of mediocre melodic writing, but it does have a few virtues. The best of these is the heroine's "Qui la voce sua soave." It has been called the most beautiful operatic aria of all time. A whole essay could be, and probably has been, devoted to its peculiar and hauntingly expressive structure, in which two spectacular drops to the flatted sixth of a major scale, entailing a daringly eccentric resolution of a diminished-seventh chord, seem to dredge the depths of human sorrow. But it is more to the point to say that this is the supreme example of the melodic refinement of Bellini at his best. Except for a final flourish, it is not a florid melody, like "Casta Diva;" it is as pure as a melody can be. To me, at least, it is superior to any aria in his more popular "Norma." A soprano who can infuse her voice with the ultimate in dramatic feeling makes it an unforgettable experience. Beverly Sills is such a soprano, and her singing of it, in A.B.C.'s album of the complete opera (A.B.C./ATS 20016; six sides), is one of the gems of recorded song. She is surrounded by a superb cast (Nicolai Gedda, Louis Quilico, Paul Plishka) and the London Philharmonic, Julius Rudel conducting. The answer to the question of whether it is worth buying the whole album just to get "Qui la voce" is yes. There are other fine moments, and the performance by the cast, and especially by Mr. Gedda, is exceptional.

Mozart's "The Magic Flute" has been set down by the Orchestra and Chorus of the Bavarian State Opera, Wolfgang Sawallisch conducting, with Anneliese Rothenberger, Brigitte Fassbaender, Olivera Miljakovic, Edda Moser, Peter Schreier, Walter Berry, and Kurt Moll (Angel SCL-3807; six sides). This is an admirable cast, and it observes all the refinements of the true Mozart style. The album stands up well against several other recordings.

Verdi's "I Vespri Siciliani" has been recorded by R.C.A. Victor in London, and some of the cast involved sang the 1973-74 revival at the Metropolitan (R.C.A. Red Seal ARL 4-0370; eight sides). The Metropolitan's young major conductor, James Levine, presides. The principals are Martina Arroyo, Placido Domingo, Sherrill Milnes, and Ruggero Raimondi, and the orchestra and chorus are the New Philharmonia Orchestra and the John Alldis Choir. This is Verdi, robust and melodramatic, in his middle period, and the rendition by all concerned is excellent.

The latest version of J. S. Bach's "St. Matthew Passion" brings us the Berlin Philharmonic and the Wiener Singverein, Herbert von Karajan conducting, along with Gundula Janowitz, Christa Ludwig, Peter Schreier, Horst Laubenthal, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Walter Berry, and Anton Diakov (Deutsche Grammophon 2711-

012; eight sides)—a distinguished cast, particularly graced by the singing of Fischer-Dieskau as Christ and of Christa Ludwig in several roles. Karajan's interpretation is a bit finicky, however, and the orchestra is unduly reticent.

Bach's "Christmas Oratorio," under the baton of Eugen Jochum, with the Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra and Chorus, is, on the other hand, vigorous and much less precious (Philips 6703-037; six sides). This is one of Bach's most joyous and most moving works. The splendid cast includes Elly Ameling, Brigitte Fassbaender, Horst Laubenthal, and Hermann Prey, the last of whom is particularly eloquent. This is an outstanding recording.

Arnold Schoenberg is a debatable composer, but there is nothing obscure or unattractive about his Concerto for String Quartet and Orchestra (after Handel's Concerto Grosso, Opus 6, No. 7). It is middle-period Schoenberg (1933), composed when the famous atonalist had relaxed a bit. Being based on Handel, it is rather Handelian, but Schoenberg has added a great deal that has a Brahmsian or Regeresque flavor. The Lenox Quartet and the London Symphony Orchestra have, in Desto DC 7170 (two sides), given it what seems here and there a slightly harsh performance. Schoenberg's String Trio, Opus 45 (1946), is included. This is a completely twelve-tone work, and a raucous one.

Schoenberg's String Quartet in D Minor, Opus 7, is an early transitional work, interesting to those who feel that this composer is the true center of twentieth-century musical development. Composed halfway between "Verklärte Nacht" and "Pierrot Lunaire," it is written in a complex chromatic idiom that could be called Wagner without the genius. It has been recorded by the La Salle String Quartet, which performs magnificently (Deutsche Grammophon 2530-329; two sides). I find the work restless, chaotic, and labored.

For Callas enthusiasts, there are two recently reissued old Angel recordings of complete operas: Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera" (Seraphim IC-6087) and "La Forza del Destino" (Seraphim IC-6088). Both are mono, on six sides, and both employ the forces of La Scala, Antonio Votto and Tullio Serafin conducting. The passionate sound of the Callas voice in its best days is here preserved, and it is nothing short of electrifying. The "Forza" recording has Richard Tucker and Nicola Rossi-Lemeni, both rather young

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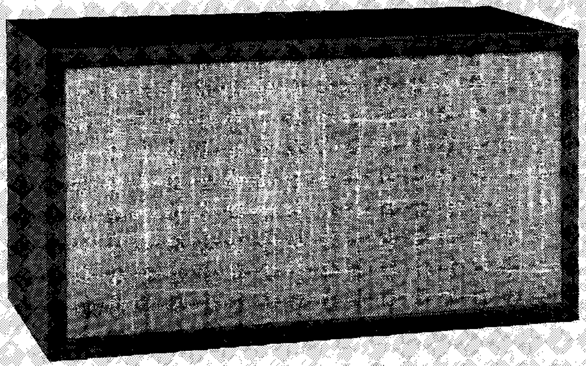

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at the time, and both quite impressive.

Boito's "Mefistofele" appears in a new performance by the London Symphony Orchestra and the Ambrosian Opera Chorus, Julius Rudel conducting, with Norman Treigle, Placido Domingo, and Montserrat Caballé (Angel SCLX-3806; six sides). Both Caballé and Domingo are known quantities, and they sing beautifully. But the main value of this album is that it preserves Treigle's notable vocal version of the title role, which has both power and subtlety. I say "vocal" because the effectiveness of his many performances of it with the New York City Opera was greatly diminished by Tito Capobianco's foolish stage direction.

The British composer Sir Michael Tippett has been enjoying rather a vogue lately in American concert halls. His opera, "The Knot Garden," has been recorded by Philips (6700-063; four sides), and so has his Symphony No. 3 (6500-662; two sides). The opera involves a psychiatrist and some unhappy people, and there are frequent allusions to Shakespeare's "The Tempest." Sir Michael appears to be a sort of post-"Wozzeck" expressionist. Both the symphony and the opera are for the most part atonal, but the orchestration is extraordinarily deft and original. These works are not for everybody. I find them interesting but not much more than that. The cast of the opera includes Raimund Herincx, Yvonne Minton, Josephine Barstow, and Robert Tear; Colin Davis conducts the Orchestra of Covent Garden for the opera and the London Symphony Orchestra for the other work.

Rachmaninoff's long "The Bells," Opus 35, has been recorded by the Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Phyllis Curtin, George Shirley, Michael Devlin, and the Temple University Choirs. The composer's Three Russian Songs for Chorus and Orchestra, Opus 41, are included (R.C.A. Red Seal ARL 1-0193; two sides). "The Bells," inspired by Edgar Allan Poe's poem and written in Rome, is often termed a "choral symphony." It is nothing of the sort, but it *is* a series of four quite evocative tone poems, composed by a man who was a master writer of songs. It is performed with their customary grace by the Philadelphians and their favorite chorus, and so are the Russian Songs, which are late Rachmaninoff. Both works are sung in English.

Yehudi Menuhin and the Bath Festival Orchestra have set down Bach's Four Suites for Orchestra at-

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tractively indeed (Seraphim SIB 6085; four sides). As is usual when Menuhin is conducting, the style is firm and devoid of musicological affectations—the sort of thing he refers to in the liner notes as "good old English roast Bach."

After a youth as the *Wunderkind* of Viennese composers, the late Erich Wolfgang Korngold established himself in Hollywood, where he became perhaps the finest of all composers of movie scores. He was a superb technician, ranking with the great Richard Strauss, whose music his somewhat resembles. Angel has released his Violin Concerto (Opus 35), his Suite of Incidental Music for Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing" (Opus 11), and his Theme and Variations (Opus 42) as "The Classic Erich Wolfgang Korngold." All this has been recorded by the Stuttgart Radio Orchestra, Willy Mattes conducting, with Ulf Hoelscher, violin (S 36999; two sides). The concerto is based on themes from his movie music but is nonetheless a masterly composition, strangely neglected since its première—by Jascha Heifetz, in St. Louis, in 1947. Mr. Hoelscher gives the violin part an appropriately schmalzy Viennese reading. The suite has a magical touch in orchestration which is now extinct. The Theme and Variations has a certain Czech feeling (Korngold was born in Moravia).

Angel has also released a very slow and very noble performance of Bruckner's Eighth Symphony, with the late Otto Klemperer conducting the New Philharmonia Orchestra (SB-3799; four sides). Some tempos are *too* slow for my taste, particularly in the Scherzo, and the cuts in the Finale deprive it of some of its monumentality. But Dr. Klemperer was a great Bruckner conductor, with expansive habits in rubato, and the performance has an admirable clarity.

It is amusing that the inscrutable Chinese, after denouncing Beethoven and several other Western composers because they are "bourgeois," should produce the extremely bourgeois "Yellow River Concerto," which draws most of its inspiration from Liszt and Rachmaninoff. It was recorded, along with some other showpieces (Respighi's "Pines of Rome," "Stars and Stripes Forever," and so on), by Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra after the orchestra's historic tour of China (R.C.A. Red Seal ARL 1-0415; two sides). Daniel Epstein is the piano soloist in the concerto, which was apparently written by a committee.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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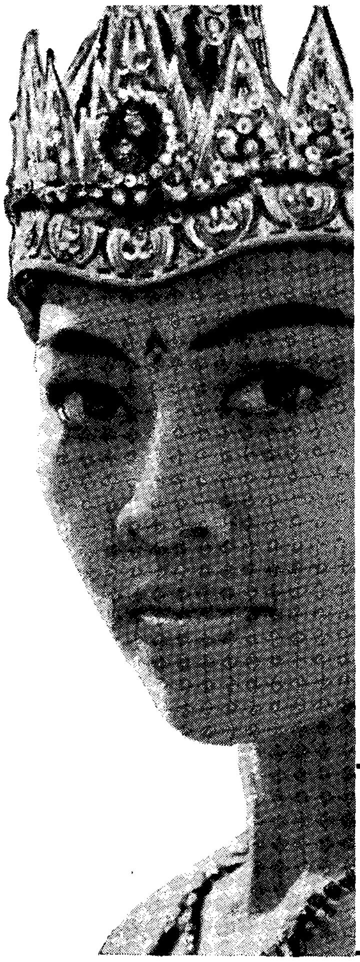

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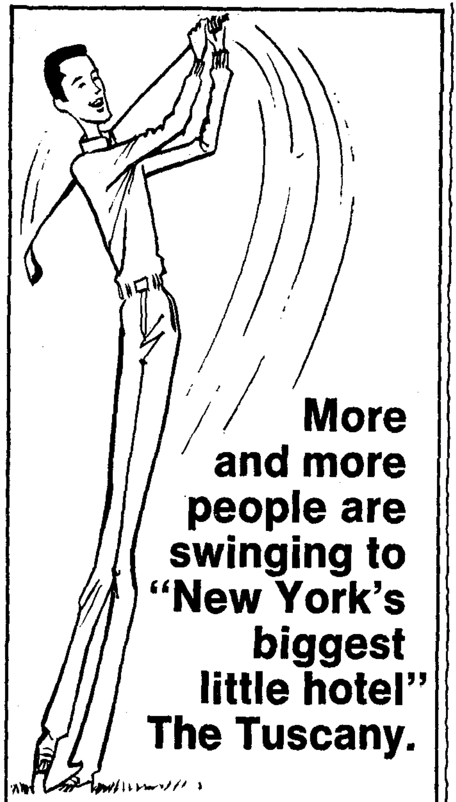

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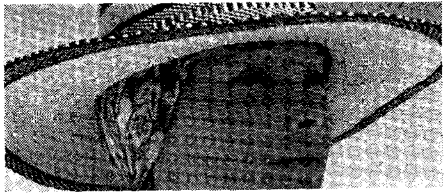

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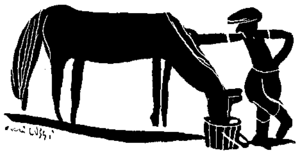
THE RACE TRACK

As Good as Ever

FOREGO was himself again in the Brooklyn Handicap at Aqueduct on the Fourth of July, winning by three-quarters of a length from Billy Come Lately, hero of the Massachusetts Handicap, to whom he gave fifteen pounds. Arbees Boy, who beat Forego in the Metropolitan, was third, two lengths farther back. Six lengths behind him, Dancer's Verde led the three other also-rans. Gustines, who rides Forego, let him enjoy himself, galloping him leisurely for a couple of furlongs as the colt settled into his stride, while Dancer's Verde, Stook, and Billy Come Lately were winging along lengths out front. About halfway in the mile-and-three-sixteenths run, Forego began picking up his field—Billy Come Lately last of all—and the two had a short but lively contest to the wire. Forego went off the favorite at 2–5, a very liberal price, since his opposition was less formidable than it had been in the past, and there was less lead in his saddle. He carried only 129 pounds, and everybody knows what a difference a few pounds make. When he ran second in the Metropolitan he carried 134 pounds—twenty-two more than Arbees Boy—and in the Nassau County Handicap, a month later, in which he was second again, he gave twenty pounds to Timeless Moment, who is better than an empty stall in any stable. No doubt with the lighter impost Forego decided to run a bit in the Brooklyn. Altogether, he hasn't done badly for Lazy F Ranch, which owns him, and Sherrill Ward, who trains him; he has won fourteen of his twenty-five starts and $511,287 in prize money, and there's surely more to come.



Shortly after Aqueduct opened, with the skies gray and the weather chilly, a race-track wit called it "a little old icebox." I venture to say that every last one of the crowd that sweltered in the more than ninety degrees of heat on the Fourth wished someone could turn on the cool. There are times when going racing isn't much fun.

THE late Wilson Mizner used to say, "There is no sweeter music to a gambler's ear than the squawk of a sucker that has been trimmed of his dough." Too bad Mizner isn't around to hear the wailing over OTB's five-per-cent surcharge on all winning tickets. He would love it. Since the extra tax went into effect last week, wagering with OTB at its more than a hundred offices around town has plummeted by about twenty per cent, and both attendance and betting in the tote at the Big A have gone up—nothing like twenty per cent, but noticeably. To be sure, it is much too early to estimate what the new tax is going to do to the betting shops, but, as I've said before, if it sends more horseplayers to the tracks it's all right with me. Frankly, your curmudgeonly correspondent is opposed to off-course betting in *all* its phases. As the saying goes, they do things better in France. Only there has off-course betting worked well for the sport, enabling the tracks to give more prize money than is offered anywhere else to the people who put on the show.

MERVIN LEROY and Jimmy Kilroe are always thinking up interesting things for Hollywood Park. Last week, they announced a match race between Chris Evert, winner of the New York Racing Association's triple crown for three-year-old fillies, and Miss Musket, the best of her age and sex in the West, to be run on July 20th. It will be at a mile and a quarter for a purse of $350,000, winner take all. Carl Rosen, who owns Chris Evert, and Aaron Jones, an Oregon lumberman who owns Miss Musket, will put up a hundred thousand dollars each, and the Hollywood Park management will add a hundred and fifty thousand, making it the richest purse ever for a match race. Velasquez will ride Chris Evert, and Pincay will be on Miss Musket. Weights will be scale—121 pounds. Chris Evert was flown to Los Angeles last week and is now training smartly over the track.

Weekend before last, Hollywood Park put on an all-star jockeys' race at a mile and a sixteenth for what I'd say were Class B horses, but there was a special purse of $10,000 for the boy who rode the winner. It brought out eleven riders, and the purse went to Santiago, on a five-year-old named Chesapeake, who won by four lengths from Shoemaker on Summer Vacation, the favorite. Velasquez, on Unevenly, was third, and Pincay, on First Majesty, was fourth. Baeza, on Congo Moon, was tenth. Right now, Santiago

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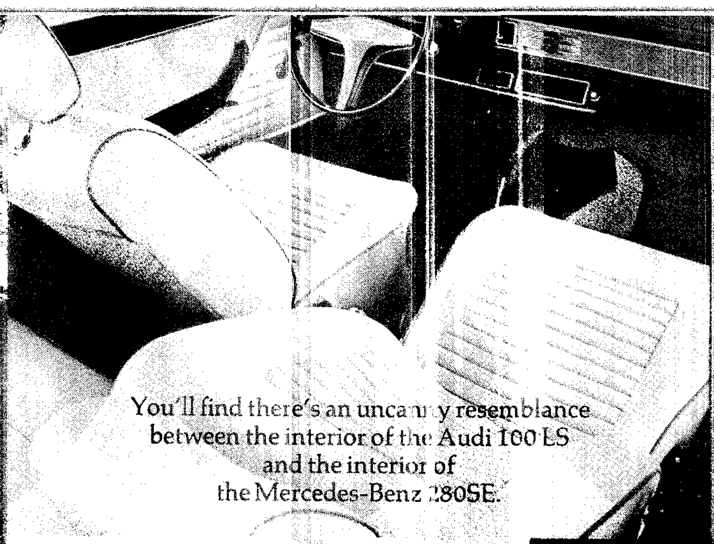

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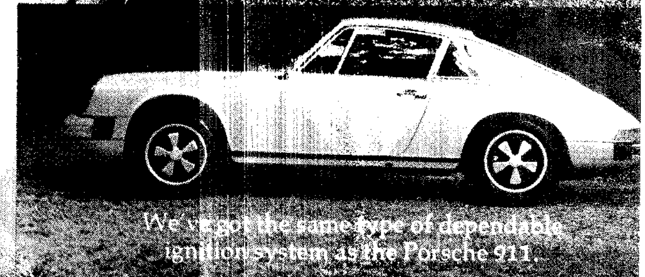

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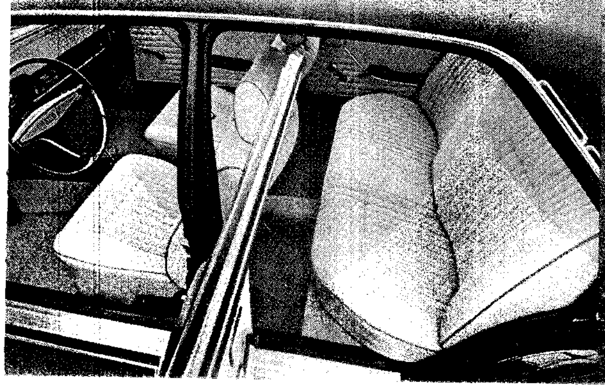

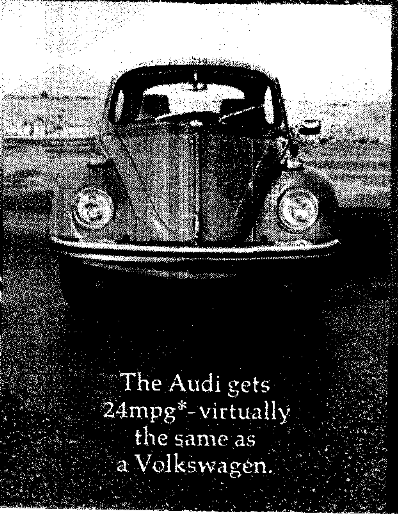

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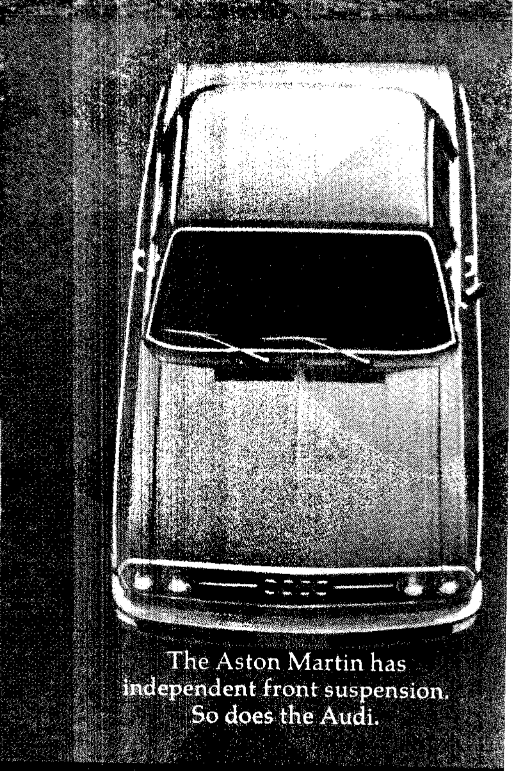

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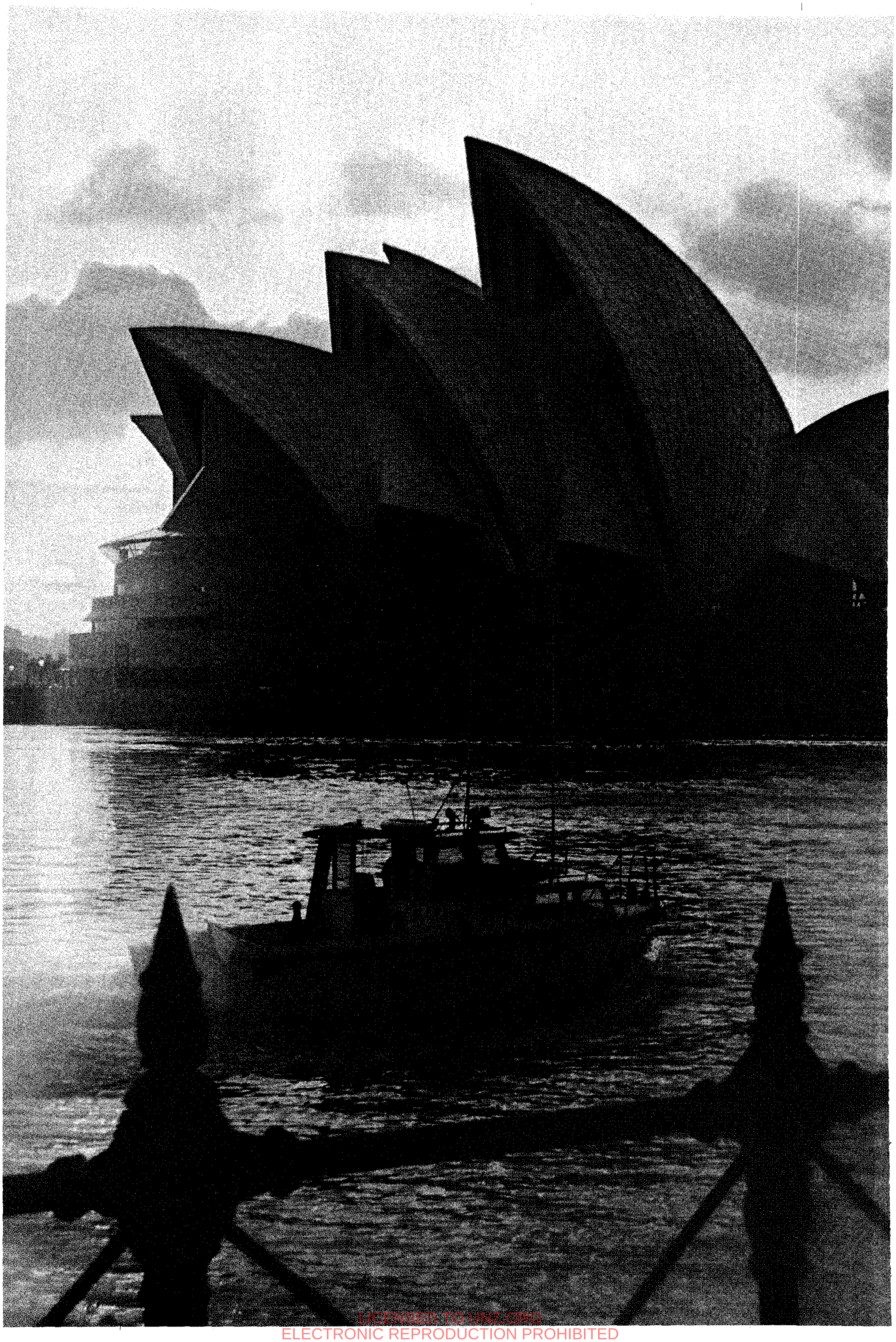

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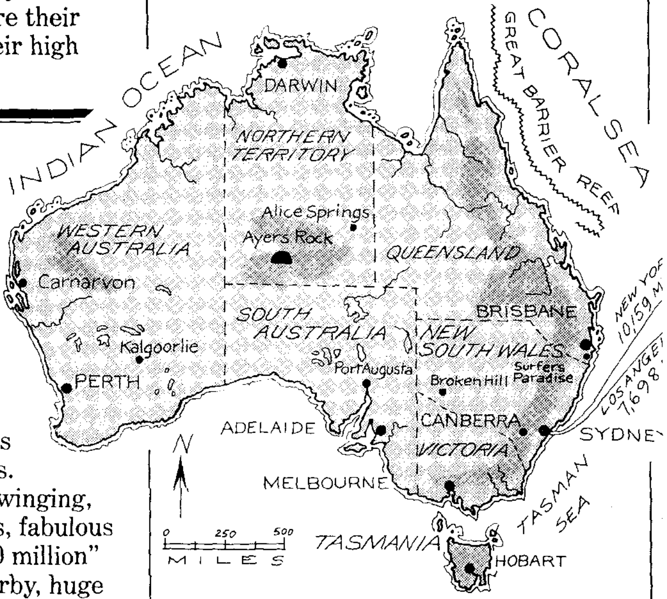
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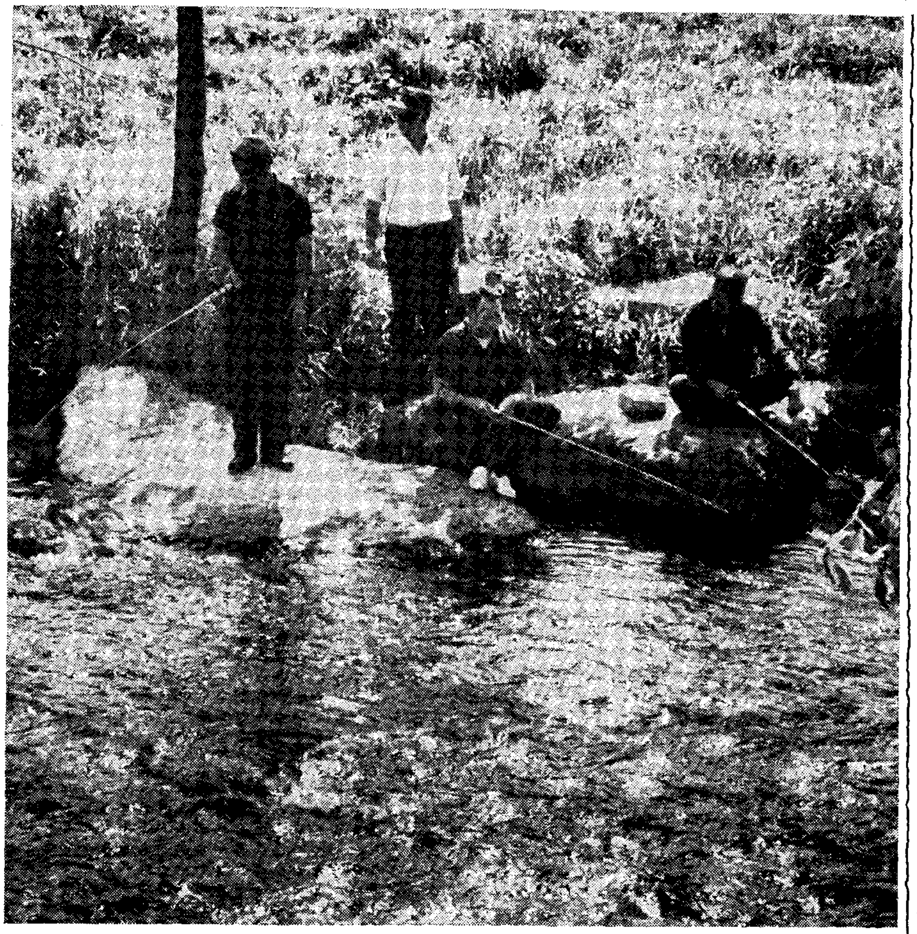

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is in great form. He won the Saranac Handicap on Accipter at Aqueduct on opening day, and he won the other day with Glossary, a 40–1 shot, in the new $100,000 Secretariat Stakes at Chicago's Arlington Park. In the six-figure Swaps Stakes, for three-year-olds at a mile and a quarter, which followed the all-star jockeys' race, Shoemaker made every post a winning one on Agitate, who, by the way, is a grandson of Swaps. It was the first victory for Agitate since he won the California Derby early last spring, but on the strength of it he is well fancied for the $150,000 Hollywood Derby this weekend.

THE Queen's Plate, Canada's classic, is always a good show, even on a rainy day. I didn't see the recent running, the hundred-and-fifteenth, but returning travellers from Toronto report that it was well up to its customary pomp and enthusiasm, though Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, had to ride to the reception area in a limousine instead of being escorted down the homestretch in an open landau, as she had been in the past. As for the race, fourteen Canadian three-year-olds splashed through the mile and a quarter of heavy going, at the end of which Jack Stafford's Amber Herod won by a length and a half from George Hendrie's Native Aid. Aubrey W. Minshall's Rushton's Corsair was third, and E. P. Taylor's Police Car, the favorite, was fourth. Mr. Stafford, who made his fortune producing Canadian jams and jellies and has a lot of fun breeding and racing a few horses, won the Plate a year ago with Royal Chocolate, and he thinks this year's winner is better. Could be.

SO far, the two-year-olds we've seen this season have hardly been a vintage lot. Happily, the Greentree Stable trotted one out last week that I think we can cheer about. He is Knightly Sport, a handsome dark-bay colt by Sir Gaylord out of Sack Race, by Cohoes. In the Juvenile Stakes, against seasoned runners, several of them stakes winners, he did everything right and won comfortably—his second score in two times out. John Gaver, who trains him, will probably reserve him for Saratoga. —AUDAX MINOR

•

Shortcake is best served hot. If desired, it may be baked ahead and reheated. Wrap in foil, and eat in 400 degree oven for 10 minutes.—*Charlotte (N.C.) Observer.*

Nine if you're thin-skinned.

BOOKS

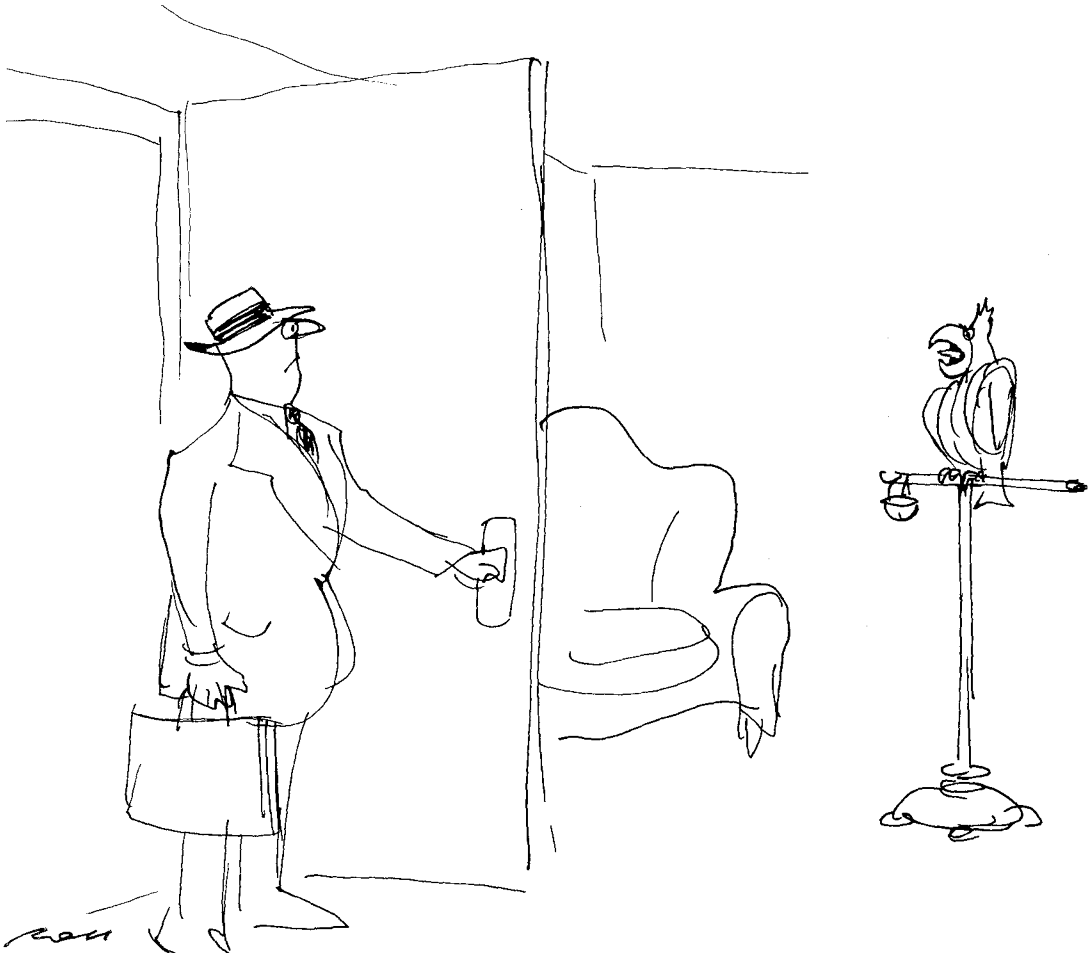
A New Meliorism

WHO dares now doubt that empirical science is the only legally licensed hunter of truth and e one legitimate dispenser of informa- n about reality? Yet who but the ientists themselves can comprehend hat science is saying? So a class of sayists has grown up—they are almost e only surviving specimens of that licate breed—that seeks to acquaint with the astonishing facts revealed by search and to place them in a per- ective that we might call philosophi- l, did not the word itself embarrass . Loren Eiseley, Desmond Morris, nnie Dillard, Joseph Wood Krutch, . G. Wells—each of these, with his vn special tone and own field of ecialized knowledge, makes "sense" the surreal scientific facts that loom yond our lives like Oz, a benevolent ngdom ever receding into strange- ss, but one that now and then deigns send us, in whimsical emission, a new munity, or photographs of other anets. Dr. Lewis Thomas, whose says for *The New England Journal Medicine* have been col- cted as "The Lives of a ell: Notes of a Biology 'atcher" (Viking), is by ofession a pathologist, by sition the president of the lemorial Sloan-Kettering ancer Center in this city, d by avocation a lively, oughtful writer. His field expert knowledge, and of editation, is the micro- sm within the cell, but he so draws thoughts from tomology and etymology, d believes that the best ing about the human race far is Johann Sebastian ach. Writing for his fel- w physicians and re- archers, Dr. Thomas does t trouble to spare them rd words like "haptene," ukaryotic," and "myxo- icha." In several essays deals candidly with the actice of medicine. ("The reat secret, known to in- rnists and learned early marriage by internists' ives, but still hidden from e general public, is that ost things get better by emselves.") In other es- ys, he twits the anthro- ologist C. M. Turnbull's dire report on the Ik, ruminates about computers, dotes with surprising fervor on the intricacies of word derivations, and pays tribute to the Woods Hole Marine Biological Laboratory. But the collection as a whole is by no means farraginous; it has a voice—awed yet optimistic, with little of Loren Eiseley's melancholy sense of inhuman vastness—and a theme. The theme is, in a word, symbiosis.

The first essay states, and several others remark upon, the fact that has impressed Dr. Thomas most:

> At the interior of our cells, driving them, providing the oxidative energy that sends us out for the improvement of each shining day, are the mitochondria, and in a strict sense they are not ours. They turn out to be little separate creatures, the colonial posterity of migrant prokaryocytes, probably primitive bacteria that swam into ancestral precursors of our eukaryotic cells and stayed there. Ever since, they have maintained themselves and their ways, replicating in their own fashion, privately, with their own DNA and RNA quite different from ours. They are as much symbionts as the rhizobial bacteria in the roots of beans.

Similarly, chloroplasts in plants are "independent and self-replicating lodgers;" the flagellae that propel myxotricha turn out to be fully formed spirochetes that have tidily attached themselves; the enzyme-producing colonies in the digestive tracts of many animals illustrate "meticulously symmetrical symbiosis;" giant clams possess small lenses in their tissue that focus sunlight for the engulfed, symbiotic algae. The moral seems plain: "There is a tendency for living things to join up, establish linkages, live inside each other, return to earlier arrangements, get along, whenever possible. This is the way of the world." Most diseases result from overreaction on the part of the body's defenders, "a biologic misinterpretation of borders." Apparently malevolent micro-organisms "turn out on close examination to be rather more like bystanders." "Pathogenicity is not the rule. . . . There is nothing to be gained, in an evolutionary sense, by the



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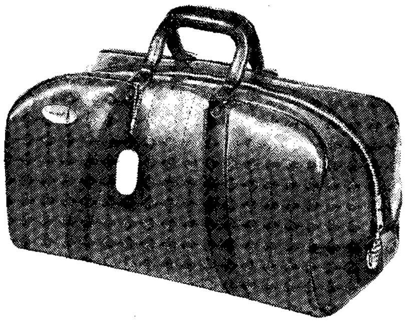

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capacity to cause illness or death.” What a benevolent world the microscope reveals! “Most bacteria are totally preoccupied with browsing,” just like cows. Subtle and harmonious arrangements abound: insects, harboring beneficent bacteria in their tissues, coöperate to build cathedral-like anthills and beehives; apparent adversaries among living things are “usually [in] a standoff relation, with one party issuing signals, warnings, flagging the other off;” animals and human beings are interconnected by codes of sound and odors and “chemotactic” “vibes;” language is our own anthill, “the most compulsively collective . . . and autonomic of all the things we do;” the *very atmosphere* of our Earth, the sky, is “the grandest product of collaboration in all of nature.” Benevolent coöperation reigns from top to bottom of at least this terrestrial sphere; “nature red in tooth and claw” has been transfigured by the “something intrinsically good-natured about all symbiotic relations.” Small wonder that Dr. Thomas's perky, compact essays usually end on the upbeat—even his pages on death, which bid us take comfort “in the recognition of synchrony, in the information that we all go down together, in the best of company.”

His absorption in the marvels of symbiotic interconnection intoxicates this scientist, and leads him into flights of what must be fantasy: “Any word you speak this afternoon will radiate out in all directions, around town before tomorrow, out and around the world before Tuesday, accelerating to the speed of light, modulating as it goes, shaping new and unexpected messages, emerging at the end as an enormously funny Hungarian joke, a fluctuation in the money market, a poem, or simply a long pause in someone's conversation in Brazil.” Is this meant literally? The image of the joke returns later: “Maybe the thoughts we generate today and flick around from mind to mind, like the jokes that turn up simultaneously at dinner parties in Hong Kong and Boston . . . are the primitive precursors of more complicated, polymerized structures that will come later, analogous to the prokaryotic cells that drifted through shallow pools in the early days of biological evolution. Later, when the time is right, there may be fusion and symbiosis among the bits.” Such identity between molecules and ideas seems more mystical than demonstrable. Dr. Thomas has the mystic's urge toward total unity. He views the earth as a single cell in its membrane of atmosphere. He quotes approvingly the four-

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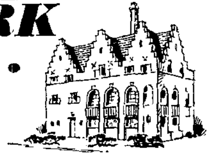

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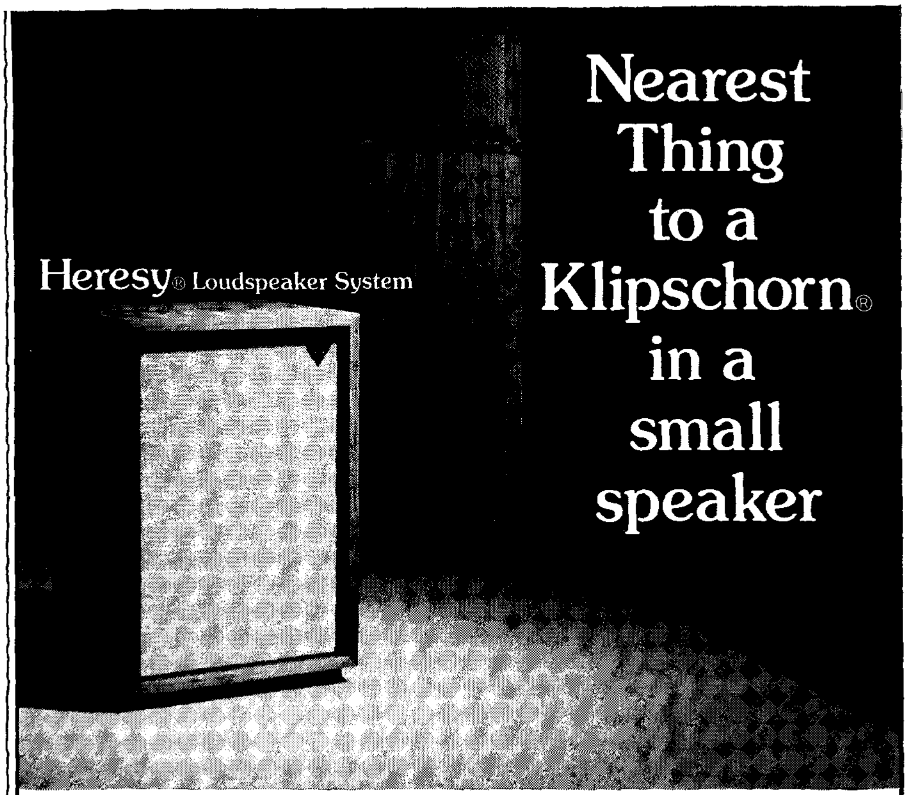
enth-century hermitess Julian of Norvich, who saw "all that is made" in "a ttle thing, the quantity of an hazelut." He rejoices, in mystic fashion, in he dissolution of the Self: "The whole ear notion of one's own Self—marellous old free-willed, free-enterprisng, autonomous, independent, isolated land of a Self—is a myth." Not that e professes any use for old-fashioned, upernaturalist religion. Yet his docrine of universal symbiosis soars with n evangelical exaltation, and it is inresting that even his careful prose pses into the grammar of teleology:

> There is an underlying force that rives together the several creatures omprising myxotricha, and then drives he assemblage into union with the terite.
>
> [Dying] is, after all, the most ancient nd fundamental of biologic functions, vith its mechanisms worked out with the ame attention to detail, the same proision for the advantage of the organism . . that we have long since become acustomed to finding in all the crucial cts of living.
>
> To assure themselves the longest posible run, [mitochondria] got themselves side all the rest of us.
>
> A framework for meaning is somehow uilt into our minds at birth.

Whence the underlying force? Why he attentive "provision for the adantage of the organism"? What do nindless mitochondria care about the 'longest possible run"? How the 'somehow"? Not that Dr. Thomas is obliged to solve all biological riddles, or hat the teleological fallacy (as, say, Jacques Monod would view it) can be asily erased from language attempting o describe intricate phenomena. But Dr. Thomas's celebration of symbiotic relationships does seem tinged by the ntique notion of Providence, rechrisened "luck": "There may have been lements of luck in the emergence of hloroplasts." "It is another illustration of our fantastic luck that oxygen filters out the very bands of ultraviolet light that are most devastating for nucleic acids and proteins." Without exacty stating that this is the best of all possible worlds, Dr. Thomas approaches a kind of biochemical Leibnizism. His willingness to see possibility where others see only doom is, like McLuhan's, tonic and welcome. Yet his announcement that the adversary system is obsolete in nature feels premature. Every day, my well-fed cat brings as tribute to my back porch the mauled body of a field mouse or baby rabbit; one wonders how complacently the little corpses submitted to their part in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our triune symbiosis. One does no have to live very close to nature t cringe at all the carnage and waste i contains. That our cells harbor usefu aliens, that ants perform miracles o coöperation, that we are all more sensitive and permeable than we know—this is sheer observed fact, and provocative as such. On the other hand Dr. Thomas's shimmering vision of a "fusion around the earth" that wil spring from "more crowding, mor unrestrained and obsessive communication" seems less a prognosis than a hope and a hope defiant of much we *can* observe about our increasingly crowded irritable, depleted, de-institutionalized and cannibalistic world.

—John Updik

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Gypsy's Curse, by Harry Crews (Knopf). With his customary bizarre humor and bitter, sardonic sweep, Mr. Crews introduces us t Marvin Molar, a deaf-and-dumb, legless nineteen-year-old, who walks on his (very well-developed) hands and pirouettes on his fingers for a living. Marvin was deposited on the steps of Al Molarski's Florida gym by his parents when he was four, with a note pinned to him reading "We Are Your Normal People and We Caint Stand It. We Just Caint Stand It. Whoever You Are, We Would Be Abliged If You Would Take Care of This for Us Because We Caint Stand It Any More. Thank You His People PS It caint talk." Since that time, he has lived (relatively happily) with Al, and currently shares the gym's small, sweaty living quarters with him and with Pete and Leroy, two punch-drunk fighters. Leroy is white, Pete black. Mr. Crews depicts life at the gym as a kind of peaceable, if somewhat half-witted, masculine kingdom that is ruined by the appearance of Marvin's "normal" girl friend, Hester. Hester has nice legs, a "terrific lap," and little else. Hester is the Gypsy's Curse: an amalgam of Baby Jane, Lucrezia Borgia, and the Foul Fiend. But despite her lack of redeeming social value, Marvin remains hooked. Predictably (and practically to the strains of "Whatever Lola Wants, Lola Gets"), good old Al gets killed, good old Leroy gets his arm fractured, Hester's old Greek lover gets battered half to death, and poor

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old Marvin winds up in jail. Only Pete, who, though punchy, is also black and wise (when Mr. Crews wants him to be), knows enough to keep out of Hester's way and survive. If only Hester hadn't come around. If only Mr. Crews hadn't wasted so much talent on such silly, penny-novel mawkishness.

GENERAL

ELLEY: THE GOLDEN YEARS, by Kenneth Neill Cameron (Harvard). The years of the title are 1814 to 1822, when the poet died; they are golden in productivity but crowded with trouble. Shelley's elopement with Mary Godwin was a scandal that led to even more scandalous rumors, among them that he was also having an affair with her stepsister, Claire Clairmont, who was really having an affair with Byron. The suicide of Mary's half sister, Fanny Imlay, was followed by that of Shelley's abandoned wife, Harriet, and by Shelley's being denied custody of his children on the grounds of his atheism, immoral behavior, and radical politics. After Shelley married Mary, the couple suffered briefly from financial troubles and continually from a bad press. Besides, the author finds, the marriage did not meet Shelley's emotional requirements. After recounting the life, the biographer diligently examines the work, both prose and poetry, sometimes to show how Shelley's writing reflected his experience, and sometimes for the purpose of appreciating the man's art. Mr. Cameron's excellent book is marred—though to a tolerable extent—by partisanship; because Shelley was accused of anything and everything and received inadequate critical attention in his own time, the author invariably, and sometimes with a bit too heavy a hand, tends to take his subject's side, whether or not this needs doing.

ATHER TOGETHER IN MY NAME, by Maya Angelou (Random House). This rich, engaging book picks up where Miss Angelou's equally entertaining "I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings" left off. Marguerite Johnson, a black seventeen-year-old unwed mother (who happens to be Miss Angelou herself), is living in San Francisco with her tempestuous, high-living mother, her dull stepfather, her quixotic brother, and her infant son. The boy's father is nowhere in sight. Born in a small Arkansas town but by now

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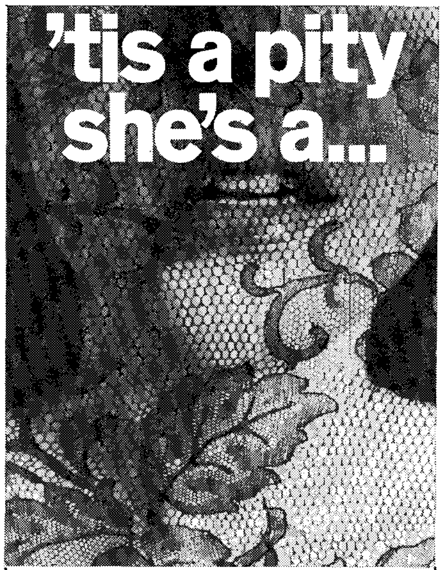
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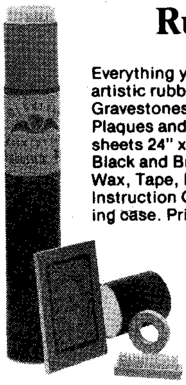

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STYLE IN HISTORY, by Peter Gay (Basic Books). This is a subtle book addressed both to the author's fellow-historians and to serious readers of history. Between his introduction and conclusion, Professor Gay discusses the work of four historians —Gibbon, Ranke, Macaulay, and Burckhardt—connecting their diverse literary styles with their individual natures, the kinds of subjects to which they were drawn, and the periods in which they lived. Professor Gay is also arguing with two sorts of contemporary historians: those who say that to be "scientific" history must have nothing to do with art, and those who say that history is so inescapably a reflection of the writer that there is no objective or scientific truth to be found in it. Gay believes that history is not merely opinion or prepossession, and that historians have a duty to fact and truth. He also believes that without style historians will lose not only their readers but their sense of what human beings of the past were all about.

•

The neutral applicant is Kenneth W. Holford, 40, a Republican. Judith Slyter, 37, a Republican, and Claiborn Troutman, 56, a retired Air Force officer, did not state their position. Troutman is not afflicted with either political party. —*Tucson (Ariz.) Arizona Territorial.*

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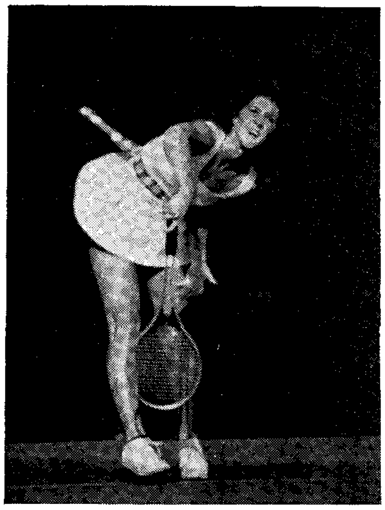

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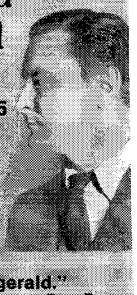

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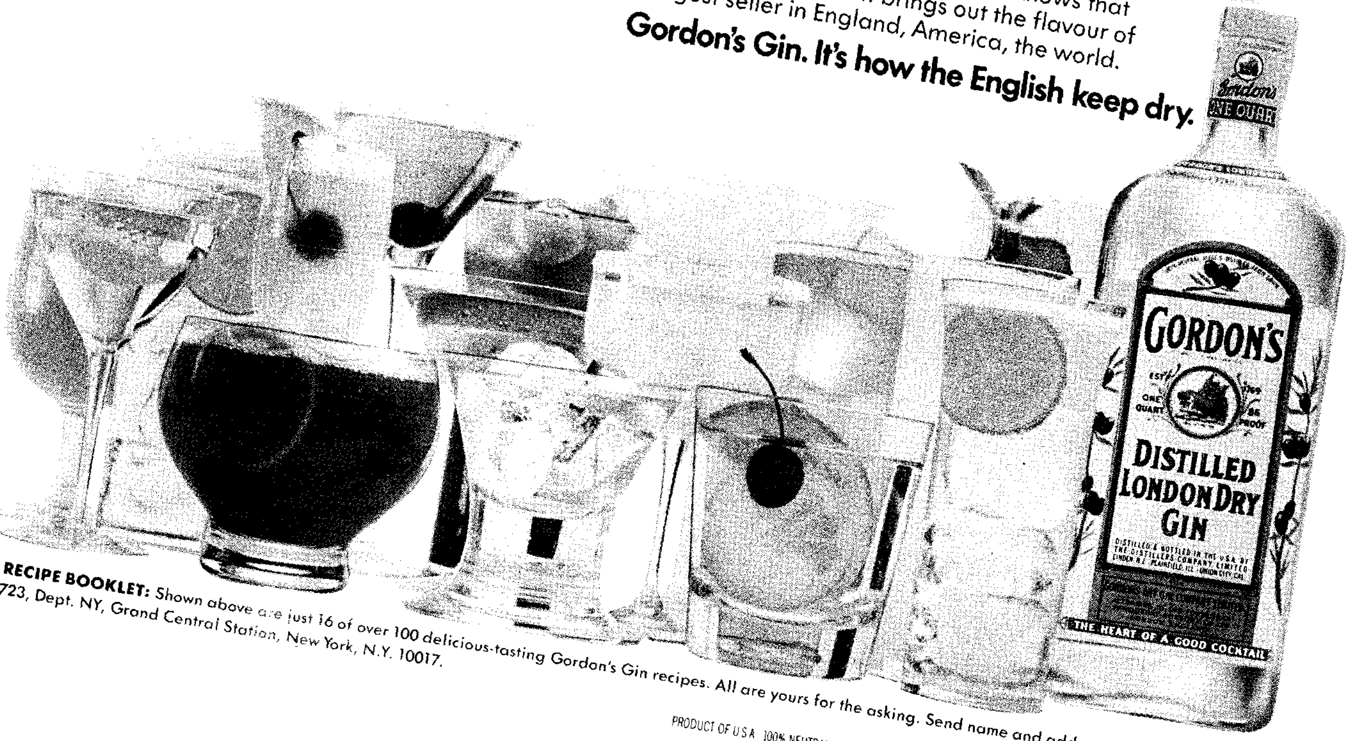
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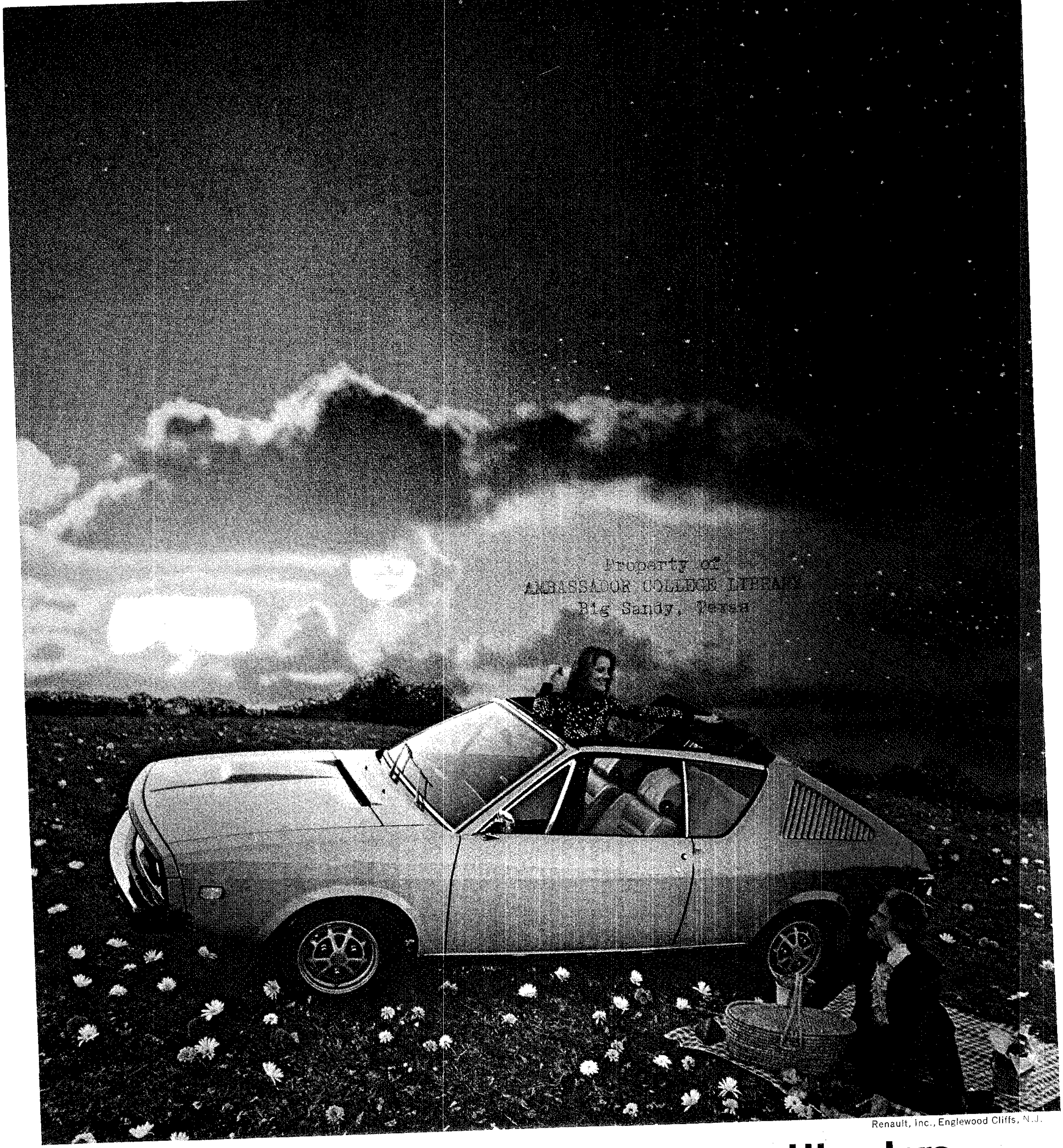

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And as if that weren't enough, the Renault 17 Gordini has some other pretty incredible things. Like a floor-mounted, fully synchronized, 5-speed transmission. Front disc brakes. Rack-and-pinion steering. Plus front-wheel drive and steel-belted radial tires.

So if you're looking for something special in an automobile, look into the Renault 17 Gordini Coupe Convertible. Then, look out of it.

The Renault 17 Gordini Coupe Convertible.

Just one of the 9 beautiful and economical cars from Renault.